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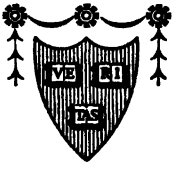

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TO

GEORGE GEDDES,

Late of the Senate of New York,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

PRESIDENT OF THE ONONDAGA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY

Inscribed.

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PREFACE.

I DO not deem it necessary to apologize for this memoir of a farmer's visit to England. Every man in travelling will be directed in peculiar paths of observation by his peculiar tastes, habits, and personal interests, and there will always be a greater or less class who will like to hear of just what he liked to see. With a hearty country appetite for narrative, I have spent, previous to my own journey, a great many long winter evenings in reading the books so frequently written by our literary tourists, upon England; and although I do not recollect one of them, the author of which was a farmer, or whose habits of life, professional interests, associations in society, and ordinary standards of comparison were not altogether different from my own, I remember none from which I did not derive entertainment and instruction.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the triteness of the field, I may presume to think, that there will be a great many who will yet enjoy to follow me over it, and this although my gait and carriage should not be very elegant, but so only as one farmer's leg and one sailor's leg with the help of a short, crooked, half-grown academic sapling, for a walking stick, might be expected to carry a man along with a head and a heart of his own.

And as it is especially for farmers and farmers' families that I have written, I trust that all who try to read the book, will be willing to come into a warm, good-natured, broad country kitchen fireside relation with me, and permit me to speak my mind freely, and in such language as I can readily command on all sorts of subjects that come in my way, forming their own views from the facts that I give them, and taking my opinions for only just what they shall seem to be worth.

Some explanation of a few of the intentions that gave direction to my movements in travelling may be of service to the reader.

The wages, and the cost and manner of living of the labouring men, and the customs with regard to labour of those countries and districts, from which foreign writers on economical subjects are in the habit of deriving their data, had been made a subject of more than ordinary and other than merely philanthropical interest to me, from an experience of the difficulty of applying their calculations to the different circumstances under which work must be executed in the United States. My vocation as a

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farmer, too, had led me for a long time to desire to know more of the prevailing, ordinary, and generally accepted practices of agriculture, than I could learn from Mr. Coleman's book, or from the observations of most of the European correspondents of our agricultural periodicals, the attention of these gentlemen having been usually directed to the exceptional improved modes of cultivation which prevail only among the amateur agriculturists and the bolder and more enterprising farmers.

The tour was made in company with two friends, whose purposes somewhat influence the character of the narrative. One of them, my brother, hoped by a course of invigorating exercise, simple diet, and restraint from books and other in-door and sedentary luxuries, to re-establish his weakened health, and especially to strengthen his eyes, frequent failures of which often seriously annoyed and interrupted him in the study of his profession. The other, our intimate friend from boyhood, desired to add somewhat to the qualifications usually inquired after in a professed teacher and adviser of mankind, by such a term and method of study as he could afford to make, of the varying developments of human nature under different biases and institutions from those of his own land.

We all considered, finally, that it should be among those classes which form the majority of the people of a country that the truest exhibition of national character should be looked for, and that in their condition should be found the best evidence of the wisdom of national institutions.

In forming the details of a plan by which we could, within certain limits of time and money, best accomplish such purposes as I have indicated, we were much indebted to the information and advice given by Bayard Taylor in his "Views a-Foot."

The part now published contains the narrative of the earlier, and to us most interesting, though not the most practically valuable, part of our journey. I was in the habit of writing my diary usually in the form of a letter, to be sent as occasion offered to friends at home. It is from this desultory letter-diary, with such revision and extension and filling up of gaps, as my memory and pocket-book notes afford, that this volume has been formed. I have most desired to bring before my brother farmers and their families such things that I saw in England as have conveyed practical agricultural information or useful suggestions to myself, and such evidences of simply refined tastes, good feelings, and enlarged Christian sentiments among our English brethren, as all should enjoy to read of. It was my design to have somewhat extended this volume, that it might contain a greater proportion of more distinctly rural matter, but the liberal proposal of Mr. Putnam to include it in the excellent popular Series he is now publishing, makes a limit to its length necessary. Should I have reason to believe, however, that I have succeeded in the purposes which led me to write for the public, I shall be most happy at another time to continue my narrative.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED.

Tosomock Farm, Southside, Staten Island.

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Walks and Talks

OF AN

AMERICAN FARMER IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

EMIGRANT PASSENGER AGENTS.—SECOND CABIN.—MUTINY.—DELAY.—DEPARTURE.

WE intended, if we could be suited, to take a second-cabin state-room for our party of three, and to accommodate me my friends had agreed to wait till "after *planting*." While I therefore hurried on the spring work upon my farm, they in the city were examining ships and consulting passenger agents. The confidence in imposition those acquire who are in the habit of dealing with emigrant passengers, was amusingly shown in the assurance with which they would attempt to *lie down* the most obvious objections to what they had to offer; declaring that a cabin disgusting with filth and the stench of bilge-water was sweet and clean, that darkness in which they would be groping was very light (a trick, cer-

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tainly, not confined to their trade), that a space in which one could not stand erect, or a berth like a coffin, was very roomy, and so forth.

Finally we *were* taken in by the perfect impudence and utter simplicity in falsehood of one of them, an underling of "a respectable house"—advertised passenger agents of the ship—which, on the lie being represented to *it*, thought proper to express *its* "regret" at the young man's error, but could not be made to see that it was proper for them to do any thing more,—the error not having been discovered in time for us to conveniently make other arrangements.

We had engaged a "family-room" exclusively for ourselves, in the very large and neatly-fitted cabin of a new, clean first-class packet. We thought the price asked for it very low, and to secure it beyond a doubt, had paid half the money down at the agent's desk, and taken a receipt, put some of our baggage in it, locked the door, and taken the key. The ship was hauling out from her pier when we went on board with our trunks, and found the spacious second cabin had been stored half full of cotton, and the remaining space was lumbered up with ship stores, spare sails, &c. The adjoining rooms were occupied by steerage passengers, and the steward was trying keys to let them into ours. The mate cursed us for taking the key, and the captain declared no one had been authorized to make such arrangements as had been entered into with us, and that he should put whom he pleased into the room.

We held on to the key, and appealed first to the agents and then to the owners. Finally we agreed to take a single room-mate, a young man whom they introduced to us, and whose appearance promised agreeably, and with this compromise were allowed to retain possession. The distinction between second cabin and steerage proved to be an imagina-

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tion of the agents—those who had asked for a steerage passage were asked a little less, and had berths given them in the second-cabin state-rooms, the proper *steerage* being filled up with freight. The captain, however, directed the cook to serve us, allowed us a light at night in our room, and some other extra conveniences and privileges, and generally treated us after we got to sea as if he considered us rather more of the "gentleman" class than the rest;—about two dollars apiece more, I suppose

After the ship had hauled out into the stream, and while she lay in charge of the first mate, the captain having gone ashore, there was a bit of mutiny among the seamen. Nearly the whole crew refused to do duty, and pledged each other never to take the ship to sea. Seeing that the officers, though prepared with loaded pistols, were not disposed to act rashly, we offered to assist them, for the men had brought up their chests and were collecting handspikes and weapons, and threatened to take a boat from the davits if they were not sent on shore. It was curious to see how the steerage passengers, before they had any idea of the grounds of the quarrel, but as if by instinct, almost to a man, took sides against the lawful authority.

Having had some experience with the ways of seamen, I also went forward to try to pacify them. (Like most Connecticut boys, I knocked about the world a few years before I *settled down*, and one of these I spent in a ship's forecastle.) The only thing the soberest of them could say was, that a man had been killed on the ship, and they knew she was going to be unlucky; and that they had been shipped in her when too drunk to know what they were about. Perceiving that all that the most of them wanted was to get ashore, that they might have their spree out, and as there was no reasoning with them, I advised the mate to send them a fiddle and let them get to dancing. He liked the idea, but had no fid-

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dle, so as the next most pacifying amusement, ordered the cook to give them supper. They took to this kindly, and after using it up went to playing *monkey shines*, and with singing, dancing, and shouting kept themselves in good humour until late in the evening, when they, one by one, dropped off, and turned in. The next morning they were all drunk and sulky, and contented themselves with refusing to come on deck when ordered.

When the captain came on board and learned the state of things, he took a hatchet, and with the officers and carpenter jumped into the forecastle, and with a general knocking down and kicking out, got them all on deck. He then broke open their chests and took from them six jugs of grog which they had concealed, and threw them overboard. As they floated astern, a Whitehall boatman picked them up, and after securing the last, took a drink and loudly wished us good luck.

Two or three of the most violent were sent on shore (not punished, but so rewarded), and their places supplied by others. The rest looked a little sour, and contrived to meet with a good many *accidents* as long as the shore boats kept about us; but when we were fairly getting clear of the land, and the wind hauled a bit more aft, and the passengers began to wish she would stop for just one moment, and there came a whirr-rushing noise from under the bows—the hearty *yo-ho—heave-o-hoii*—with which they roused out the stu'n-sails was such as nobody the least bit sulky could have begun to have found voice for.

A handsome Napoleonic performance it was of the captain's:—the more need that I should say that in my mind he disgraced himself by it; because, while we lay almost within hail of the properly constituted officers of the law, and under the guns of a United States fortress such dashing violence

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was unnecessary and lawless;—only at sea had he the right, or could he be justified in using it.

I suppose that some such difficulties occur at the sailing of half the ships that leave New York. I have been on board a number as they were getting under way, and in every one of them there has been more or less trouble arising from the intoxicated condition of the crew. Twice I have seen men fall overboard, when first ordered aloft, in going down the harbour.

The ship did not go to sea until three days after she was advertised to sail, though she had her crew, stores, and steerage passengers on board all that time. I do not know the cause of her detention; it seemed unnecessary, as other large ships sailed while we lay idle; and if unnecessary, it was not honest. The loss of three days' board, and diminution by so much of the stores, calculated to last out the passage, and all the other expenses and inconveniences occasioned by it to the poor steerage passengers, may seem hardly worthy of notice; and I should not mention it, if such delays, often much more protracted, were not frequent, sometimes adding materially to the suffering always attending a long passage.

At noon on the 3d of May we passed out by the lightship of the outer bar, and soon after eight o'clock that evening the last gleam of Fire-Island light disappeared behind the dark line of unbroken horizon.

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CHAPTER II.

AT SEA.—INCIDENTS.—SEA SOCIABILITY.—A YARN.—SEA LIFE.—CHARACTERS.—ENGLISH RADICALS.—SKEPTICS.—EDUCATION.—FRENCH INFIDELITY.—PHRENOLOGY.—THEOLOGY.

At Sea, May 23.

WE are reckoned to-day to be about one hundred and fifty miles to the westward of Cape Clear; ship close-hauled, heading north, with a very dim prospect of the termination of our voyage. It has been thus far rather dull and uneventful. We three have never been obliged to own ourselves actually sea-sick, but at any time during the first week we could hardly have declared that we felt perfectly well, and our appetites seemed influenced at every meal as if by a gloomy apprehension of what an hour might bring forth. Most of the other passengers have been very miserable indeed. I notice they recover more rapidly in the steerage than in the cabin. This I suppose to be owing to their situation in the middle of the ship, where there is the least motion, to their simple diet, and probably to their having less temptation to eat freely, and greater necessity to "make an effort," and move about in fresh air.

We have met one school of small whales. There might have been fifty of them, tumbling ponderously over the waves, in sight at once. Occasionally one would rise lazily up so near, that, as he caught sight of us, we could seem to see an expression of surprise and alarm in his stolid, black

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face, and then he would hastily throw himself under again, with an energetic slap of his flukes.

One dark, foggy night, while we were "on the Banks," we witnessed a rather remarkable exhibition of marine pyrotechny. The whole water, as far as we could see, was lustrous white, while nearer the eye it was full of spangles, and every disturbance, as that caused by the movement of the ship, or the ripples from the wind, or the surging of the sea, was marked by fire flashes. Very singular spots, from the size of one's hand to minute sparks, frequently floated by, looking like stars in the milky-way. We noticed also several schools, numbering hundreds, of what seemed little fishes (perhaps an inch long), that darted here and there, comet-like, with great velocity. I tried, without success, to catch some of these. It was evident that, *besides the ordinary* phosphorescent animalcula, there were various and distinct varieties of animated nature around us, such as are not often to be observed.

Some kind of sea-bird we have seen, I think, every day, and when at the greatest distance from land. Where is their home? is an oft-repeated question, and, What do they eat? They are mysteries, these feathered Bedouins. To-day, land and long-legged shore birds are coming on board of us. They fly tremulously about the ship, sometimes going off out of sight and back again, then lighting for a few moments on a spar or line of rigging. Some have fallen asleep so; or suffered themselves, though panting with apprehension, to be taken. One of these is a swallow, and another a wheatear. Some kind of a lark, but not recognisable by the English on board, was taken several days since. It had probably been lost from the Western Islands.

We have seen but very few vessels; but the meeting with one of them was quite an event in sea life. She was coming from the eastward, wind north, and running free, when we

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first saw her, but soon after took in her studding-sails and hauled up so as to come near us. When abeam, and about three miles distant, she showed German colours, laid aback her mainsail and lowered a quarter-boat, which we immediately squared away to meet, and ran up our bunting, every body on deck, and great excitement. With a glass we could see her decks loaded with emigrants; and as her masts and sails appeared entirely uninjured, it could only be conjectured that she was distressed for provisions or water. The carpenter was sent to sound the water tanks, and the mate to make an estimate of what stores might be safely spared, while we hastened to our rooms to scribble notes to send home. We finished them soon enough to see a neat boat, rowed by four men, come alongside, and a gentlemanly young officer mount nimbly up the side-ladder. He was received on deck by our second mate, and conducted aft by him to the cabin companion, where the captain, having put on his best dress-coat and new Broadway stove-pipe hat, stood, like a small king, dignifiedly waiting. After the ceremony of presentation, the captain inquired, "Well, sir, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" The young man replied that he came from the ship so and so, Captain ——, who sent his compliments, and desired "*Vaat is te news?*" This cool motive for stopping two ships in mid-ocean, with a fresh and favourable wind blowing for each, took the captain plainly aback; but he directly recovered, and taking him into the cabin, gave him a glass of wine and a few minutes' conversation with a most creditable politeness; a chunk of ice and a piece of fresh meat were passed into the boat, and the steerage passengers threw some tobacco to the men in her. The young officer took our letters, with some cigars and newspapers, and went over the side again, without probably having perceived that we were any less gregarious beings than himself. The curbed

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energy and suppressed vexation of our officers, however, showed itself before he was well seated in his boat, by the violent language of command, and the rapidity with which the yards were sharpened and the ship again brought to her course.

This occurrence brought to the mind of our "second dickey" that night, a boarding affair of his own, which he told us of in the drollest manner possible. I wish you could hear his drawl, and see his immoveably sober face, but twinkling eye, that made it all seem natural and just like him, as he spun us the yarn.

He was once, he said, round in the Pacific, in a Sag-Harbour whaler, "rayther smart, we accounted her," when they tried to speak an English frigate, and did not get quite near enough. So, as they had nothing else to do, they "up't and chased her," and kept after her without ever getting any nearer for nearly three days. Finally, the wind hauled round ahead and began to blow a little fresh, and they overhauled her very rapidly, so that along about sunset they found themselves coming well to windward of her, as they ran upon opposite tacks. They then hove-to, and he was sent in a boat to board her, and she promptly came-to also, and waited for him.

Dressed in a dungaree jumper, yellow oil-skin hat, and canvass trowsers, he climbed on board the frigate and was immediately addressed by the officer of the deck.

"Now then, sir, what is it?"

"Are you the cap'en of this here frigate, sir?"

"What's your business?"

"Why, our cap'en sent his compliments to yourn, sir, and —if you are a going home—he wished you'd report the bark Lucreetshy Ann, of Sag-Harbour, Cap'en J. Coffin Starbuck, thirty-seven days from Wahoo (Oahu), seven hundred and

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fifty barrels of sperm, and two hundred and fifty of whale; guess we shall go in to Tuckeywarner (Talcahuano)."

"Is that all, sir?"

"Well, no; the old man did say, if you was a mind to, he'd like to have me see if I could make a trade with yer for some tobacky. We hadn't had none now a going on two week, and he's a most sick. How is't—yer mind to?"

"Is that all your business, sir?"

"Well—yes; I guess 'tis about all."

"I think you had better get into your boat, sir."

He thought so too, when he saw the main-yard immediately after begin to swing round. As the officer stepped below, he went over the side. When he called out to have the painter let go though, he was told to wait a bit, and directly a small parcel of tobacco was handed down and the same officer, looking over the rail, asked,

"Did you say the *Lucretia Ann?*"

"Ay, ay, sir; Lucreetshy Ann, of Sag-Harbour."

"Mr. Starboard, I believe."

"'*Buck*,' sir, '*buck*.' How about this 'backey?"

The lieutenant, raising his head, his cap, striking the main-sheet as it was being hauled down, was knocked off and fell into the water, when one of the whalers immediately lanced it and held it up dripping.

"Hallo, mister; I say, what shall we do with this cap? Did you mean ter throw it in."

The officer once more looked over the side, with half a dozen grinning middies, and imperturbably dignified, replied,

"You will do me the favor to present it to Captain Buck, and say to him, if you please, that when he wishes to communicate with one of Her Majesty's ships again, it will be proper for him to do so in person."

"Oh, certainly—oh, yes; good night to yer. Here, let's

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have that cap. Give way, now, boys," so saying he clapped it on the top of his old souwester, and as the frigate forged ahead, the boat dropped astern, and was pulled back to the Lucretia Ann.

We have had only three days of any thing like bad weather, and those we enjoyed, I think, quite as much as any. The storm was preceded by some twenty-four hours of a clear, fresh northwester, driving us along on our course with foaming, sparkling, and most exhilarating speed. It gives a fine sensation to be so borne along, like that of riding a great, powerful, and spirited horse, or of dashing yourself through the crashing surf, and in your own body breasting away the billows as they sweep down upon you. Gradually it grew more and more ahead, and blew harder and harder. When we came on deck early in the morning, the horizon seemed within a stone's throw, and there was a grand sight of dark-marbled swelling waves, rushing on tumultuously, crowding away and trampling under each other, as if panic-struck by the grey, lowering, misty clouds that were sweeping down with an appearance of intense mysterious purpose over them. The expression was of vehement energy blindly directed. The ship, lying-to under trifling storm-sail, seemed to have composed herself for a trial, and, neither advancing nor shrinking back, rose and fell with more than habitual ease and dignity. Having been previously accustomed only to the fidgety movements of a smaller class of vessels, I was greatly surprised and impressed by her deliberate movements; the quietness and simplicity with which she answered the threats of the turbulent elements.

"If only that northwester had continued"—every body is saying—"we might have been in Liverpool by this." It's not unfashionable yet at sea to talk about the weather. I am

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to write about what is most interesting us! Well, the wind and weather. Bad time when it comes to that? Well, now, —here I am, sitting on a trunk, bracing myself between two berths, with my portfolio on my knees—imagine the motion of the vessel, the flickering, inconstant half-light that comes through a narrow piece of inch-thick glass, which the people on deck are constantly crossing, exclamations from them, dash of waves and creaking of timber, and various noises both distracting and *lullabying*, and if you can't understand the difficulty of thinking connectedly, you may begin to that of writing.

John's eyes have been bad, and we have read aloud with him a good deal; but I tell you it is hard work even to read on board ship. We have had some good talks, have listened to a good deal of music, and to a bad deal, and had a few staggering hops with the ladies on the quarter deck. We contrived a set of chess-men, cutting them out of card-board, fitting them with cork pedestals, and a pin-point to attach them to the board so they would not slip off or blow away. Charley has had some capital games, and I believe found his match with Dr. M., one of the cabin passengers returning home from the East Indies by way of California, who promises to introduce him at a London chess club.

I told you in my letter by the pilot-boat, how we had been humbugged about the second cabin. While this has reduced the cost of our passage to a very small sum, we have had almost every comfort that we should have asked. Our room is considerably more spacious, having been intended for a family apartment, and has the advantage of much less motion than those of the first cabin. For a ship's accommodations it has, too, a quite luxurious degree of ventilation and light. There is a large port in it that we can open at pleasure, having only been obliged to close it during two nights of the

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gale. Our stores have held out well, and the cook has served us excellently, giving us, particularly, nice fresh rolls, soups, omelettes, and puddings. We have hardly tasted our cured meat, and with this and our hard bread we are now helping out some of our more unfortunate neighbors. Split peas and portable soup (*bouillon*), with fresh and dried fruit, have been valuable stores; even our friends in the cabin have been gladly indebted to us for the latter. Don't forget when you come to sea to have plenty of fruit.

As the captain desired us to use the quarter-deck privileges, we have associated as we pleased with the first-cabin passengers, and found several valuable acquaintances among them. (Friend, rather, I should call one now.)

Our room-mate, a young Irish surgeon, is a very good fellow, apparently of high professional attainments, and possessed of a power of so concentrating his attention on a book or whatever he is engaged with, as not to be easily disturbed, and a general politeness in yielding to the tastes of the majority that we are greatly beholden to. He is a devoted admirer of Smith O'Brien, and thinks the Irish rising of '48 would have been successful, if he (O'B.) had not been too strictly honest and honorable a man to lead a popular revolt. Of what he saw and knew at that time, he has given us some interesting particulars, which lead me to think that the revolutionary purpose, insurrection, or at least the insurrectionary purpose, and preparation was much more general, respectable, and formidable, than I have hitherto supposed.

Of his last winter's passage, in an emigrant ship, across the Atlantic, he gives us a most thrilling account.

He had been appointed surgeon of a vessel about to sail from a small port in Ireland. She was nearly ready for sea, the passengers collecting and stores taken on board, when some discovery was made that involved the necessity of

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withdrawing her. Another ship was procured from Liverpool, and the stores, passengers, doctor, and all, hastily transferred to her in the night, as soon as she arrived. They got to sea, and he found there was hardly a particle of any thing in the medicine chest. He begged the captain to put back, but the captain was a stubborn, reckless, devil-may-care fellow, and only laughed at him. That very night the cholera broke out. He went again to the captain, he beseeched him, he threatened him; he told him that on his head must be the consequences; the captain didn't care a rope yarn for the consequences, he would do any thing else to oblige the doctor, but go back he would not. The doctor turned the pigs out of the long-boat, and made a temporary hospital of it. It was a cold place, but any thing was better than that horrible steerage. Nevertheless, down into the steerage the doctor would himself go every morning, nor leave it till every soul had gone or been carried on deck before him. He searched the ship for something he could make medicine of. The carpenter's chalk was the only thing that turned up. This he calcined and saved, to be used sparingly. He forced those who were the least sea-sick to become nurses; convalescents and those with less dangerous illness, he placed beds for on the galley and the hen-coops, and made the captain give up his fowls and other delicacies to them. Fortunately fair weather continued, and with sleepless vigilance, and strength, as it seemed to him, almost miraculously sustained, he continued to examine and send on deck for some hours each day, every one of the three hundred passengers. On the first cholera symptoms appearing, he gave the patient chalk, and continued administering it in small but frequent doses until the spasmodic crisis commenced; thence he troubled him only with hot fomentations. The third day out a man died and was buried. The captain read the funeral service, and

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after the body had disappeared beneath the blue water, the doctor took advantage of the solemn moment again to appeal to him.

"Captain, there are three hundred souls in this ship—"

"Belay that, doctor; I'll see every soul of 'em in Davy's locker, sir, before I'll put my ship back for your cursed physic."

The doctor said no more, but turned away with a heavy heart to do his duty as best he could.

I cannot describe the horrors of that passage as he would. Nevertheless, as far as simple numbers can give it, you shall have the result.

Out of those three hundred souls, before the ship reached New York, there died one, and he, the doctor declared most soberly, was a very old man, and half dead with a chronic (something) when he came on board. So much for burnt chalk and—fresh air!

But seriously, this story, which, as I have repeated it, I believe is essentially true, though not in itself a painful one, not the less strikingly shows with what villanous barbarity, by disregard or evasion of the laws of England, and the neglect or connivance of the port officers, the emigrant traffic is carried on. Some of the accounts of the three other medical men on board, who are also returning from passages in emigrant ships, would disgust a slave-trader. They say that many of the passengers will never go on deck unless they are driven or carried, and frequently the number of these is so great, that it is impossible to force them out of their berths, and they sometimes lie in them in the most filthy manner possible, without ever stepping out from the first heave of the sickening sea till the American pilot is received on board. Then their wives, husbands, children, as the case may be, who have served them with food during

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their prostration, get them up, and, if they can afford it, change their garments, throwing the old ones, with the bed and its accumulations, overboard. So, as any one may see, from a dozen ships a day often in New York, they come ashore with no disease but want of energy, but emaciated, enfeebled, infected, and covered with vermin. When we observe the listlessness, even cheerfulness, with which they accept the precarious and dog-like subsistence which, while in this condition, the already crowded city affords them, we see the misery and degradation to which they must have been habituated in their native land. When in a year afterwards we find that the same poor fellows are plainly *growing* active, hopeful, enterprising, prudent, and, if they have been favourably situated, cleanly, tidy, and actually changing to their very bones as it seems—tight, elastic, well-knit muscles taking the place of flabby flesh, as ambition and blessed discontent take the place of stupid indifference,—we appreciate, as the landlords and the government men of Ireland never can, what are the causes of that degradation and misery.

Dr. M. gives much happier accounts of the English governmental emigrant ships to Australia, in which he has made two voyages. Some few of their arrangements are so entirely commendable, and so obviously demanded by every consideration of decency, humanity, and virtue, that I can only wonder that the law does not require all emigrant vessels to adopt them. Among these, that which is most plainly required, is the division of the steerage into three compartments: married parties with their children in the central one, and unmarried men and women having separate sleeping accommodations in the other two.

The others of our midship passengers are mostly English artisans, or manufacturing workmen. There are two or three

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farmers, a number of Irish servants, male and female, and several nondescript adventurers; two Scotchmen only, brothers, both returning from Cuba sugar plantations where they have been employed as engineers. They tell us the people there are all for annexation to the United States, but as they cannot speak Spanish, their information on this point cannot be very extensive. Besides ourselves, there is but one American-born person among them. She is a young woman of quite superior mind, fair and engaging, rather ill in health, going to England in hopes to improve it, and to visit some family friends there. The young men are all hoping the ship will be wrecked, so they can have the pleasure of saving her—or dying in the attempt. One goes into the main-chains and sits there for several hours, all alone, every fine day, for no other reason that we can conceive, but to drop himself easily into the water after her, in case she should fall overboard. There are three or four other women, and as many babies, and little boys and girls. They do not cry very often, but are generally in high spirits, always in the way, frolicking or eating, much fondled and scolded, and very dirty.

The most notable character in our part of the ship, is one Dr. T., another returning emigrant physician. He appears to have been well educated, and is of a wealthy Irish family. His diploma is signed by Sir Astley Cooper, whose autograph we have thus seen. Though a young man, he is all broken down in spirit and body from hard drinking. He makes himself a buffoon for the amusement of the passengers, and some of the young men of the first cabin are so foolish as to reward him sometimes with liquor, which makes him downright crazy. Even the pale-faced student, who kept his neighbours awake with his midnight prayers while he was seasick, has participated in this cruel fun. Dr. T. has been

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smutten, as the second mate says, by a young lady of the first cabin, who does not altogether discourage his gallant attentions. He keeps up the habits of a gentleman in the reduction of his circumstances, eating his dinner at four o'clock, (being thus enabled to cook it while the first-cabin people are below eating theirs, which is served at half-past three). He declares it was only to oblige the owners that he took a berth in the second cabin, and he certainly should not have done so, if he had suspected the *promiscuous* character of the company he should be associated with there. The forenoon he spends in combing his hair and whiskers, cleaning his threadbare coat, smoothing his crushed hat, and polishing his shoes. Now, indeed, since he has become conscious of the tender passion, and can feed on love, he has traded off a part of his stock of bread for a pair of boots, which enables him to dispense with stockings and straps, much to his relief in dances and fencing bouts. Towards noon he comes on deck with his coat buttoned to the neck; he wears a stock and no collar; his hat is set on rakishly; he has a yellow kid glove for his right hand, the thumb only is missing—his thumb, therefore, is stuck under the breast of his coat allowing the rest to be advantageously displayed; his other hand is carried habitually in the mode of Mr. Pickwick, under the skirt of his coat. He has in his mouth the stump of a cigar that he found last night upon the deck, and has saved for the occasion. After walking until it is smoked out with the gentlemen—to whom he manages to give the impression that he has just finished his breakfast—he approaches, with a really elegant air to the ladies, and, gracefully bowing, inquires after their health. Then, after gazing upwards at the sun a moment, he takes the attitude, "Napoleon at St. Helena," his left hand hidden under his right arm, and, in a deep, tremulous voice, says, "Ourre nooble barruck still cleaves

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the breeny ailiment, and bears us on with velucitay 'twarrd th' expectant shoorres of Albeeon's eel. Ah! what a grrand expanse it is of weeld-washing waterrers! Deleeghtful waytherr, 'pon my worrud." He is a good fencer, boxer, card player, and trickster; a safe waltzer, even in a rolling ship, and, when half-seas over, dances a jig, hornpipe, or French *pas seul*, and turns a *pirouette* on the top of the capstan; plays a cracked clarionet, and can get something out of every sort of musical instrument; he spouts theatrically, gives imitations of living actors, sings every thing, *improvises*, and on Sunday chants from the prayer-book, so that even then the religiously inclined may *conscientiously* enjoy his entertainment. A most rare treasure for a long passage. Some of our passengers declare they would have died of dulness if it had not been for him!

There is another Irishman (from the North), who has written a poem as long as Paradise Lost, the manuscript of which he keeps under lock and key, in a small trunk, at the head of his bed, and, as they say, fastened to a life-preserver. It is never out of his head, however, and he manages to find something to quote from it appropriate to every occasion. You might suppose he would be made use of as a butt, but somehow he is not, and is only regarded as a bore. I incline to think him a true poet, for he is a strange fellow, often blundering, stupidly as it seems, upon "good hits," and, however inconsistently, always speaking with the confidence of true inspiration. We have a godless set around us, and he is very impatient of their card-playing and profanity—particularly if the weather is at all bad—declaring that he is not superstitious, but that he thinks, if a man is ever to stand by his faith, it should be when he is in the midst of the awful ocean, and in an unlucky ship. "Nay," he asserts again, "he is *not* superstitious, and no one must accuse him of it,

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but if he were not principled against it, he would lay a large wager that this ship never does arrive at her destined port." His poem runs somewhat upon socialism, whether approvingly or condemnatory I have not yet been able quite to understand. I rather think he has a scheme of his own for remodelling society. He uses a good deal of religious phraseology; he is liberal on doctrinal points, does not enlist under any particular church banner, and says himself, that he can bear "any sort of religion (or irreligion) in a man, so he is not a papist." Towards all persons of the Roman church he entertains the most orthodox contempt and undisguised hatred, as becomes, in his opinion, an Irish *Protestant-born* man.

There is a good-natured fellow who has been a flat-boatman on the Mississippi, and more lately a squatter somewhere in the wilds of the West. His *painter* and cat-fish stories, with all his reckless airs and cant river phrases, have much entertained us; of course he has no baggage, but a "heap of plunder." He has a rough, rowdy, blustering, half-barbarous way with him, and you would judge from his talk sometimes, that he was a perfectly lawless, heartless savage; yet again there is often evident in his behaviour to individuals a singularly delicate sense of propriety and fitness, and there is not a man in the ship with whom I would sooner trust the safety of a woman or child in a time of peril. The great fault of the man is his terrific and uncontrollable indignation at any thing which seems to him mean or unjust, and his judgment or insight of narrow-mindedness is not always reliable.

He has formed a strong friendship, or crony-ship, for an Englishman on board, who is a man of about the same native intelligence, but a strange contrast to him in manner, appearance, and opinions, being short, thick-set, slow of speech, and

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husky voiced. He is a stone-cutter by trade, and returns to England because, as he says, there is no demand for so *fine work* as he is able to do, in America, and he will be better paid in London. These two men are always together, and always quarrelling. Indeed, the Englishman has, with his slowness and obstinate deafness to reason on any matter that he has once stated his views of, an endless battery of logic and banterings to reply to, for he is the only defender of an aristocratic form of government amongst us, every other man, Irish, Scotch, or English, being a thorough-going, violent, radical democrat. Most of them, indeed, claim the name of red republican, and carry their ideas of "liberty" far beyond any native American I have known. What is more remarkable and painful, nearly all of them, except the Irish, are professedly Deists or Atheists, or something of the sort, for all their ideas are evidently most crude and confused upon the subject, and amount to nothing but pity, hatred, or contempt for all religious people, as either fools or hypocrites, impostors or imposed upon. There is only one of them that seems to have ever thought upon the matter at all carefully, or to be able to argue upon it, and he is so self-satisfied (precisely what he says, by the way, of every one that argues against him), that he never stops arguing. Of him I will speak again.

A remark of one of the farmers, an Englishman, and a very sensible fellow, upon these sentiments so generally held among our company, seemed to me true and well expressed. I think my observation of the lower class of Englishmen in the United States generally confirms it. "I have often noticed of my countrymen," said he, "that when they cease to honour the king, they no longer fear God." That is, as I understand it, when they are led to change the political theory in which they have been instructed, they must lose confidence in a religious creed which they owe about equally to

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the circumstances of their birth, neither having been adopted from a rational process in their own minds. Seeing the childish absurdity of many forms which they have been trained to consider necessary, natural, and ordered of God, they lose confidence in all their previous ideas that have resulted from a merely receptive education, and religion and royalty are classed together as old-fashioned notions, nursery bugbears, and romances. It is partly the result of the abominable masquerade of words which is still constantly played off in England on all public occasions, clothing government with antiquated false forms of sacredness. The simple majesty and holy authority that depends on the exercise of justice, love, and good judgment, so far from being made more imposing by this mummery, is lost sight of; while all the folly, indiscretion, and injustice of the administration of the law by fallible and unsanctified agents, is inevitably associated in the minds of the ignorant with all that is holy and true.

The only idea now, these our shipmates entertain of Christianity, seemed to be the particular humbug by which the bishops and clergy make the people think that they must support them in purple and fine linen, just as royalty is the humbug on which the queen is borne, and government the humbug by which the aristocracy are carried on their shoulders, all, of course, in combination. And nothing would convince them of the sincerity of the clergy short of their martyrdom—even that, I fear, should the time come for them to act as judges, they would rather attribute to pride, or, at best, to an exceptional deluded mind. With these ideas, nothing but thorough contempt for him, or fear of punishment, would prevent them from putting a bishop to the test of the stake, if he should fall into their hands.

While this explanation, if it is correct, should not hinder

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the promulgation of sound republican views, it strongly opposes the fear that many have, of providing for the lower classes an education that shall make them capable of free independent thinking. It is long ago too late in any country in the world, to prevent the masses from learning that little that is dangerous. Yet, even in England, it is argued by churchmen that education, unless managed by the church, is the foe of their religion! Surely, there must be consciousness of evil in this fear of the light. True religion is not a machinery for fitting men with beliefs and morals. The free man in Christ cannot be the subject of ignorance. It is as much slavish and disloyal to God to be blindly led by a priest, as to be wheedled by a politician; and more than it is to be ruled over and crushed by a tyrant. Let *us* remember, too, that slaves to party or to creed are not confined to monarchies, but that all churches and governments whose authority is not dependent on the untrammelled and honest judgment of free intelligent minds, are alike ungodly and degrading.

If this view of the connection of liberal politics with religious skepticism is correct, it follows that we may look with less of horror and more of hope upon the infidelity which has so scandalized the national character of France. We may conceive it as the unnatural and convulsive action of a mind which the last thrust of tyranny has suddenly aroused from a long, false dream. Sitting in judgment over the wickedness of tyrants and the licentiousness of courts, it would be strange, unnatural, almost unreasonable, that a people whose religious teachers had been dependent on those tyrants,—had been the most active sycophants of those courts,—teachers, who had taught them that the power there seated was sacred, should hold in reverence for a moment longer, any of the dogmas of a religion so debased. The authority, the stability

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of the throne, which they have ground to powder and thrown to the free winds, was a part of the very idea of the being and government of the God in whom they had been instructed to believe. Would they not be fools still to worship *such* an idol of the imagination? And what then? The natural and fearful reaction here also, from torpidity and stupid delusion, which a *little* knowledge must provoke. And which is best —a dead, superstitious morality, or a live, working-onward infidelity—a slow poison, swallowed in a sugar-coated bolus, or an active, painful, purging black-draught? Let us yet hope (for years are but hours with a nation), that repudiation of lying forms and ignoble use of the name of God, and His Holy Word is but a symptom which precedes a return of healthy fidelity to the truth of God.

To return to the man that I mentioned as being more thoughtful and fond of argument than the others, and who for that reason I have reserved to speak of more particularly, as affording a more tangible illustration of English popular skepticism and agrarianism of the day.

He was born near Sheffield, had been a good while in the United States, and now returned to England, thinking that some particular art, in smelting, I believe, that he had acquired, would be more valued there. He had certainly been a serious and constant thinker, but his information was limited, superficial, and inaccurate, and he was better at quibbling and picking inconsistencies, than at sustained and thorough reasoning. He was a man that would have a strong influence with a certain kind of honest people, not able to think far originally; and as his activity would infuse itself into them, and he was generally in earnest after something, his influence might possibly in the end be more good than bad. No one could sleep easily, at all events, while he was near them (as,

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literally, some of us had uncomfortable experience). He had been brought up to the best of the cunning of his parents and friends, a strict ——ist; and nothing can be more characteristic of the blundering progress likely to be made by a man cramped with an "education," after the cowardly fashion to which the stiff-necked people of England so generally condemn their children, than his account of his coming to Deism.

While quite young, he said that he saw inconsistencies in the religious doctrines which had been battered into him, and for years labored painfully and devoutly to reconcile them; yet each dogma, however contradicted by another, seemed plainly to rest on Bible language (always understanding that language as interpreted by his teachers), constantly looking into every thing else that came in his way, he obtained from itinerant lecturers some knowledge of phrenology, and reading a few books upon it, and practising among his fellow-workmen, he soon acquired not only a good deal of theoretical understanding of the science, and acuteness in discerning character, but considerable skill as a manipulator. So, as he moved from place to place, sometimes, I suspect, giving lectures himself also upon it, he had accumulated experience that to him incontestably proved the foundation in nature of the science. He was still a church-going man, and still worshipped under the shadow of his congenital creed, still trying to reconcile what seemed its discrepancies, when one day he read in the religious newspapers of his sect an article on phrenology, in which the reverend editor, in strong terms, declared its devilish origin and untruth.

His argument, what there was of it, for his strength was mostly spent in ridicule, denunciation, and everlasting condemnation, was based on the assumption that phrenology was inconsistent with free will and moral responsibility, therefore irreconcilable with the Bible. To listen to phre-

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nologists, then, was to close the eye of faith; "if you accept phrenology as truth, you deny God. If the Bible is true, phrenology is false; if phrenology is true, the Bible is a lie Phrenology is infidelity."

"Then," exclaimed he, "*I* am an infidel, for I *know* as well as the nose on my face, that phrenology *is* true." He forthwith began to study infidel books, soon so scandalized his church, that he was publicly expelled from it, and thenceforth he had looked upon the Bible only as a block in the road, over which every man must leap before he can become free to truth. As the great barrier to the progress of his race, he set himself diligently to searching out every cranny of error and crevice of inconsistency from which he could proudly poke the dust, and expose to reasoners equally shallow with himself; unconscious, poor fellow, that he was merely picking into blind traditions, uninspired translations, and hard-squeezed interpretations; rubbish of mortal church-builders and vain-glorious creed-idolaters, accumulating for nineteen centuries over the real under-laying adamant of divine truth.

He had even yet, while with us, all the zeal and activity in this purpose that characterizes the young convert to any faith; talked to every one that would listen to him, and lugged in his "cause" most pertinaciously with every company he joined, no matter what might be the subject of conversation before he entered. There was little use to argue with him, for he would shift his ground as fast as it was weakened under him, and by changing the question, never knew that he failed to sustain himself. He would insist on making the Bible responsible for every ridiculous notion that foolish or designing men have ever professed to ground upon it, and constantly insisted on taking part in those quarrels, it was little matter to him on which side, which, like the fierce little disputes one often hears in a family, only show the real

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bond of love, in the common interest, that can make matters so trivial seem important. On the grand and simple purpose of the Bible, from which all Christendom is nursed, he would always avoid to look or argue.

I had myself always managed to avoid discussion with him, till one night, as he came to me on deck to repeat the good things with which he had successively sent to bed the Episcopalian, the Unitarian, the Calvinist, and the poet, fearing that he presumed from my silence that I sympathized with his opinions, and would enjoy his triumphs, I thought it not honest to do so longer; but as I really cared very little for the views one way or the other against which the shafts of his wit had been directed, I desired, if possible, to get him to examine the broad, catholic citadel of which these, at best, were insignificant outworks, in which alone, too, I had sufficient confidence to be willing to encounter him. I found it almost impossible, however, to draw his attention from them. They had been made to appear to him so much the most important part of Christianity, that he could hardly for an instant raise his eyes above them, or see through their obstruction. This difficulty, common enough perhaps anywhere, is peculiarly characteristic of English working-men, and is, as I imagine, a direct result of the prevalent views of education among the religious classes of their country. I have seen immense evil, as I think, arising from it, and have a strong conviction of its exceeding folly and danger. I cannot, however, presume upon the general interest of my readers in the subject, and will not pursue it; but as illustrating what I mean, and also as showing what seems to me the best way to meet the difficulties I have referred to, I will endeavour to give, in the Appendix, for those who care to listen to it, a report of our conversation.* It is, of course, impossible to

* See Appendix A.

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report minutely a conversation after a considerable lapse of time. I wish to give the general ideas brought out, with so much of their connection as shall show the manner in which they were suggested, and the motive of presenting them, as this must often greatly affect their force and character. The reader is requested to bear this remark in mind in other conversations which will be found in this book. It is the idea given, and the exhibition of character presented in any way, that I endeavour to recall and dramatize with all the truth of my memory.

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CHAPTER III.

SAILORS.—"SOGERS."—BOOKS.—ANECDOTES.

IF the purport of my title would permit it, I should like to write a long chapter on our ship's crew, and the general subject of American officers and seamen. I will, however, but give, in this one word, my testimony, as one having had some experience as to the tyranny, barbarity, and lawlessness with which in most of our merchant ships the common seamen are treated; and the vice, misery, and hopelessness to which, as a body, they are left on our shores, by the neglect or ill-judged and parsimonious assistance of those who compass sea and land to make proselytes of the foreign heathen.

Our ship's crew, as is usual in a Liverpool packet, are nearly all foreigners—English, Scotch, Irish, Danes, French, and Portuguese. One boasts of being "half-Welsh and half-Heelander," judging from this specimen, I have not a very high opinion of the cross. The mate is a Dane, the second and third mates, Connecticut men. The captain, also, is from somewhere down east. He is a good and careful seaman, courteous in his manners, and a religious man, much more consistently so than pious captains I have known before proved to be, after getting on blue water. He never speaks to the seamen, or directly has any thing to do with them. In fact, except when he is taking observations, or in bad weather, or an emergency, you would never see in him any

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thing but a floating-hotel keeper. It is plain, nevertheless, that his eye is everywhere, and a single incident will show that the savage custom of the sea has not been without the usual influence upon him. He went to the kitchen the other day and told the cook he must burn less wood than he had been doing. The cook, who is a peculiarly mild, polite, peaceable, little Frenchman, replied that he had along been careful not to use more than was necessary. The captain immediately knocked him down, and then quietly remarking, "You'll take care how you answer me next time," walked back to join the ladies. The cook fell on the stove, and was badly burned and bruised.

The men complain that their food is stinted and poor, and they are worked hard, at least they are kept constantly at work; men never exert themselves much when that is the case. It has been evident to me that they all *soger* systematically. (*Sogering* is pretending to work, and accomplishing as little as possible.) It is usually considered an insult to accuse one of it, but one day I saw a man so evidently trying to be as long as he could at some work he had to do in the rigging, that I said to him,—

"Do you think you'll *make eight bells* of that job?"

He looked up with a twirl of his tongue, but said nothing.

"Have you been at it all the watch?"

"Ay, sir, I have."

"A smart man would have done it in an hour, I should think."

"Perhaps he might."

"Do you call yourself a soger?"

"Why, sir, we all sogers, reg'lar, in this here craft. D'ye see, sir, the capten's a mean man, and 'ould like to get two days' work in one out on us. If he'd give us *watch-and-watch*, sir, there'd be more work done, you mote be sure, sir."

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Sunday is observed by sparing the crew from all labour not necessary to the sailing of the ship, but as it is the only day in which they have watch-and-watch, or time enough to attend to such matters, they are mostly engaged in washing and mending their clothes. We had selected a number of books at the Tract-house, which we gave away among them. They were received with gratitude, and the pictures at least read with interest. The printed matter was read somewhat also; I noticed three men sitting close together, all spelling out the words from three different books, and speaking them aloud in a low, monotonous tone. If they had come to a paragraph in Latin, I doubt if they would have understood what they read any less. The truth is, as I have often noticed with most sailors, *a book is a book*, and they read it for the sake of reading, not for the ideas the words are intended to convey, just as some people like to work out mathematical problems for the enjoyment of the work, not because they wish to make use of the result. I saw a sailor once bargaining with a shipmate for his allowance of grog, offering him for it a little book, which he said was "first-rate reading." After the bargain was closed I looked at the book. It was a volume of Temperance tales. The man had no idea of making a practical joke, and assured me with a grave face, that he had read it all through. One Sunday, in the latter part of a passage from the East Indies, one of my watchmates, an old sea-dog, closed a little carefully preserved Testament, and slapping it on his knee, said, with a triumphant air, as if henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of glory and no mistake,—"There! I've read that book through, every word on't, this voyage; and, damme, if I ha'nt got more good out on't than I should 'a got going aft long with the rest on ye, to hear that old pharisee (the captain) make his long prayers." Then, after gazing at it a few moments,

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he added, musingly, as if reflecting on the mutability of human affairs, "I hookt that book from a feller named Abe Williams, to the Home, down to Providence, 'bout five year ago. His name was in't, but I tore it out. I wonder what's become on him now; dead,—as like as not" (puts it up and takes out his pipe); "well, God'll have mercy on his soul, I hope."

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CHAPTER IV.

ON SOUNDINGS.—ENGLISH SMALL CRAFT.—HARBOUR OF LIVERPOOL.

Sunday, May 25th.

AT sunset yesterday the mate went to the royal yard to look for land, but could not see it. By our reckoning we were off Mizzen Head, a point to the westward of Cape Clear, steering east by south, fresh wind and rising, going nine knots, thick weather and rain. Several gannets (a kind of goose with white body and black wings) were about us. Some one said they would probably go to land to spend the night, and there was pleasure in being so made to realize our vicinity to it. Several vessels were in sight, all running inside us, and steering northeast. We thought our captain over anxious to give Cape Clear a wide berth, and were very sorry not to make the land before dark. After sunset it grew thicker, and the wind, which had been increasing all day, by midnight was a gale. He got all sail in but the reefed topsails; then hove-to, and found bottom in fifty-five fathoms. I was quite satisfied now with the captain's prudence; the sea was running high, and the cliffs of Ireland could not be many miles distant. As it was, I felt perfectly safe, and turned in, sleeping soundly till nine o'clock this morning. About an hour later they made the light on the old Head of Kinsale, where the Albion was lost some thirty years since. The captain says we passed within ten miles of Cape Clear light without seeing it. He was just right in his reckoning,

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and the vessels that went inside of us were all wrong, and he thinks must have got into trouble. We are now nearly up to Waterford, and off a harbour where, many years ago, a frigate was lost, with fifteen hundred men. It is foggy yet, and we can only see the *loom* of the land.

Monday, May 27th.

The Channel yesterday was thick with vessels, and I was much interested in watching them. A collier brig, beating down Channel, passed close under our stern. We were going along so steadily before it that I had not before thought of the violence of the wind. It was amazing to see how she was tossed about. Plunging from the height of the sea, her white figure-head would divide the water and entirely disappear, and for a moment it would seem as if some monster below had seized her bowsprit and was taking her down head foremost; then her stern would drop, a great white sheet of spray dash up, wetting her foresail almost to the foretop; then she would swing up again, and on the crest of the billow seem to stop and shake herself, as a dog does on coming out of the surf; then, as the wind acted on her, she would fall suddenly over to leeward, and a long curtain of white foam from the scuppers would be dropped over her glistening black sides. It was very beautiful, and from our quiet though rapid progress, showed the superior comfort of a large ship very strikingly. We have not rolled or pitched enough during all the passage to make it necessary to lash the furniture in our room. Afterwards we saw a Welsh schooner, then a French lugger with three masts, then a cutter with one, all quite different in rig and cut of sail from any thing we ever see on our coast.

About four o'clock we sighted Tuscar light, and could see beyond it, through the fog, a dark, broken streak, on which

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we *imagined* (as the dull-eyed said) darker spots of wood and lighter spots of houses, and which we called Ireland. We saw also at some distance the steamer which left Liverpool the day before for Cork. She was very long and low, and more clipper-like in her appearance than our sea-going steamers of the same class. At sunset we were out of sight of land again and driving on at a glorious rate, passing rapidly by several large British ships going the same course.

I was up two or three times during the night, and found the captain all the while on deck in his India-rubber clothes, the mate on the forecastle, look-outs aloft, every thing drawing finely, and nothing to be seen around us but fog, foam, and fire-flashing surges. At three o'clock this morning, John called me, and I again came on deck. It was still misty, but there was LAND—dark and distinct against the eastern glow—no more "imagination." It was only a large, dark ledge of rocks, with a white light-house, and a streak of white foam separating between it and the dark blue of the sea; but it seemed thrillingly beautiful. In a few minutes the fog opened on our quarter, and disclosed, a few miles off, a great, sublime mountain, its base in the water, its head in the clouds. The rock was the Skerrys; the mountain, Holyhead. Very soon, high, dark hills, piled together confusedly, dimly appeared on our right—dimly and confused, but real, substantial, unmistakable solid ground—none of your fog-banks! These were on the island of Anglesea. Then, as the ship moved slowly on, for the wind was lulling, past the Skerrys, the fog closed down and hid it all again, and we went below to dress. When again we came up it was much lighter, and the brown hills of Anglesea were backed up by the blue mountains of Wales distinct against the grey cloud behind them. Soon a white dot or two came out, and the brown hill-sides became green, with only *patches* of dark brown—*ploughed ground*—

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real old mother earth. As it grew still lighter, the white spots took dark roofs, and coming to Point Linos, a telegraph station was pointed out to us; our signal was hoisted, and in five minutes we had spoken our name to a man in Liverpool. We had just begun to distinguish the *hedgerows*, when there was a sudden flash of light, disclosing the cottage windows, and Charley, looking east, exclaimed, "THE SUN OF THE OLD WORLD."

A long, narrow, awkward ugly thing—a cross of a canal-boat with a Mystic fishing-smack—with a single short mast, a high-peaked mainsail, a narrow staysail coming to the stem-head, and without any bowsprit; so out from the last fog-bank like an apparition comes the pilot-boat. Directly she makes more sail, and runs rapidly towards us. Our yachtman-passenger, coming on deck, calls her by name, and says that she is here considered a model of beauty, and that a portrait of her has been published. To say the right thing for her, she does look stanch and weatherly, the sort of craft altogether, if he were confined to her tonnage, and more mindful of comfort than of time, that one might choose to make a winter's cruise in off Hatteras, or to bang through the ice after Sir John Franklin. The pilot she has now sent aboard of us does not, in his appearance, contrast unfavourably with our own pilots, as travellers have generally remarked Liverpool pilots to. He is an intelligent, burly, sharp-voiced Englishman—a reliable-looking sort of man, only rather too dressy for his work. He brings no news; pilots never do. When we took on board the New York pilot, in my passage from the East Indies, we had had no intelligence from home for more than six months. The greatest news the pilot had for us, turned out to be that another edition of Blunt's Coast Pilot was out. I contrived to keep myself within ear-shot of him and the captain, as they conversed for half an

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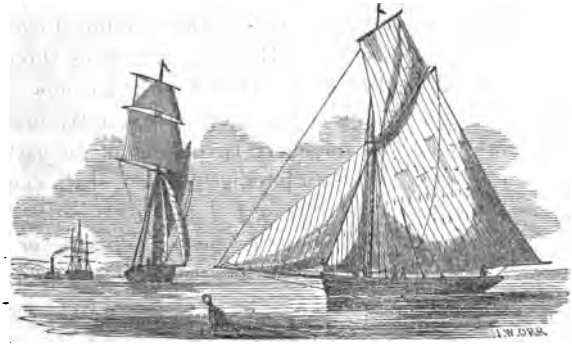
hour after he came on our deck, and this was all I could learn, and except the late arrivals and departures and losses of vessels, this was all we got from him for two days. Our Liverpool pilot, however, brings us a Price Current and Shipping-List newspaper, in which we find an allusion to "the unfavorable news from France" as affecting the state of trade, but whether it is of floods, hurricanes, or revolutions, there is no knowing. In the same way we understand that the loyal English nation are blessed with another baby prince, and are stopping their mills to give God thanks for it. There is a slight fall in cotton too reported, and since he read of it, our New Orleans man has been very busy figuring and writing letters.

After the pilot came the first English shower ("It's a fine day," says the boatman, just now coming on board—we have only had three showers this forenoon), and then it fell calm, and the ship loitered as if fatigued with her long journey. It is now noon, and while I am writing, a low, black, business-like



scullion of a steamboat has caught hold of the ship, and means to get her up to the docks before night. On her paddle-boxes

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are the words in letters once white, and the only thing pre tending to be white about her, "The Steam-Tug Company's Boat, No. 5, the *Liver* of Liverpool." Long life to her then, for she is a friendly hand stretched out from the shore to welcome us. A good-looking little boat too she is, much better fitted for her business than our New York tow-boats.

May 28th

We were several hours in getting up to town yesterday, after I had written you. Long before any thing else could be seen of it but a thick black cloud—black as a thunder-cloud, and waving and darkening one way and the other, as if from a volcano—our approach to a great focus of commerce was indicated by the numbers which we met of elegant, graceful, well-equipped and ship-shape-looking steamers, numerous ships—graceful spider-rigged New York liners, and sturdy quarter-galleried, carved and gilt, pot-sided, Bristol built, stump-to'-gallant-masted old English East-Indiamen (both alive with cheering emigrants, hopeful of Australian and Michiganian riches, and yet defiant of sea-sickness), dropping down with the tide, or jerked along by brave little steam-tugs, each belching from her chimney, long, dense, swelling volumes of smoke; with hosts of small craft lounging lazily along, under all sorts of sooty canvass.

These small craft are all painted dead black, and you cannot imagine how clumsy they are. The greater part of them are single masted, as I described the pilot-boat to be. In addition to the mainsail and fore-staysail (an in-board jib), they set a very large gaff topsail, hoisting as a flying sail, with a gaff crossing the topmast (like our men-of-war's boat sails), their bowsprit is a spar rigging out and in, like a steering sail-boom, and with this they stretch out an enormous jib, nearly as long in the foot as in the hoist, and of

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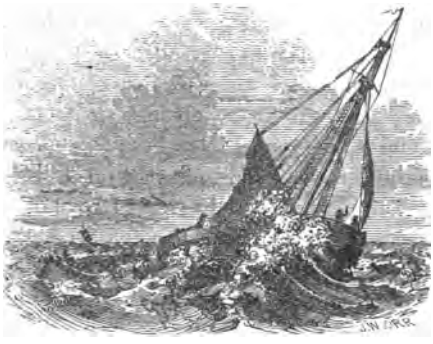
this too, before the wind, some of them make a beam-sail. If it blows fresh, they can shorten in their bowsprit and set a smaller jib; and about the time our sloops would be knotting their second reef and taking their bonnets off, they have their bowsprit all in board, their long topmast struck, and make themselves comfortable under the staysail and a two-reefed mainsail. If it comes on to blow still harder, when ours must tr[illegible] to a scud, they will still be jumping through it with a little storm staysail, and a *balance-reefed* mainsail, as shown in the cut.



These single-masted vessels are called cutters, not sloops (a proper sloop I did not see in England); and our word cutter, wrongly applied to the revenue schooners, is derived from the English term, revenue cutter, the armed vessels of the British preventive service, being properly cutters. Cutters frequently carry yards and square sails. We saw one to-day with square-sail, topsail, top-gallant, and royal set. I have heard old men say that when they were boys, our coasting sloops used to have these sails, and before the revolution our small craft were, not uncommonly, also cutter-rigged. Instead of being of whitewashed cotton, the sails of the coast-

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ers here are *tanned* hemp, having the appearance, at a little distance, of old worn brown velvet. In sailing qualities the advantage is every way with us; in the build, the rig, and in the cut, as well as the material of the sails; for our cotton duck will hold the wind a great deal the best. Ninety-nine in a hundred of our single-masted market-boats, in a light wind, would run around the fastest coaster in the Mersey with the greatest ease. They are not calculated at all for working to windward, but are stiff and weatherly, and do very well for boxing through the Channel, I suppose; but for such business we should rig schooner fashion, and save the expense of an extra hand, which must be wanted to handle their heavy mainsail and boom. Further up, we saw on the beach several cutter-rigged yachts. They were wide of beam, broad sterned, sharp built, and deep, like our sea-going clippers.

The immediate shores grew low as we entered the Mersey. It was nearly calm, but though the surface of the water was glassy smooth, it was still heaving with the long muscular swell of the sea until we reached the town. We approached nearer the land, where, on the right hand, there was a bluff point, bare of trees, with large rocks cropping out at its base; beneath the rocks a broad, hard, sand beach, and low on the water's edge, a castle of dark-brown stone, the only artificial defence, that I noticed, of the harbour. The high ground was occupied by villas belonging to merchants of Liverpool, and the place is called New Brighton, and bearing a resemblance to our New Brighton. There is the same barrenness of foliage, and some similarity in the style of the houses, though there are none so outrageously out of taste as some of those that obtrude upon the scenery of Staten Island, and none so pretty as some of the less prominent there.

As we entered the cloud that had hitherto interrupted our view in front, we could see, on the left, many tall chimneys

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and steeples, and soon discerned forests of masts. On the right, the bank continued rural and charming, with all the fresh light verdure of spring. Below it we could distinctly see, and quite amusing it was, many people, mostly women and children, riding donkeys and driving pony-carriages on the beach. It seemed strange that they did not stop to look at us. There were bathing-wagons too, drawn by a horse out into three or four feet water, and women floundering into it out of them and getting back again very hastily, as if they found it colder than they had expected. We approached incomplete structures of stone-work along the water's edge, in which men and horses were clustering like bees. Soon we passed them, and were looking up at the immense walls of the docks, each with its city of shipping securely floating fifteen or twenty feet higher than the water on which we were, it being now low ebb. At five, in the rumble and roar of the town, our anchor dropped. The ship could not haul into the docks until midnight tide, and the steam-tug took us, who wished it, to the shore, landing us across the Dublin steamer at the Prince's Dock quay.

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CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST OF ENGLAND.—THE STREETS.—A RAILWAY STATION.—THE DOCKS AT NIGHT.—PROSTITUTES.—TEMPERANCE.—THE STILL LIFE OF LIVERPOOL.—A MARKET.

AT the head of the gang-plank stood a policeman, easily recognised and familiar, thanks to Punch, who politely helped us to land, thus giving us immediate occasion to thank the government for its hospitality, and its regard for our safety and convenience. It was a real pleasure to stamp upon the neat, firm, solid mason-work of the dock, and we could not but be mindful of the shabby log-wharves we had stumbled over as we left New York. We were immediately beset by porters, not rudely, but with serious, anxious deference and care to keep a way open before us. I was assisting a lady, and carried her bag; a man followed me pertinaciously. "I tell you I have no baggage," said I. "But, sir, this bag?" "Oh, I can carry that." "Excuse me, sir; you must not, indeed; *gentlemen* never does so in *this country*." After handing the lady into a hackney-coach, we walked on. The landing-place was spacious, not encumbered with small buildings or piles of freight, and though there was a little rain falling, there was a smooth, clean stone pavement, free from mud, to walk upon. There was a slight smell of bituminous smoke in the air, not disagreeable, but, to me, highly pleasant. I snuffed it as if passing a field of new-mown hay—snuffed and pondered, and at last was brought to my mind

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the happy fireside of the friend, in the indistinct memory of which this peculiar odour of English coal had been gratefully associated.

Coming on shore with no luggage or any particular business to engage our attention, we plunged adventurously into the confused tide of life with which the busy streets were thronged, careless whither it floated us. Emerging from the crowd of porters, hackmen, policemen, and ragged Irish men and women on the dock, we entered the first street that opened before us. On the corner stood a church—not un-American in its appearance—and we passed without stopping to the next corner, where we paused to look at the dray-horses, immensely heavy and in elegant condition, fat and glossy, and docile and animated in their expression. They were harnessed, generally, in couples, one before another, to great, strong, low-hung carts, heavy enough alone to be a load for one of our cartmen's light horses. Catching the bustling spirit of the crowd, we walked on at a quick pace, looking at the faces of the men we met more than any thing else, until we came to a wall of hewn drab stone, some fifteen feet high, with a handsomely cut balustrade at the top. There was a large gateway in it, from which a policeman was driving away some children. People were going in and out, and we followed in to see what it was. Up stairs, we found ourselves on a broad terrace, with a handsome building, in Tuscan style, fronting upon it. Another policeman here informed us that it was a railway station. The door was opened as we approached it by a man in a simple uniform, who asked us where we were going. We answered that we merely wished to look at the building. "Walk in, gentlemen; you will best take the right-hand platform, and return by the other." A train was backing in; a man in the same uniform stood in the rear car, and moved his hand round as if turning

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an imaginary driving-wheel, the engine at the other end being governed by his motions:—forward—slower—slower—faster—slower—stop—back. The train stopped, the doors were unlocked by men in a more brilliant uniform, and there was a great rush of passengers to secure good seats. Women with bundles and band-boxes were shoved this way and that, as they struggled to hoist themselves into the doors; their parcels were knocked out of their hands, porters picked them up and threw them in, reckless where. So bewildered and flustered did they all seem to be, that we could not refrain from trying to assist them. There was nothing in the plan or fittings of the building that needs remark, and we soon returned to the terrace, where we remained some time observing the peculiarities of the houses and the people passing in the vicinity.

Going into the street again we wandered on till it was quite dark, with no other object but to get a general impression of the character of the town. We looked into a few houses where we saw a sign of "Clean and well-aired beds," and found that we should have no difficulty in getting comfortable lodgings at a very moderate price. From nine until twelve we were waiting at the dock for the ship to haul in, or trying in vain to get a boat to go on board of her. There were many vessels laying near the great gates, all standing by, when they should be opened at high-water, to be hauled in.

The broad promenade outside the dock walls was occupied by the police, stevedores, watermen, boarding-house keepers, and a crowd of women, waiting to help in the ships or to receive their crews when the tide should have risen enough to admit them. I was surprised at the quietness and decency of these "sailors' wives," as they called themselves; they were plainly and generally neatly dressed, and talked quietly

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and in kind tones to each other, and I heard no loud profanity or ribaldry at all. Whether this was owing to the presence of the police I cannot say, but I am sure it would be impossible to find, in America, vice, shame, and misery so entirely unassociated with drunkenness or excitement and riot. They were not as young as girls of the same sort in the streets of New York, and in the strong gas-light their faces seemed expressive of a quite different character; generally they were pensive and sad, but not ill-natured or stupid. It occurred to me that their degradation must have been reached in a different way, and had not brought with it that outcasting from all good which they would suffer with us. As they stood, companioned together with each other, but friendless, some with not even hats to protect them from the rain, others, with their gowns drawn up over their head, and others, two together, under a scanty shawl, it would have been difficult, I thought, for a woman, who is always found most unforgiving of her sister's sin, not to have been softened towards those abandoned thus to seek support of life that night. We could not but think the kind words with which the sailors recognised and greeted them, as the ships hauled near, were as much dictated by pity and sympathy as by any worse impulses. They said, "If nobody else cares for you, we do." If nobody else is waiting to welcome us, we know that you will be glad that we are coming to the land once more, so, cheer up, and we will help each other again to enjoy a short space of jollity, excitement, and forgetfulness.

There is a benevolent enterprise on foot here for shipping these victims of frailty by wholesale to Australia. A strange way, it seems, to think of peopling a new Anglo-Saxon world; but who is prouder of his ancestry than your Virginian, whose colony, it is thought, was originally furnished in much the same way with mothers? The fact that

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the project is favoured by intelligent, practical, religious men, is gratifying, and the remarks they are reported as making in public meetings on the subject, indicate a hopeful appreciation of the effect of circumstances upon character.

Tired of waiting for the ship, and a good deal fatigued with our tramps on the pavements, about half-past twelve we went back into the town, and by the very obliging assistance of the policemen found lodgings in a "Temperance Hotel," still open at that late hour. We were a little surprised to find a number of men in the coffee-room drinking beer and smoking. The subject of their conversation was some project of an association of working-men to combine their savings, and make more profitable investment of them than could be made of the small amounts of each separately. There were late newspapers on the table, and we sat up some time longer to read them, but they were still at it, puffing and drinking, and earnestly discussing how they could best use their money, when we went up to bed. We had good beds in pleasant rooms for which we paid twenty-five cents each.

The next morning we got our trunks from the ship, the custom-house officers searching them before they left the dockyard. Books, letters, and daguerreotypes were examined minutely, but the officers were very civil and accommodating; so also were the cartmen that took them to the inn for us. The expense of getting our luggage through the searching office, and carting it a mile, was only twenty-five cents for each trunk, and "tuppence for beer."

We went to a small lodging-house that we had examined last night, and found neat and comfortable, and kept by an agreeable woman. We have a large front room, comfortably furnished, and down stairs is a quiet parlor and dining-room. We breakfast in the house, and dine and sup at eating shops.

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The whole cost of living so we make but about seventy-five cents each a day. As good entertainment would cost more than that in New York. We have made a few purchases of clothing, and find every thing we want cheaper than in New York.

Liverpool, Tuesday, 28th May.

The common building material here is a light, greyish-red brick. Stone of different colours is used in about the same proportion that it is in New York. The warehouses are generally higher than the same class of buildings there, but the dwelling-houses lower, seldom over three stories. The old houses, in narrow streets, are generally small, and often picturesque from the carvings of time upon them, or from the incongruous additions and improvements that have been made to them at intervals. At the railway station we noticed such differences in the windows of a two-story house near us, as these. There were two below; one of these, being a shop front, was entirely modern, with large panes of glass in light wooden sashes. The other was of small panes, set in heavy wood-work, such as you see in our oldest houses. One of the upper windows had small square panes set in lead; those of the other were *lozenge*-shaped, and in neither were they more than three inches wide. The frames were much wider than they were high, and they opened sideways. In the newer part of the city, the fashionable quarter, there are a good many brick-walled houses faced with *stucco*. Others are of Bath stone, and these are not unfrequently *painted* over of the original colour of the stone. Bath stone, which is the most common material of mason work, is a fine-grained free-stone, very easy to the chisel. It is furnished much cheaper than our brown stone, so much so that there would be a chance of exporting it to America with profit. There is a finer sort of it, called by the masons Caen stone, which is brought

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from Normandy. The colour of both is at first buff, but rapidly changes to a dark brown. There are some buildings of red sandstone, of a little lighter colour than that now so much used in New York. In buildings mainly of brick, stone is used more considerably than with us; and there are none of those equivocating, sanded-wood parapets, porticos, steps, &c.; all is the *real grit.* The bricks are mottled, half red and half greyish yellow; the effect, at a little distance, being as I said a yellow or greyish red, much pleasanter than the bright red colour of our Eastern brick. Every thing out of doors here soon gets *toned down*, as the artists say, by the smoke. Perhaps it is partly on this account that pure white paint is never used; but the prevailing taste is evidently for darker colours than with us. The common hues of the furniture and fitting up of shops, for instance, is nearly as dark as old mahogany. This gives even the dram-shops such a rich, substantial look, that we can hardly recognise them as of the same species as our tawdry "saloons," that are so painted, gilded, and bedizened to catch flies with their flare. There are no "oyster cellars," but oysters "raw and in the shell," are exposed in stands about the street, like those of our "hot corn," and apple women. Liquor shops, always with the ominous sign of "*Vaults*," are very frequent, and often splendid. The tea and coffee shops are among the richest in the streets. The bakers' fronts are also generally showy, and there are a great many of them. It seems to be the general custom, for poor families at least, to make their own bread, and send it in to them to be baked. The first night we were ashore, we got some bread and butter, and American cheese, at a baker's, and saw in ten minutes a dozen loaves called for. They had sheet-iron checks, with numbers on them, which were given up on the presentation of a corresponding check, and, for a loaf of ten or twelve pounds, a penny for baking—in the

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same way that passengers' baggage is checked on our railroads.

Wood is used in the interior of houses more than I had imagined it would be. Its cost is high. I inquired the price of what looked like a common "Albany board," such as I buy in New York for sixteen cents; it was of the value of about thirty-five cents. The kitchens, as far as we have observed, are on the street floor, level with the living apartments. Coarse pottery and wicker-work utensils are more common than with us. Few of the houses in the town have trees about them. Occasionally an old mansion is set a little back, and has a little shrubby foliage in front of it—most commonly of elms dwarfed to the size and natural shape of a green-gage plum-tree. There are, though, in the better part of the town, some most charming public grounds. I have never seen any thing in America to compare with them. I will speak of them more particularly at another time.

The surface of the ground on which the town is built is irregular, and the streets crooked and running at every angle with each other. Generally they are short, and if long, at every few blocks the names are changed. The names are often singular; many, far apart, have the same with different prefixes, as Great and Little, North and South, &c. We are in "Great Cross Hall street;" after a slight turn it is called "Tythe Barn street," and further on Chapel street. *Tythe Barn*, I understand, is derived from the name of the building in which the tithes were deposited when they were taken in kind—a tenth of the hay, wheat, poultry, &c. There is a steep ascent near us called "Shaw's Brow;" it is fitted with smooth stone tracks for cart-wheels, with narrow stones between them set *on end* for the horses' feet, double teams here generally going *tandem*. The best streets are paved, as in New York, only one-quarter the distance across them, the intermedi-

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ate space being macadamized. This makes a very pleasant road. There is generally a wide side-walk, which is flagged as in our cities; but in the commercial streets it is oftener paved like the carriage-way, and in the narrowest there is none at all. The streets are very clean, and all the side-walks, gutters, and untravelled spaces appear to be swept every day.

I have been through two markets. One of them is an immensely large building, covering about two acres, right in the centre of the town; it is clean, light, and well ventilated. What a wonder it is that the people of New York will put up with such miserable, filthy, crowded hovels as their markets are! In this building there are over five hundred stalls and tables. It has its own superintendant of weights and measures, and a thorough and constant police. There are twelve men whose employment is to keep it clean. The garbage is passed readily through traps into vaults below, from which it is removed at night. The rules for those who use it, are excellent to secure healthy condition of food, neatness, order, and fair play, and they are strictly enforced. To my mind, this structure, and the arrangements connected with it, is an honour to Liverpool, not second to her docks. And she has three other large public markets, besides small ones for particular purposes. The meat stalls are frequently owned by women, and, except a better supply of birds and rabbits, did not offer any thing different from those of our butchers. A part of the market seemed to be occupied by country women for the sale of miscellaneous wares.

The fish market was in another building, which was entirely occupied by women, nice and neat, though skinning eels and cleaning fish. The milk market also seemed to be altogether in the hands of women. Milk is not peddled about as in New York, but sold from cellar-shops. If one wants a cup of tea, our landlady runs across the street for a penny-

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worth of it. "From hand to mouth" so, seems to be common with many things. The material for our breakfast is mostly bought after we have ordered it. As we did not mention what we would have till after the shops were closed last night, we had to wait till nine o'clock for it this morning. Business hours begin later than in America. I think the market is not open till eight, which they speak of as "very early." In this respect we have found no difficulty in accommodating ourselves to English customs.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE PEOPLE AT LIVERPOOL.—POVERTY.—MERCHANTS.—SHOPKEEPERS.—WOMEN.—SOLDIERS.—CHILDREN.—DONKEYS AND DRAY HORSES.

I HAVE mentioned the most general features of the town which, at first sight, on landing in Europe from New York, strike me as peculiar. Having given you its still life, you will wish me to people it.

After we had wandered for about an hour through the streets the first afternoon we were ashore, I remarked that we had not yet seen a single well-dressed man, not one person that in America would have been described as "of respectable appearance." We were astonished to observe with what an unmingled stream of poverty the streets were swollen, and J. remarked that if what we had seen was a fair indication of the general condition of the masses here, he should hardly feel justified in dissuading them from using violent and anarchical means to bring down to themselves a share of the opportunities and comforts of those "higher classes" that seem to be so utterly separated from them. There are a great many Irish in Liverpool, but the most that we had thus far seen evidently were English, yet not English as we have known them. Instead of the stout, full-faced John Bulls, we had seen but few that were not thin, meagre, and pale. There was somewhat rarely an appearance of actual misery, but a stupid, hopeless, state-prison-for-life sort of expression. There were not unfrequently some exceptions

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to this, but these were men almost invariably in some uniform or livery, as railroad hands, servants, and soldiers.

The next morning, in the court-yard of the Exchange (the regular 'Change assemblage seemed to meet out of doors), we saw a large collection of the merchants. There was nothing to distinguish them from a company of a similar kind with us, beyond a general Englishness of features and an entire absence of all *oddities*—with astonishing beards and singularities of costume. One young man only wore small clothes and leggins, which would perhaps have disagreeably subjected him to be noticed with us. They were stouter than our merchants, and more chubby-faced, yet not looking in vigorous health. They were, on the whole, judging by a glance at their outsides, to be more respected than any lot of men of the same number that I ever saw together in Wall street. Many of them, and most of the well-dressed men that we have seen in the streets, have had a green leaf and simple *posy* in a button-hole of their coats.

The shopkeepers of the better class, or retail merchants, are exactly the same men, to all appearance, that stand behind the counters with us. *Merchant*, means only a wholesale dealer in England; retailers are *shopkeepers*. The word *store* is never applied to a building; but the building in which goods are stored is a *warehouse*.

Women are more employed in trade than with us; I have no doubt with every way great advantage. The women in the streets are more noticeably different from ours than the men. In general, they are very cheaply and coarsely clad. Many of the lower class have their outer garments ordinarily drawn up behind, in the scrubbing-floor fashion. Caps are universally worn, and being generally nice and white, they have a pleasant effect upon the face. The very poorest women look very miserably. We see bruised eyes not unfre-

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quently, and there is evidently a good deal of hard drinking among them. They are larger and stouter, and have coarser features. There are neither as many pretty nor as many ugly faces as with us; indeed, there are very few remarkably ill-favoured in that respect, and almost none strikingly handsome. The best faces we have seen were among the fish-stalls in market. With scarcely an exception, the fish-women were very large and tall, and though many of them were in the neighbourhood of fifty, they had invariably full, bright, unwrinkled faces, beautiful red cheeks, and a cheerful expression. English women, generally, appear more bold and self-reliant, their *action* is more energetic, and their carriage less graceful and drooping than ours. Those well dressed that we have seen, while *shopping*, for instance, are no exceptions. Those we have met to converse with are as modest and complaisant as could be desired, yet speak with a marked promptness and confidence which is animating and attractive. We met a small company last night at the residence of a gentleman to whom we had a letter, and spent the evening precisely as we should at a small tea-party at home; we might easily have imagined ourselves in New England. The gentlemen were no way different, that we noticed, from cultivated men with us, and the ladies only seemed rather more frank, hearty, and sincere-natured than we should expect ours to be to strangers.* There was nothing in their dresses that I can think of as peculiar, yet a general air, not American—a heavier look and more *crinkles*, and darker and more mixed-up colours. We see many rather nice-looking females, probably coming in from the country, driving themselves about town as if they understood it, in jaunty-looking chaises and spring-carts.

* These ladies were Irish. The remark hardly applies to English ladies, certainly not unless you meet them domestically. The English in their *homes*, and the English "*in company*," are singularly opposite characters.

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As J. and I were standing this noon by the window of a curiosity-shop, a lady addressed us: "This is very curious; have you noticed it?" (pointing at something within the window). "I wish you would help me to read what is written upon it." She spoke exactly as if she *belonged to our party*. She was not young or gayly-dressed, but had all the appearance and used the language of a well-bred and educated woman. We conversed with her for a minute or two about the article, which was some specimen of Australian natural history.

There are a good many soldiers moving about in fine undress uniforms; one regiment is in blue, which I did not suppose the British ever used. The men look well—more intelligent than you would suppose. Many are quite old, grey-headed, and all are very neat and orderly in the streets.

The children look really *punchy*. It strikes me the young ones are dressed much older, while the young men are clothed much more boyishly than in America. Quite large children, of both sexes, are dressed exactly alike, and whether girls or boys (they look between both), you cannot guess—girls with fur hats, such as full-grown men wear, and boys in short dresses and pantalettes.

There are lots of the queerest little donkeys in the streets; some of them would not weigh more than Nep (my Newfoundland dog), and most of them are not as large as our two-year-old steers. They are made to draw most enormous loads. I saw one tugging a load of coal, on the top of which two stout Irishmen sat, and stopped them to ask the weight. It was 1200 (besides themselves), and the top of the donkey's back was just even with my waist. The driver said he bought her five years ago for two pounds ($10), and she was then called an old one. Here is one now coming up the hill with a great load of furniture, a man on behind it, and a boy on

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the shafts—a poor little rat of a thing, with the meekest expression you can conceive of. It is just as much as he can stagger along with, and the boy jumps off to relieve—no! the young satan has gone to his head and is cudgelling him. The poor little donkey winks and turns his head, and drops his ears, and nearly falls down. The boy stops (probably a policeman heaves in sight) and takes his seat on the shaft again, and the donkey reels on. The man aft has continued his smoking all the while, without taking any notice of the delay. As I write, there goes by another—a very handsome, large fat one, drawing a market cart, with a pretty country girl among the hampers driving.

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CHAPTER VII.

LIVERPOOL CONTINUED.—IRISH BEGGARS.—CONDITION OF LABOURERS.—COST OF LIVING.—PRICES.—BATH HOUSE.—QUARANTINE.—THE DOCKS.—STREET SCENE.—"COMING YANKEE" OVER NONSENSE.—ARTISTIC BEGGING.

I HAVE learned nothing reliable about the price of labour here; the Irish emigration keeps it lower in Liverpool than elsewhere. This reminds me of beggars, and of a placard posted everywhere about the streets to-day. The beggars are not very frequent, and are mostly poor, pitiable, sickly women, carrying half-naked babies. The placard is as follows:—"The SELECT VESTRY inform their fellow-citizens, that in consequence of the extremely low price of passage from Ireland—4*d.* (8 cts.), great numbers are coming here apparently with no other object than to beg. They earnestly desire that nothing should be given them." As a specimen, they mention the following: an Irish woman, pretending to be a widow, was taken up, who had obtained 3*s.* 2*d.* (80 cts.) in an hour and a half after her arrival. Her husband was found already in custody.

The people all seem to be enjoying life more, or else to be much more miserable than in America.* The labourers

* I was surprised to find this remark in my first letter from Liverpool, for it is the precise counterpart of my impression on landing again in the United States, after six months absence in Europe. I observe lately, that the Earl of Carlisle has said something of similar import. I do believe the people of the United States have less of pleasure and less of actual suffering

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seem haggard and stupid, and all with whom I have talked, say a poor man can hardly live here. There is a strong anti-free-trade growling among them, and they complain much of the repeal of the Navigation Laws, asserting that American ships are now getting business that was formerly in the hands of the English alone, and so American sailors do the labour in the docks which was formerly given to the stevedores and working-men of the town.

Clothing, shoes, &c., and rents, are a good deal cheaper than in New York, and common articles of food but little higher. I have obtained the following, as specimens of prices for a few ordinary necessaries of life (1st of June):

Beef, *mutton*, and *pork*, fine, 12½ cts. a pound; *lamb*, 16 cts.; *veal*, 10 cts.

Salmon, 33 cts. a pound; *fresh butter*, 27 cts.; *potatoes*, 31 cts. a peck.

Fowls, 75 cts. a pair; *rabbits*, 50 cts. a pair; *pigeons*, 37 cts. each.

Best Ohio flour ("superfine"), $6 25 a barrel.

Bread, 2½ cts. a pound, or a loaf of 12 lbs., 30 cts.

Bread of best quality, 3 cts. per lb., or loaf of 12 lbs., 35 cts.

Sugar is higher, and tropical fruits, pine-apples, oranges, &c., are sold by the hucksters for more money than in New York.

Gas.—The town is well lighted by gas, and it is much used in private houses—much more generally than in New York. Price $1 12 per 1000 feet.

Water.—Water is conveyed through the town and to the

than any other in the world. Hopefulness, but hope ever unsatisfied, is marked in every American's face. In contrast with Germany, it is particularly evident that most of us know but little of the virtuous pleasure God has fitted us to enjoy in this world.

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shipping in tubes, through which I believe it is forced by steam-engines by several companies. The manner in which they are remunerated I did not learn.

Bathing.—There is a very large and elegant bath-house (covering half an acre), built of stone, by the corporation, at an expense of $177,000. It is fitted with suitable accommodations for all classes of bathers, at various prices. There is a public bath (45 by 27 feet) for gentlemen, and another for ladies. The water is all filtered, and the cold baths have a constant fresh supply and outflow. A steam-engine is employed for pumping, etc. From what I saw, I should suppose the use of this establishment was *fashionable.* There are also floating baths in the river, as at New York; and beach-bathing and sea-swimming can be enjoyed at a few minutes' distance, by ferry, from the town.

Quarantine.—There are no buildings or ground employed for quarantine, but a number of large hulks are moored in the bay for this purpose. Quarantine vessels are anchored near them, and keep a yellow flag flying. It is a great many years since a vessel has been quarantined here, however, the medical men being generally agreed that such precaution is useless, or effective of more harm than good.

We have not made a business of sight seeing, and I want to give you the general aspect of the town, rather than show up the lions. The Liverpool docks, however, are so extensive, and so different from any thing we have of the kind in America, that you will wish me to give a few particulars of them.

The Docks are immense basins, enclosed from the river, or dug out from the bank, walled up on all sides by masonry, and protected on the outside, from the sea, by solid stone piers or quays. In these quays are gates or locks, through

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which, at high-water, vessels enter or leave. When the water has slightly fallen they are closed, and the water being retained, the ships are left securely floating at a height convenient for removing their cargoes. The docks are all enclosed by high brick walls, but between these and the water there is room enough for passing of carts, and for the temporary protection of goods under wooden sheds, as they are hoisted out, and before they can be removed. The streets about the docks are mostly lined with very large and strong fire-proof warehouses. The quay outside the docks is broad enough to afford a wide terrace upon the river, which is called the Marine Parade, and is much resorted to as a promenade. Stone stairs at intervals descend to the bottom of the river, and there are similar ones within the docks to give access to small boats. There are buoys and life-preservers lashed to the rails of the bridges, and small houses, occasionally furnished with instruments and remedies, for the resuscitation of drowning persons.

There are graving docks in which the depth of water can be regulated at pleasure, for the inspection and repair of the bottoms of vessels; and there are large basins for coasters, to which there are no gates, and in which the tide rises and falls, leaving them in the mud at the ebb. The large docks are connected with each other, and with the graving docks, by canals, so a vessel can go from one to another at any time of tide, and without going into the river.

But you have yet no idea of the spaciousness and grandeur of the docks. Some of them enclose within their walls ten or twelve acres, half of which, or more, is occupied by vessels. The twelve now completed (there are more building) extend along in front of the town uninterrupted by buildings for more than two miles, or further than from Whitehall Stairs to Corlear's Hook, in New York. On the

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other side of the river, a considerably larger extent of docks is laid out and constructing. A basin for coasters, which covers over sixteen acres, and in which there is twelve feet at low water, is just completed there.

Each dock has its own dock-master, custom-house superintendant, and police force. The police is the most perfect imaginable. It is composed of intelligent and well-instructed young men, most courteous and obliging, at the same time prompt and efficient. It quite surprised me to see our fierce captains submit like lambs to have their orders countermanded by them.

There are three docks for the convenience of steamers alone. The American steamers, I suppose, are too large to go into them, for they are lying in the stream.

The docks were built by the town, and besides the wonderful increase of its commerce which they have effected, the direct revenue from them gives a large interest on their cost. The charges are more moderate than at other British ports, and this has, no doubt, greatly helped to draw their commerce here. This is the principal ground, for instance, of the selection of Liverpool in preference to Bristol as the port of departure for transatlantic steamers. The foreign commerce of Liverpool is the most valuable of any town in the world. Its immense business is probably owing to its being the best port in the vicinity of the thickest manufacturing district of England. It is not naturally a good harbour, but a very exposed and inconvenient one. The port charges at Bristol have been lately greatly reduced, and are now lower than those of Liverpool, or any other port in the United Kingdom. The amount paid by vessels for dockage has in some years been $1,000,000, and the whole is expended by the corporation in improvements of the town and for public purposes.

The small steam craft do not usually go into the docks, but

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land passengers on the quays outside. The ferry-boats, of which there are half a dozen lines crossing the Mersey, all come to one large floating wharf, from which the ascent to the quays is made easy at all times of tide, by a sufficiently long, hinged bridge.

There is a Sailor's Home now building here, which will certainly be a noble record of the justice and liberality of the merchants of the port to their humble associates on the sea. It is situated in an open public place, not far from the Custom House and City Hall. It is built of stone, in the Elizabethan Gothic style, and was considered a design worthy of giving Prince Albert honour in the laying of its corner-stone. It is already a stately edifice.

There are chapels for seamen in several (possibly in all) of the docks.*

Later. We have left Liverpool, and while breathing this delicious fragrance of hawthorn and clover, it is hard to think back to the stirring dusty town, but I will try for a few minutes to do so, and then bring you with me (I wish I could!) out into the country.

A great deal that interested us at Liverpool I must omit to tell you of. I should like to introduce you to some of the agreeable acquaintances we met there, but in what we saw of social life there, there was hardly any thing to distinguish

* The laws of the port require, That for three hours at high water, there shall be an efficient person on the deck of every vessel in the docks or basins: That the anchor shall be in-board, jib-boom run in, &c.: That no article of freight shall be allowed to remain on the dock-quays for more than forty-eight hours [penalty, $1.25 an hour]: That no light or fire shall be allowed [without special permission] on any vessel in the docks or basins at any time. This last regulation prevents cooking on board, and makes it necessary for the crews to live on shore. The consequent customs are very inconvenient, expensive, and demoralizing to the seamen.

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it from America. We were much pleased with some of the public gardens and pleasure-grounds that we visited, and when we return here I may give you some account of them. I meant to have said a little more about the style of building in the newer and extending parts of the city; it did not differ much, however, from what you might see at home, in some of the suburbs of Boston for instance.

It would be more strange to you to see long, narrow streets, full from one end to the other, of the poorest-looking people you ever saw, women and children only, the men being off at work, I suppose, sitting, lounging, leaning on the door-steps and side-walks, smoking, knitting, and chatting; the boys playing ball in the street, or marbles on the flagging; no break in the line of tall, dreary houses, but strings of clothes hung across from opposite second-story windows to dry; all dwellings, except a few cellar, beer, or junk shops. You can see nothing like such a dead mass of pure poverty in the worst quarter of our worst city. In New York, such a street would be ten times as filthy and stinking, and ten times as lively; in the middle of it there would be a large fair building, set a little back (would that I could say with a few roods of green turf and shrubbery between it and the gutter in which the children are playing), with the inscription upon it, "Public Free School;" across from the windows would be a banner with the "Democratic Republican Nominations;" hand-organs would be playing, hogs squealing, perhaps a stampede of firemen; boys would be crying newspapers, and the walls would be posted with placards, appealing, with whatever motive, to patriotism and duty, showing that statesmen and demagogues could calculate on the people's reading and thinking there. There would be gay grog-shops too, with liberty poles before them, and churches and Sunday-school rooms (with lying faces of granite-painted pine) by

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their side. The countenances of the people here, too, exhibited much less, either of virtuous or vicious character, than you would discern among an equally poor multitude in America, yet among the most miserable of them (they were Irish), I was struck with some singularly intelligent, and even beautiful faces, so strangely out of place, that if they had been cleaned and put in frames, so the surroundings would not appear, you would have taken them for those of delicate, refined, and intellectual ladies.

Thursday morning, May 30th.

We packed all our travelling matter, except a few necessaries, in two trunks and a carpet-bag, and I took them in a public carriage to the freight station, to be sent to London. The trunks were received, but the bag the clerks refused, and said it must be sent from the passenger station. I had engaged to meet my friends in a few minutes at the opposite side of the town from the passenger station, and the delay of going there would vexatiously disarrange our plans. I therefore urged them to take it, offering to pay the passenger luggage extra, freight, &c. They would be happy to accommodate me, but their rules did not admit of it. A *carpet-bag* could not be sent from that station at any price. I jumped on to the box, and drove quickly to the nearest street of shops, where, at a grocer's, I bought for twopence a coffee-sack, and enclosing the bag, brought it in a few minutes back to the station. There was a good laugh, and they gave me a receipt at once for *a sack*—to be kept in London until called for.

On the quay, I noticed a bareheaded man drawing with coloured crayons on a broad, smooth flagstone. He had represented, in a very skilful and beautiful manner, a salmon laid on a china platter, opposite a broken plate of coarse crockery; between these were some lines about a "rich man's dish" and

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a "poor man's dinner." He was making an ornamental border about it, and over all was written, "*Friends! I can get* NO WORK; *I must do this or starve.*"

His hat, with a few pence in it, stood by the side of this. Was it not eloquent?

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CHAPTER VIII.

BIRKENHEAD.—FERRY-BOATS.—GRUFF ENGLISHMAN.—THE ABBEY.—FLOUR.—MARKET.—THE PARK.—A DEMOCRATIC INSTITUTION.—SUBURBAN VILLAS, &c.

THE ferry-boat by which we crossed to Birkenhead was very small and dingy. There was no protection from the weather on board of her, except a narrow, dark cabin under deck. There were uncushioned seats all around the outside, against the rail, and the rest of the deck was mostly filled up with freight, spars, &c. She had a bowsprit, and a beautiful light, rakish mast, and topmast fitted to carry a gaffsail. She was steered with a wheel in the stern. The pilot or master (a gentleman with a gold band on his hat and naval buttons), stood on the paddle-boxes to direct, and a boy stood over the engine to pass orders below. The engine was under deck, the tops of the cylinders only appearing above it. It was, however, entirely exposed to observation, and showed excellent workmanship, and was kept perfectly clean and highly polished. It was of entirely different construction from any American engine, having three oscillating cylinders. The "*hands*" looked like regular tars, wearing tarpaulins, with the name of the boat in gilt letters on the ribbon, blue baize shirts, and broad-bottomed trowsers hung tight on the hips. The boat came *alongside* the wharf, ran out her hawsers, and took in her passengers by a narrow gang-plank; and yet she makes her trip once in ten minutes. There would not be

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room enough on her decks for one of our Rockaways to stand, and she seemed to have no idea of ferrying any thing but foot-passengers. What would the good people of Birkenhead think of a Fulton ferry-boat, with its long, light, and airy rooms, their floors level with the street, and broad carriage-roads from stem to stern, crossing and recrossing without turning round, or ever a word of command, or a rope lifted from morning till evening and from evening till morning? The length of the ferry is about the same as the South Ferry of Brooklyn, and the fare one penny.

Birkenhead is the most important suburb of Liverpool, having the same relation to it that Charlestown has to Boston, or Brooklyn to New York. When the first line of Liverpool packets was established, there were not half a dozen houses here; it now has a population of many thousands, and is increasing with a rapidity hardly paralleled in the New World. This is greatly owing to the very liberal and enterprising policy of the land-owners, which affords an example that might be profitably followed in the vicinity of many of our own large towns. There are several public squares, and the streets and places are broad, and well paved and lighted. A considerable part of the town has been built with reference to general effect, from the plans and under the direction of a talented architect, Gilespie Graham.

We received this information while crossing in the ferry-boat from a fellow-passenger, who, though a stranger, entered into conversation, and answered our inquiries with a frankness and courtesy that we have thus far received from every one in England. By his direction, we found near the landing a square of eight or ten acres, about half of it enclosed by an iron fence, and laid out with tasteful masses of shrubbery (not trees), and gravel walks. The houses about it stood detached, and though of the same general style, were suffi-

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ciently varied in details, not to appear monotonous. These were all of stone.

We left this, and were walking up a long, broad street, looking for a place where we could get a bite of something to eat, when the gentleman who had crossed at the ferry with us joined us again, and said that as we were strangers we might like to look at the ruins of an ABBEY which were in the vicinity, and he had come after us that if we pleased he might conduct us to it.

Right in the midst of the town, at the corner of a new brick house, we came upon an old pile of stone work. Old, indeed!—under the broken arch of a Gothic window, the rain-water had been so long trickling as to wear deep channels; cracking, crumbling, bending over with age, it seemed in many places as if the threatening mass had only been till now withheld from falling prostrate by the faithful ivy that clung to it, and clasped it tight with every fibre.

You cannot imagine the contrast to the hot, hurrying, noisy world without, that we found on entering the little enclosure of the old churchyard and abbey walls. It was all overshadowed with dense foliage, and only here and there through the leaves, or a shattered arch round which the ivy curled with enchanting grace, would there be a glimpse of the blue sky above. By listening, we could still hear the roar of wheels, rumbling of rail-cars, clanging of steamboat bells, and the shouts of jovial sea-captains, drinking gin and water in a neighbouring tea-garden, over which the American flag was flying. But within the walls there was no sound but the chirps of a wren, looking for her nest in a dark cranny; the hum of bees about an old hawthorn bush; the piping of a cricket under a gravestone, and our own footsteps echoed from mysterious crypts.

Our guide having pointed out to us the form of the ancient

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structure, and been requited for his trouble by seeing the pleasure he had given us, took his leave. We remained a long time, and enjoyed it as you may think.

Did you ever hear of Birkenhead Abbey? I never had before. It has no celebrity; but coming upon it so fresh from the land of youth, as we did, so unexpecting of any thing of the kind—though I have since seen far older ruins, and more renowned—I have never found any so impressively aged.

A ruined end of the old prior's house had been repaired and roofed over many years ago, and was used as a school-house—many years ago, for the ivy on it was very strong and knarled, and bushes and grass were growing all over the roof. I send you a hasty sketch of it;—wouldn't you like the memory of such a school? (*See vignette, title page.*)

At the market-place we went into a baker's shop, and, while eating some buns, learned that the poorest flour in market was American and the best French. Upon examination of his stock, we thought he had hardly a fair sample of American flour, but his French flour was certainly remarkably fine, and would be so considered at Rochester. He said it made much whiter bread than either American or English, and he used but little of it unmixed, except for the most delicate pastry. French and English flour is sold in sacks, American in barrels. He thought American flour was not generally *kiln-dried*,* and was much injured in consequence.

* The great bulk of the flour we are now exporting to England is of inferior quality, worth about $3 50 when common superfine is $4 50. It is used extensively by the *millers* in England to mix with a superior quality of their own grinding of English wheat. By the way, the custom of taking a toll in kind, as a compensation for grinding at grist-mills, which our fathers brought from England, and which we retain, is now obsolete there. The millers make their charges in money, and are paid as in any other business.

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When we left he obligingly directed us to several objects of interest in the vicinity, and showed us through the market. It is but little less in size, and really appears finer and more convenient than the one I described in Liverpool.

The roof, which is mostly of glass, is high and airy, and is supported by two rows of slender iron columns, giving to the interior the appearance of three light and elegant arcades. The contrivances to effect ventilation and cleanliness are very complete. It was built by the town, upon land given to it for the purpose, and cost $175,000.

The baker had begged of us not to leave Birkenhead without seeing their *new park*, and at his suggestion we left our knapsacks with him, and proceeded to it. As we approached the entrance, we were met by women and girls, who, holding out a cup of milk, asked us—"*Will you take a cup of milk, sirs?—good, cool, sweet, cow's milk, gentlemen, or right warm from the ass!*" And at the gate was a herd of donkeys, some with cans of milk strapped to them, others saddled and bridled, to be let for ladies and children to ride.

The gateway, which is about a mile and a half from the ferry, and quite back of the town, is a great, massive block of handsome Ionic architecture, standing alone, and unsupported by any thing else in the vicinity, and looking, as I think, heavy and awkward. There is a sort of grandeur about it that the English are fond of, but which, when it is entirely separate from all other architectural constructions, always strikes me unpleasantly. It seems intended as an impressive preface to a great display of art within; but here, as well as at Eaton Park, and other places I have since seen, it is not followed up with great things, the grounds immediately within the grand entrance being very simple, and apparently rather overlooked by the gardener. There is a large archway for carriages, and two smaller ones for those on foot,

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and, on either side, and over these, are rooms, which probably serve as inconvenient lodges for the labourers. No porter appears, and the gates are freely open to the public.

Walking a short distance up an avenue, we passed through another light iron gate into a thick, luxuriant, and diversified garden. Five minutes of admiration, and a few more spent in studying the manner in which art had been employed to obtain from nature so much beauty, and I was ready to admit that in democratic America there was nothing to be thought of as comparable with this People's Garden. Indeed, gardening, had here reached a perfection that I had never before dreamed of. I cannot undertake to describe the effect of so much taste and skill as had evidently been employed; I will only tell you, that we passed by winding paths, over acres and acres, with a constant varying surface, where on all sides were growing every variety of shrubs and flowers, with more than natural grace, all set in borders of greenest, closest turf, and all kept with most consummate neatness. At a distance of a quarter of a mile from the gate, we came to an open field of clean, bright, green-sward, closely mown, on which a large tent was pitched, and a party of boys in one part, and a party of gentlemen in another, were playing cricket. Beyond this was a large meadow with rich groups of trees, under which a flock of sheep were reposing, and girls and women with children, were playing. While watching the cricketers, we were threatened with a shower, and hastened back to look for shelter, which we found in a pagoda, on an island approached by a Chinese bridge. It was soon filled, as were the other ornamental buildings, by a crowd of those who, like ourselves, had been overtaken in the grounds by the rain; and I was glad to observe that the privileges of the garden were enjoyed about equally by all classes. There were some who were attended by servants, and sent at once for their carriages,

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but a large proportion were of the common ranks, and a few women with children, or suffering from ill health, were evidently the wives of very humble labourers. There were a number of strangers, and some we observed with note-books and portfolios, that seemed to have come from a distance to study from the garden. The summer-houses, lodges, bridges, &c., were all well constructed, and of undecaying materials. One of the bridges which we crossed was of our countryman, REMINGTON'S patent, an extremely light and graceful erection.

I obtained most of the following information from the head working-gardener.

The site of the park and garden was, ten years ago, a flat, sterile, clay farm. It was placed in the hands of Mr. PAXTON, in June, 1844, by whom it was laid out in its present form by June of the following year. Carriage roads, thirty-four feet wide, with borders of ten feet, and walks varying in width, were first drawn and made. The excavation for a pond was also made, and the earth obtained from these sources used for making mounds and to vary the surface, which has been done with much *naturalness* and taste. The whole ground was thoroughly under-drained, the minor drains of stone, the main, of tile. By these sufficient water is obtained to fully supply the pond, or lake, as they call it, which is from twenty to forty feet wide, and about three feet deep, and meanders for a long distance through the garden. It is stocked with aquatic plants, gold fish, and swans.

The roads are macadamized. On each side of the carriage way, and of all the walks, pipes for drainage are laid, which communicate with deep main drains that run under the edge of all the mounds or flower beds. The walks are laid first with six inches of fine broken stone, then three inches cinders, and the surface with six inches of fine rolled gravel. All the stones on the ground which were not used for these purposes,

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were laid in masses of rock-work, and mosses and rock-plants attached to them. The mounds were then planted with shrubs, and heaths and ferns, and the beds with flowering plants. Between these, and the walks and drives, is everywhere a belt of turf (which, by the way, is kept close cut with short, broad scythes, and shears, and swept with *hair-brooms*, as we saw). Then the rural lodges, temple, pavilion, bridges, *orchestra for a band of instrumental music*, &c., were built. And so, in one year, the skeleton of this delightful garden was complete.

But this is but a small part. Besides the cricket and an archery ground, large valleys were made verdant, extensive drives arranged—plantations, clumps, and avenues of trees formed, and a large park laid out. And all this magnificent pleasure-ground is entirely, unreservedly, and for ever the people's own. The poorest British peasant is as free to enjoy it in all its parts as the British queen. More than that, the baker of Birkenhead has the pride of an OWNER in it.

Is it not a grand good thing? But you are inquiring who *paid* for it. The honest owners—the most wise and worthy townspeople of Birkenhead—in the same way that the New-Yorkers pay for "the Tombs," and the Hospital, and the *cleaning* (as they amusingly say) of their streets.

Of the farm which was purchased, one hundred and twenty acres have been disposed of in the way I have described. The remaining sixty acres, encircling the park and garden, were reserved to be sold or rented, after being well graded, streeted, and planted, for private building lots. Several fine mansions are already built on these (having private entrances to the park), and the rest now sell at $1.25 a square yard. The whole concern cost the town between five and six hundred thousand dollars. It gives employment at present,

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to ten gardeners and labourers in summer, and to five in winter.*

The generous spirit and fearless enterprise, that has accomplished this, has not been otherwise forgetful of the health and comfort of the poor.† Among other things, I remember, a public washing and bathing house for the town is provided. I should have mentioned also, in connection with the market, that in the outskirts of the town there is a range of stone slaughter-houses, with stables, yards, pens, supplies of hot and cold water, and other arrangements and conveniences, that enlightened regard for health and decency would suggest.

The consequence of all these sorts of things is, that all about the town, lands, which a few years ago were almost worthless wastes, have become of priceless value; where no sound was heard but the bleating of goats and braying of asses complaining of their pasturage, there is now the hasty click and clatter of many hundred busy trowels and hammers. You may drive through wide and thronged streets of stately edifices, where were only a few scattered huts, surrounded by quagmires. Docks of unequalled size and grandeur are building, and a forest of masts grows along the shore; and

* "When the important advantages to the poorer classes, of such an extensive and delightful pleasure-ground, are taken into consideration, no one will be inclined to say that such an expenditure does not merit the most unbounded success, and the deepest public gratitude. Here nature may be viewed in her loveliest garb, the most obdurate heart may be softened, and the mind gently led to pursuits which refine, purify, and alleviate the humblest of the toil-worn."

† "Few towns, in modern times, have been built with such regard to sanitary regulations, as Birkenhead, and in no instance has so much been done for the health, comfort, and enjoyment of a people, as by those energetic individuals with whose names the rise and progress of Birkenhead are so intimately connected."—*Dr. J. H. Robertson.*

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there is no doubt that this young town is to be not only remarkable as a most agreeable and healthy place of residence, but that it will soon be distinguished for extensive and profitable commerce. It seems to me to be the only town I ever saw that has been really built at all in accordance with the advanced science, taste, and enterprising spirit that are supposed to distinguish the nineteenth century. I do not doubt it might be found to have plenty of exceptions to its general character, but I did not inquire for these, nor did I happen to observe them. Certainly, in what I have noticed, it is a model town, and may be held up as an example, not only to philanthropists and men of taste, but to speculators and men of business.

After leaving the park, we ascended a hill, from the top of which we had a fine view of Liverpool and Birkenhead. Its sides were covered with villas, with little gardens about them. The architecture was generally less fantastic, and the style and materials of building more substantial than is usually employed in the same class of residences with us. Yet there was a good deal of the same *stuck up* and uneasy pretentious air about them that the suburban houses of our own city people so commonly have. Possibly this is the effect of association, in my mind, of steady, reliable worth and friendship with plain or old-fashioned dwellings, for I often find it difficult to discover in the buildings themselves the elements of such expression. I am inclined to think it is more generally owing to some disunity in the design—often, perhaps, to a want of keeping between the mansion and its grounds or its situation. The architect and the gardener do not understand each other, and commonly the owner or resident is totally at variance in his tastes and intentions from both; or the man whose ideas the plan is made to serve, or who pays for it, has no true independent taste, but had fancies

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to be accommodated, which only follow confusedly after custom or fashion. I think, with Ruskin, it is a pity that every man's house cannot be really his own, and that he cannot make all that is true, beautiful, and good in his own character, tastes, pursuits, and history manifest in it.

But however fanciful and uncomfortable many of the villa houses about Liverpool and Birkenhead appear at first sight, the substantial and thorough manner in which most of them are built will atone for many faults. The friendship of nature has been secured to them. Dampness, heat, cold, will be welcome to do their best. Every day they will improve. In fifty or a hundred years fashions may change, and they will appear, perhaps, quaint, possibly grotesque; but still strong, HOME-LIKE, and hospitable. They have no shingles to rot, no glued and puttied and painted gimcrackery, to warp and crack and moulder; and can never look so shabby, and desolate, and dreary, as will nine-tenths of the buildings of the same denomination now erecting about New York, almost as soon as they lose the raw, cheerless, impostor-like airs which seem almost inseparable from their newness.

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CHAPTER IX.

A RAILWAY RIDE.—SECOND CLASS.—INCONVENIENT ARRANGEMENTS.—FIRST WALK IN THE COUNTRY.—ENGLAND ITSELF.—A RURAL LANDSCAPE.—HEDGES.—APPROACH TO A HAMLET.—THE OLD ALE-HOUSE AND THE OLD JOHN BULL.—A TALK WITH COUNTRY PEOPLE.—NOTIONS OF AMERICA.—FREE TRADE.—THE YEW TREE.—THE OLD RURAL CHURCH AND GRAVE-YARD.—A PARK GATE.—A MODEL FARMER.—THE OLD VILLAGE INN.—A MODEL KITCHEN.—A MODEL LANDLADY.

WE were very tired when we again reached the baker's. After passenger-life at sea, a man's legs need to be brought into active service somewhat gradually. As we had spent more time than we had meant to at Birkenhead, we determined to rest ourselves for a few minutes, and get a start of a few miles into the country by the railroad. A seat, however, on the hard board benches of an English second-class car, crowded, and your feet cramped under you, does not remove fatigue very rapidly.

A heavy cloud darkened the landscape, and as we emerged in a few moments from the dark tunnel, whirling out of town, big drops of rain came slanting in upon us. A lady coughed, and we closed the window. The road ran through a deep cutting, with only occasionally such depressions of its green-sodded bank, that we could, through the dusty glass, get glimpses of the country. In successive gleams:—

A market-garden, with rows of early cabbages, and lettuce, and peas;—

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Over a hedge, a nice, new stone villa, with the gardener shoving up the sashes of the conservatory, and the maids tearing clothes from the drying-lines;—

A bridge, with children shouting and waving hats;—

A field of wheat, in drills as precisely straight, and in earth as clean and finely-tilled, as if it were a garden-plant;—

A bit of broad pasture, with colts and cows turning tail to the squall; long hills in the back, with some trees and a steeple rising beyond them;—

Another few minutes of green bank;—

A jerk—a stop. A gruff shout, "BROMBRO!" A great fuss to get the window on the other side from us open; calling the conductor; having the door unlocked; squeezing through the ladies' knees, and dragging our packs over their laps—all borne with a composure that shows them to be used to it, and that they take it as a necessary evil of railroad travelling. The preparations for rain are just completed as we emerge upon a platform, and now down it comes in a torrent. We rush, with a quantity of floating muslin, white ankles, and thin shoes, under an arch. With a sharp whistle and hoarse puffing the train rumbles onward; grooms pick up the lap-dog and baskets; flaunting white skirts are moved again across the track; another rush, in which a diminutive French sun-shade is assisted by a New York umbrella to protect a new English bonnet; a graceful bow in return, with lifting eyebrows, as if in inquiry; and we are altogether crowded in the station-house.

In a few minutes they go off in carriages, and room is left us in the little waiting-room to strap on our knapsacks. The rain slackens—ceases, and we mount, by stone steps up a bank of roses and closely-shaven turf, to the top of the bridge over the cutting.

There we were right in the midst of it! The country—

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and such a country!—green, dripping, glistening, gorgeous! We stood dumb-stricken by its loveliness, as, from the bleak April and bare boughs we had left at home, broke upon us that English May—sunny, leafy, blooming May—in an English lane; with hedges, English hedges, hawthorn hedges, all in blossom; homely old farm-houses, quaint stables, and haystacks; the old church spire over the distant trees; the mild sun beaming through the watery atmosphere, and all so quiet—the only sounds the hum of bees and the crisp grass-tearing of a silken-skinned, real (unimported) Hereford cow over the hedge. No longer excited by daring to think we should see it, as we discussed the scheme round the old home-fire; no longer cheering ourselves with it in the stupid, tedious ship; no more forgetful of it in the bewilderment of the busy town—but there we were, right in the midst of it; long time silent, and then speaking softly, as if it were enchantment indeed, we gazed upon it and breathed it—never to be forgotten.

At length we walked on—rapidly—but frequently stopping, one side and the other, like children in a garden; hedges still, with delicious fragrance, on each side of us, and on, as far as we can see, true farm-fencing hedges; nothing trim, stiff, nice, and amateur-like, but the verdure broken, tufty, low, and natural. They are set on a ridge of earth thrown out from a ditch beside them, which raises and strengthens them as a fence. They are nearly all hawthorn, which is now covered in patches, as if after a slight fall of snow, with clusters of white or pink blossoms over its light green foliage. Here and there a holly bush, with bunches of scarlet berries, and a few other shrubs, mingle with it. A cart meets us—a real heavy, big-wheeled English cart; and English horses—real big, shaggy-hoofed, sleek, heavy English cart-horses; and a carter—a real apple-faced, smock-

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frocked, red-headed, wool-hatted carter—breeches, stockings, hob-nailed shoes, and "*Gee-up Dobbin*" English carter. Little birds hop along in the road before us, and we guess at their names, first of all electing one to be Robin-Redbreast. We study the flowers under the hedge, and determine them nothing else than primroses and buttercups. Through the gates we admire the great, fat, clean-licked, contented-faced cows, and large, white, long-wooled sheep. What else was there? I cannot remember; but there was that altogether that made us forget our fatigue, disregard the rain, thoughtless of the way we were going—serious, happy, and grateful. And this excitement continued for many days.

At length as it becomes drenching again, we approach a stone spire. A stone house interrupts our view in front; the road winds round it, between it and another; turns again, and there on our left is the church—the old ivy-covered, brown-stone village church, with the yew-tree—we knew it at once, and the heaped-up, green, old English churchyard. We turn to the right; there is the old ale-house, long, low, thatched-roofed. We run in at the open door; there he sits, the same bluff and hearty old fellow, with the long-stemmed pipe and the foaming pewter mug on the little table before him. At the same moment with us comes in another man. He drops in a seat—raps with his whip. *Enter* a young woman, neat and trim, with exactly the white cap, smooth hair, shiny face, bright eyes, and red cheeks, we are looking for—"*Muggoyail, lass!*"

. . . . . Mug of ale!—ay, that's it! Mug of ale!—Fill up! Fill up! and the toast shall be

"MERRIE ENGLAND! HURRAH!"

We sit with them for some time, and between puffs of smoke, the talk is of "the weather and the crops." The maid

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leaves the door open, so we can look into the kitchen, where a smart old woman is ironing by a bright coal fire. Two little children venture before us. I have just succeeded in coaxing the girl on to my knee, as C. mentions that we are Americans. The old woman lays down her iron and puts on her spectacles to look at us. The stout man who had risen to take an observation of the weather, seats himself again and calls for another mug and *twist.* The landlord (a tall thin man, unfortunately) looks in and asks how times go where we come from. Plenty of questions follow that show alike the interest and the ignorance of our companions about America, it being confused apparently in their minds with Ireland, Guinea, and the poetical *Indies.* After a little straightening out, and explanation of the distance to it, its climate and civilized condition, they ask about the present crops, the price of wheat, about rents, tithes, and taxes. In return, we get only grumbling. "The country is ruined;" "things weren't so when they were young as they be now," and so on, just as a company of our tavern-lounging farmers would talk, except that every complaint ends with blaming Free-Trade. "Free-Trade—hoye sirs,—free-trade be killing the varmers."

We left them as soon as the shower slackened, but stopped again immediately to look at the yew through the churchyard gate. It was a very old and decrepit tree, with dark and funereal foliage—the stiff trunk and branches of our red-cedar, with the leaf of the hemlock, but much more dark and glossy than either. The walls of the church are low, but higher in one part than another. The roof, which is slated, is high and steep. The tower is square, with buttresses on the corners, on the tops of which are quaint lions rampant. It is surmounted by a tall, symmetrical spire—solid stone to the ball, over which, as I am the son of a Puritan, is a weather-

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cock. There are little, narrow windows in the steeple, and swallows are flying in and out of them. Old weather-beaten stone and mortar, glass, lead, iron, and matted ivy, but not a splinter of wood or a daub of paint. Old England for ever! Amen.

A mile or two more of such walking as before the shower, and we came to a park gate. It was, with the lodges by its side, neat, simple, and substantial. The park was a handsome piece of old woods, but, as seen from the road, not remarkable. We were told, however, that there was a grand old hall and fine grounds a long ways within. Near the park there were signs of an improving farmer: broad fields of mangel-wurzel in drills; large fields, partly divided by wire fences, within which were large flocks of sheep; marks of recent under-draining; hedges trimmed square, and every thing neat, straight, and business-like.

As it grows dark we approach another village. The first house on the left is an inn—a-low, two-story house of light drab-coloured stone. A bunch of grapes (cast in iron) and a lantern are hung out from it over the foot-path, and over the front door is a square sign—"THE RED LION—*licensed to sell foreign spirits and beer, to be drunk on the premises.*" We turn into a dark hall, and opening a door to the left, enter—the kitchen. Such a kitchen! You would not believe me if I could describe how bright every thing is. You would think the fireplace a show-model, for the very bars of the grate are glistening. It is all glowing with red-hot coals; a bright brass tea-kettle swings and sings from a polished steel crane—hook, jack, and all like silver; the brass coal-scuttle, tongs, shovel, and warming-pan are in a blazing glow, and the walls and mantel-piece are covered with bright plate-covers, and I know not what other metallic furniture, all burnished to the highest degree.

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The landlady rises and begs to take our wet hats—a model-landlady, too. What a fine eye!—a kind and welcoming black eye. Fair and stout; elderly—a little silver in her hair, just showing its otherwise thick blackness to be no lie; a broad-frilled, clean white cap and collar, and a black dress. Ah ha! one of the widows that we have read of. We hesitated to cross the clean-scoured, buff, tile floor with our muddy shoes; but she draws arm-chairs about the grate, and lays slippers before them, stirs up the fire, though it is far from needing it, and turns to take our knapsacks. "We must be fatigued—it's not easy walking in the rain; she hopes we can make ourselves comfortable."

There is every prospect that we shall.

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CHAPTER X.

TALK WITH A FARMER;—WITH A TENDER-HEARTED WHEELWRIGHT.—AN AMUSING STORY.—NOTIONS OF AMERICA.—SUPPER.—SPEECH OF THE ENGLISH.—PLEASANT TONES.—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS.—THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.—ZACCHEUS IN THE OAK TREE.—EDUCATION.—BED-CHAMBER.—A NIGHTCAP AND.... A NIGHTCAP.

ON one side near the fire there was a recess in the wall, in which was a *settle* (a long, high-backed, wooden seat). Two men with pipes and beer sat in it, with whom we fell to talking. One of them proved to be a farmer, the other a jack-of-all-trades, but more distinctly of the wheelwright's, and a worshipper of and searcher after ideal women, as he more than once intimated to us. We were again told by the farmer that free trade was ruining the country—no farmer could live long in it. He spoke with a bitter jocoseness of the regularity of his taxes, and said that though they played the devil with every thing else, he always knew how *tithes* would be. He paid, I think he said, about a dollar an acre every year to the church, though he never went to it in his life; always went to chapel, as his father did before him. He was an Independent; but there were so few of them thereabouts that they could not afford to keep a minister, and only occasionally had preaching. When he learned that we were from America, he was anxious to know how church matters were there. Though a rather intelligent man, he was utterly ignorant that we had no state church; and though a dis-

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senter, the idea of a government giving free trade to all sorts of religious doctrine seemed to be startling and fearful to him. But when I told him what the rent (or the interest on the value) of my farm was, and what were its taxes, he wished that he was young that he might go to America himself; he really did not see how he should be able to live here much longer. He *rented* a farm of about fifty acres, and was a man of about the same degree of intelligence and information that you would expect of the majority of those *owning* a similar farm with us. Except that he was somewhat stouter than most Yankees, he did not differ much in appearance or dress from many of our rather old-fashioned farmers.

The tender-hearted wheelwright could hardly believe that we were really born and brought up in America. He never thought any foreigners could learn to speak the language so well. He too was rather favourably struck with the idea of going to America, when we answered his inquiries with regard to mechanics' wages. He was very cautious, however, and cross-questioned us a long time about the cost of every thing there—the passage, the great heat of the climate, the price of beer; and at length, touching his particular weakness, he desired to be told candidly how it would be if he should marry before he went. If he should get a wife, a real handsome one, would it be safe for him to take her there? He had heard a story—perhaps we knew whether it was true or not—of a man who took a handsome wife out with him, and a black man, that was a great rich lord in our country, took a great liking to her, and offered the man ten thousand pounds for her, which he refused; and so the great black lord went away very wroth and vexed. When he was gone, the woman upbraided her husband: "Thou fool, why didst thee not take it and let me go with him? I would have returned to thee to-morrow." Then the man followed after the black

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lord, and sold his wife to him for ten thousand pounds. But the next day she did not return, nor the next, neither the next; and so the man went to look for her; and lo! he found her all dressed up in silk and satin, 'lighting from a coach, and footmen waiting upon her. So he says to her, "Why didst thee not return the next day?" "*Dost take me for a fool, goodman?*" quoth she, and stepped back into her fine coach and drove off; and so he lost his handsome wife.

Besides the kitchen, there were, on the lower floor of the inn, two or three small dining or tea rooms, a little office or accounting closet for the mistress, and a *tap-room*, which is a small apartment for smoking and drinking. These are all plainly but neatly furnished. There is a large parlour above stairs, somewhat elegantly furnished. The kitchen, tap-room, and office are low rooms, and over these is the parlour. The dining-rooms are higher, and over them are the bed-chambers. Thus the parlour is allowed a high ceiling, level with the eaves of the roof, and you enter it from a landing some steps lower than the bed-chambers. The latter are carried up under the roof, with dormer windows, and are very pleasant rooms. It will be seen that all the travellers' rooms or apartments are thus made spacious at the expense of height in the others, and that yet there is a convenient arrangement and connection of the whole.

We had supper in a little back room, as neat as care and scouring could make and keep it. The table was much such a one as Mrs. Marcombe, in Hanover, would have set for a couple of tired White Mountain pedestrians, except the absence of any kind of cakes or pies. The ham had a peculiar taste, and was very good, C. says, the least unpleasant of any he was ever tempted to eat. It had been dried by hanging from the ceiling of the kitchen, instead of being regularly *smoked*, as is our practice. The milk and butter

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(which was not in the least salted) were very sweet and high-flavoured.

In the evening we had a long talk with the old woman and her daughter. The latter was a handsome person with much such a good, beaming face as her mother, but with youth, and more refinement from education and intelligence. She also was a widow with two sweet, shy little girls.

There are peculiarities in the speech of these women that would distinguish them anywhere from native Americans. Perhaps the novelty of them is pleasing, but it has seemed to us that the speech of most of the people above the lowest class of labourers that we have met, is more agreeable and better than we often hear at home. Perhaps the climate may have effect in making the people more habitually animated—the utterance more distinct and varied. Sentences are more generally finished with a rising inflection, syllables are more forcibly accented, and quite often, as with our landlady, there is a rich musical tone in the conversational voice to which we are not yet so much accustomed, but that it compels us to listen deferentially. I wonder that beauty of speech is not more thought of as an accomplishment. It is surely capable of great cultivation, and should not be forgotten in education.

Except in the lower class, the choice of words seems often elegant, and we hear very few idiomatic phrases or provincialisms. Where we do notice them, in the class I am now speaking of, it would not seem an affectation of singular language in an educated person with us, but rather a fortunate command of vigorous Saxon words. We have never any difficulty in understanding them, while we do sometimes have to reconstruct our sentences, and find substitutes for some of our words, before we are plainly understood. The "H" difficulty is an exception to all this, with nearly all the

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people, except the most polished, that we have met. Is it not singular? Among the lowest classes, however, there are many words used that puzzle us; others are pronounced curiously, and many of our common words are used in new combinations. There is an old-fashioned, quaint set of words in common use that we only understand from having met with them in old books—in the Bible, for instance. The words *Master* and *Mistress* (instead of Mister and Misses, as we have got to pronounce them), and *lad* and *lass*, are usual. "*Here, lad!*" "*Well, Maister?*" I first heard in the Liverpool market. I passed a man there, too, leading a dray-horse, with a heavy load, up one of the steep streets. He was encouraging him in this way: "Coom on, my lad! Coom on, my good lad!" When he had reached the brow he stopped and went before the noble beast, who, with glistening eyes, and ears playing beautifully, bowed his head to be patted, "*Good lad! good lad! Well, thee's done it!*"*

We had noticed yesterday in Liverpool that the omnibuses were decorated with branches of trees, ribbons, and flags; the union-jack (British ensign) was hoisted in several places, the children seemed to be enjoying a half-holiday in the afternoon, and once we saw them going together in an irregular procession, carrying a little one dressed with leaves and crowned with a gilt-paper cap, and singing together in shrill chorus some verses, of which we only understood the frequent repetition of the words: "The twenty-ninth of May! the twenty-ninth of May!" It occurred to C. to ask whether all this was intended to celebrate any thing. "Oh,

* A gentleman, riding towards Chowbet, and seeing a boy in the road, shouted out to him, "My lad, am I half-way to Chowbet?" Young Lancashire looked up at the querist, and said, "Hah con aw tell, tha' foo', when I doon't know wheear ta' coom fra?"—*Liverpool paper.*

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surely," our hostess said, "it was the twenty-ninth of May —King-Charles-and-the-Oak day." In her husband's time, they used always to keep it in good style, ornamenting their house all over with oak boughs, and all the stage-coaches and the horses used to be decked with oak boughs too. "How beautifully," says C., aside, "do such pretty simple customs keep alive the remembrance of old historic facts!" "But why do they carry about the *child?*" She did not recollect clearly, but she had the impression that King Charles was a baby when it occurred. She had forgotten exactly how it was, she said, "but it told all about it in the Bible." "In the Bible! mother; you mean in the History of England, do you not?" said her daughter, smiling. "Was it?" replied the old lady, "I never had time to read much in the large History of England. Let me see—why, no; now I am sure it was in the Bible. Don't you remember—what's his name —Zack—Zack—Zacheriah? yes, Zacheriah; how he climbed up into an oak tree to see King Charles go by!"

A large and most powerful class, including many even of the more conservative of the dissenters in England, are terribly afraid of a national system of education that shall be free from Church influence. The people had better be left to grow up in ignorance, rather than that they should not be instructed in theological dogmas. I have actually heard a refined and educated gentleman, occupying an influential position, advocate the idea that all the education the common people needed was so much as would enable them to read their Bible, prayer-book, and catechism. Except for this, he would never let them have a teacher, but would leave them to the parson. He would break up every dissenter's school —have no school in the land that was not a part of the Church. The godless system of education which was now favoured in high quarters (on the plan of our New-England

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common schools!) he verily believed, if adopted, would be a national sin that God would arise in his anger to punish.

Our landlady had lived almost to old age under the shadow of the Church, in which the story of Zaccheus is every year read aloud, and in which a religious celebration of the restoration of King Charles is by law performed every 29th of May. But a person of sound faculties, native-born, could not probably be found in New-England, whose godless education would not have made impossible such a confusion of religious instruction as had been given her.*

I am writing now in my bedroom. Though the ceiling is low, it is large and well furnished. There are large pitchers of water, foot-bath, and half-a-dozen towels. The bed is very large, clean, and richly curtained. The landlady has sent me up a glass of her home-brewed beer, with a nightcap which I noticed she hung by the fire when I left the kitchen. The chambermaid has drawn down the bed-clothes, and says, "The bed has been well aired, sir." Good night.

* There is a service for the 29th of May in the Book of Common Prayer, which, by royal order (commencing "*Victoria Regina.* It is our Royal Will and Pleasure," &c., and countersigned by Lord John Russell on the 21st of June, 1837), is to be performed in every church, college, and chapel in the United Kingdom every year. It is most blasphemously absurd and false in its historical allusions and slavish moralizings.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE BREAK OF DAY.—A FULL HEART.—FAMILIAR THINGS.—THE VILLAGE AT SUNRISE.—FLOWERS.—BIRDS.—DOG KENNELS.—"THE SQUIRE" AND "THE HALL."—ROOKS.—VISIT TO A SMALL FARM.—THE COWS.—THE MILKING.—THE DAIRY-MAIDS.—THE STABLES.—MANURE.—BONES.—PASTURE.—WHITE CLOVER.—IMPLEMENTS.—CARTS.—THE ENGLISH PLOUGH AND HARROW.

31st May.

IT was very early this morning when I became gradually aware of the twittering of house-sparrows, and was soon after brought to more distinct consciousness of time and place by the long clear note of some other stranger bird. I stepped from bed and kneeled at a little, low, latticed window, curtained without by a woodbine. Parting the foliage with my hands, I looked out upon a cluster of low-thatched cottages, half overgrown with ivy; a blooming hawthorn hedge, enclosing a field of heavy grass and clover glistening with dew; a few haystacks; another field beyond, spotted with sheep; a group of trees; and then some low hills, over which the dawn was kindling, with a faint blush, the quiet, smoky clouds in a grey sky. It may seem an uninteresting landscape, but I gazed upon it with great emotion, so great that I wondered at it. Such a scene I had never looked upon before, and yet it was in all its parts as familiar to me as my native valley. Land of our poets! Home of our fathers! Dear old mother England! It would be strange if I were not affected at meeting thee at last face to face.

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I dressed, and worked my way through the dark, crooked stairs to the kitchen, where, on the bright steel fender, I found my shoes dry and polished. I walked through the single short street of the hamlet. The houses were set closely together, with neat little gardens about them. They were of every age; one I noticed marked with the date 1630—about the time of the first settlement in Connecticut. It was of stone, narrow, with a steep roof covered with very small slates; the windows much wider than high, and filled with little panes of glass set in strips of lead. Except in this and the materials of which it was built, it was not unlike some of the oldest houses that we yet see in our first Puritan villages, as Hadley and Wethersfield.

A blackbird hopped before me, but did not whistle, and plenty of little birds were chirping on the walls and rose-bushes, but there was nothing like the singing we have at home of a spring morning.* At the other end of the village was another inn—"The Blue Lion," I believe, and a tall hostler opening the stable doors was dressed just as I wanted to see him—jockey-cap, long striped waistcoat, breeches, and boots.

As I returned I saw the farmer that had been at the inn the night before, and asked him to let me see his cows. He said they were coming down the lane, and if I went with him I should meet them. Passing a group of well-built, neat, low buildings, he said they were the squire's kennels. They were intended for greyhounds, but he had his pointers in them now.

"The squire's! But where's the squire's house?"

"Yon's the hall," pointing to a distant group of trees, above which a light smoke was rising straight up in the calm

* An English friend, now in America, thinks I am wrong in this.

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air, and a number of large black birds were rapidly rising and falling. "Yon's the hall; ye see the rooks."

"The rooks! Then those are rooks, are they?"

"Ay, be they—rooks—do ye not know what rooks be?"

"Yes, but we don't have them in America."

"No! not have rooks? They be main good in a pie, sir."

We met the cows, of which there were about a dozen, driven by a boy towards the farm-house. Any one of them would have been considered remarkably fine in America. They were large and in good order; with soft, sleek skin, and like every cow I have seen in England, look as if they had just been polished up for exhibition. He could tell nothing of their breed except of one, a handsome heifer, which he said came partly of Welsh stock. He took me across a field or two to look at a few cows of the squire's. They were finer than any of his, and seemed to be grade short-horns.

The cows were driven into hovels, which he called *shippens*, and fastened at their mangers by a chain and ring sliding on an upright post (the latest fashion with us), eight of them in an apartment, standing back to back. Three or four of his daughters came out to milk—very good-looking, modest young women, dressed in long, loose, grey, homespun gowns. They had those high wooden tubs to milk in that we see in the old pictures of sentimental milkmaids. It seems constantly like dreaming to see so many of these things that we have only known before in poetry or painting.

The dairy-house and all the farm buildings were of brick, interworked with beams of wood and thatched. They were very small, the farm being only of fifty acres, and the hay and grain always kept in stacks. The arrangements for saving manure were poor—much the same as on any tolerably good farm with us—a hollowed yard with a pool of liquid on one side. He bought some dung and bones in Liverpool,

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but not much. He esteemed bones most highly, and said they did immense good hereabout. They made a sweeter, stronger, and more permanent pasture. Where he had applied them twelve years ago, at the rate of a ton to an acre, he could see their effect yet. He took me into an adjoining field which, he said, was one of the best pastures in the village. It had been ploughed in narrow lands, and the ridges left high, when it was laid down. The sward was thicker, better *bottomed*, than any I ever saw in America. He sowed about a bushel of grass seeds to the acre, seeding down with oats. For cheese pasture, he valued white clover more than any thing else, and had judged, from the taste of American cheese, that we did not have it. For meadows to be mowed for hay, he preferred sainfoin and ray-grass. He had lately underdrained some of his lowest land with good effect. His soil is mostly a stiff clay resting on a ledge of rocks.

The farm-carts were clumsy and heavy (for horses), with very large wheels with broad tires and huge hubs, as you have seen the English carts pictured. The plough was a very long, sharp, narrow one, calculated to plough about seven inches deep, and turn a slice ten inches wide, with a single pair of horses. The stilts, of iron, were long and low, and the beam, also of iron, very high, with a goose-neck curve. It is a very beautiful instrument, graceful and strong; but its appearance of lightness is deceptive, the whole being of iron; and this, with its great length, though adding to its efficiency for nice, accurate work in perfectly smooth and clear, long fields, would entirely unfit it for most of our purposes. On the rocky, irregular, hill-side farms of New England, or the stump lands of the West, it would be perfectly useless; but I should think it might be an admirable plough for our New York wheat lands, or perhaps for the prairies after they had been once broken.

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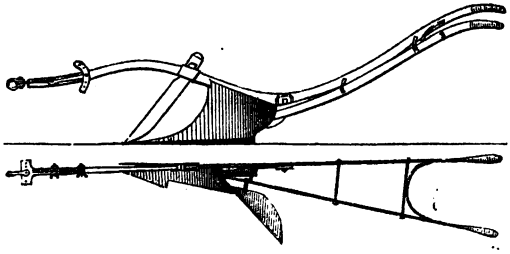
The harrow used on the farm was also of iron, frame and all, in three oblong sections, hinged together. These were



about all the tools I saw, and they were left in a slovenly way, lying about the farm-yard and in the road.

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CHAPTER XII.

BREAKFAST AT THE INN.—A TALE OF HIGH LIFE.—THE GARDEN OF THE INN.—AN OLD FARM-HOUSE.—TIMBER HOUSES.—LABOURERS' COTTAGES.—WATTLES AND NOGGIN WALLS.—A "FERME ORNEE."—A LAWN PASTURE.—COPPER-LEAVED BEECHES.—TAME BLACK CATTLE.—APPROACH TO CHESTER.

I RETURNED to my room in the inn, and had written a page or two of this before any one was stirring. Then I heard the mistress waking the servants, and soon after "John the boots" came to my door to call me, as I had requested him to.

After with difficulty prevailing upon the landlady and her daughter to breakfast with us, we had a very sociable time with them over the tea and eggs which they had prepared for us. They were interested to hear of the *hard* coal we burned (anthracite) that made no smoke, and of *wood* fires, and of our peculiar breakfast dishes, griddle-cakes, and Indian bread. They told us of other members of their family—two or three in Australia—and of the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood. They spoke kindly and respectfully of the vicar—"a sporting man, sir, and fond of good living," the old lady added, after mentioning his charity and benevolence. In speaking of the gentry, it was difficult for her to believe that we did not know the general history of all the families. We asked about a park we had passed. It was —— Park, and had a remarkable story to be told of it; but so constantly did she anticipate our knowledge, taking for granted that we

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knew all that had occurred until within a short time, that it was long before we could at all understand the *news* about it. As you are probably equally ignorant, I will tell you the tale connectedly, as we finally got it.

It had been the property of Sir T——, who occupied the hall in it until his death, a year or two ago, and had been in his family many hundred years. The estate included several villages—the whole of them, every house and shop, even the churches—and was valued at £800,000 ($4,000,000). On the death of Sir T., Sir W., his son, inherited his title and estate. But Sir W. was a sporting man, and had previously gambled himself in debt to Jews in London £300,000. He came to the hall, however, and remained there some time, keeping two packs of hounds. He was a good landlord, and the family were beloved. Lady M. had established and maintained a national (church) school; and in the winter was in the habit of serving out a large quantity of soup every day to the poor of the estate. But at length the bailiffs came, and Sir W. went to France, and his family dispersed among their relatives all over the kingdom. Lady M. last winter had been very ill, and nothing ailed her, the physicians said, but sorrow.

And now they were going to sell it—they did not know how they could—but they showed us a considerable volume, illustrated with maps and lithographs, of "plans and particulars" of the estate, on the first page of which, "Messrs. —— had the honour to announce that they had been instructed by the honourable proprietor, to sell at auction, on a certain six days, upwards of fifteen hundred acres of very fine rich land, let to an old and respectable tenantry, including the whole of the town of ———, together with several manors and manorial rights, which have been commuted at £500 *per annum*." They showed us also another volume, containing in

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one hundred and twelve quarto pages, descriptions of the furniture, plate, library, paintings, wines, &c., with many engravings—a strange exposure of noble housekeeping to our republican eyes. Seeing that we were much interested in this, the landlady offered to give it to us; it was of no use to her, she said, and we were quite welcome to it. It was really of some value in several ways, and we offered to pay for it, but she would not sell it.

Before we left, they showed us through the little garden of the inn; it was beautifully kept, and every thing growing strongly. Then, after buckling on our knapsacks, and bringing us another mug of *home-brewed*, our kind entertainers took leave of us with as much good-feeling and cordiality as if we were old friends, who had been making them a short visit, following us out into the street, with parting advice about the roads and the inns, and at last a warm shaking of hands.

The country we walked over for a few miles after leaving the village, was similar to that we saw yesterday—flattish, with long, low undulations—the greater part in pasture, and that which was not, less highly cultivated than I had expected to find much land in England, the stock upon it almost altogether cows, and these always looking admirably well; the fields universally divided by hedges, which, though they add much to the beauty of the landscape, when you are in a position to look over it, greatly interrupt the view, and always are ill-trimmed, irregular, and apparently insecure. We met no one on the road, saw very few habitations, and only two men at work, ploughing, for several miles; then a cluster of cottages, an inn, and a large old *timber-house*. As I had been informed (very wrongly) that these were getting rare in England, and it was very peculiar and striking, I stopped to sketch it.

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Imagine a very large, old-fashioned New England farm-house with the weather-boarding stripped off and all the timber exposed. Fill up the intervals with brick, and plaster them over even with the outer surface of the beams; then whitewash this plastered surface and blacken the timber, and you have the walls of the house. A New England house, however, would have three times as many windows. The

roof is mostly of very small old slates, set with mortar, and capped (ridged) with thick quarried stones. It is repaired with large new slates in several places, and an addition that has been made since the main part was erected, which is entirely of brick in the walls, with no timber, is heavily thatched with straw, as are also all the out-buildings.

The rear of the farm-house probably contains the dairy, and is covered with thatch to secure a more equable temperature.

All the other buildings in the hamlet were similarly built—timber and whitewashed walls, and thatch roofs. While I was sketching, the farmer, a great stout old man, and the first we have seen in top-boots, came out and entered into

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conversation with us. He was much amused that I should think his house worth sketching, and told us it had been long (rented) in his family. He had no idea how old it was. He described the cottages, which were certainly very pretty to look at, as exceedingly uncomfortable and unhealthy—the floors, which were of clay, being generally lower than the road and the surrounding land, and often wet, and always damp, while the roofs and walls were old and leaky, and full of vermin. The walls of these cottages were all made by interlacing twigs (called *wattles*) between the timbers, and then *plashing* these with mud (*noggin*), inside and out, one layer over another as they dried, until it was as thick as was desired; then the surface was made smooth with a trowel and whitewashed.

A few miles further on we came to a large, park-like pasture, bounded by a neatly trimmed hedge, and entered by a simple gate, from which a private road ran curving among a few clumps of trees to a mansion about a furlong distant. We entered, and rested ourselves awhile at the foot of some large oaks. The house was nearly hidden among trees, and these, seen across the clear grass land, were the finest groups of foliage we had ever seen. A peculiar character was given it by one or two *copper-leaved* beeches—large, tall trees, thickly branched from the very surface of the ground. (These trees, which are frequently used with great good effect in landscape gardening in England, are rare in America, though they may be had at the nurseries. There are two sorts, one much less red than the other.) The cattle in this *pasture-lawn* were small and black, brisk and wild-looking, but so tame in reality, that as we lay under the tree, they came up and licked our hands like dogs. The whole picture completely realized Willis's beautiful ideal, "The Cottage *Insoucieuse*."

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The country hence to Chester was more elevated and broken, and the walk delightful. We saw many beautiful things, but have seen so many more interesting ones since, that I can hardly remember them. The road, too, was more travelled. We met a stage-coach, with no inside passengers, and the top overloaded, and a handsome carriage and four, the near wheeler and leader ridden by postilions in bright livery, and within, an old gentleman under a velvet cap, and young lady under a blue silken calash. The fields, too, were more tilled; and one of fifty acres, which was ridged for some root crop, was the most thoroughly cultivated piece of merely farming ground I ever saw. There were several women at work in the back part of it. I could not make out what they were doing.

About the middle of the forenoon, we came to the top of a higher hill than we had before crossed, from which we looked down upon a beautiful rich valley, bounded on the side opposite us by blue billowy hills. In the midst of it was the smoke and chimneys and steeples of a town. One square, heavy brown tower was conspicuous over the rest, and we recognised by it the first cathedral we had seen.

As we approached the town, the road became a crooked paved street, lined with curious small antique houses, between which we passed, stopping often to admire some singular gable, or porch, or grotesque carving, until it was spanned by a handsome brown stone arch, not the viaduct of a railroad, as at first seemed likely, nor an arch of triumph, of the pictures of which it reminded us, but one of the four gateways of the city. Passing under it, we found on the inner side a flight of broad stone stairs leading on to the wall, which we ascended. At the top, on the inside of the wall, was a printer's shop, in which guide-books were offered for sale. Entering this we were received by an intelligent and obliging young man

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who left the press to give us chairs, and with whom we had an interesting conversation about the town and about his trade. Printers' wages, if I recollect rightly, were about one quarter more in New York than in Chester. After purchasing a guide-book and a few prints of him, we accepted his invitation to leave our knapsacks in his shop, and take a walk on the walls before entering the town.

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CHAPTER XIII.

CHESTER WITHOUT.—A WALK ON THE WALLS.—ANTIQUITIES.—STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Chester, June 2d.

MY journal is behindhand several days, what little time I have had to write being occupied in finishing my last letter. Meantime, I have seen so much, that if I had a week of leisure I should despair of giving you a good idea of this strange place. But that you may understand a little how greatly we are interested, I will mention some of the objects that we have seen, and are seeing. Use your imagination to the utmost to fill up the hints, rather than descriptions, of these that I shall give you. You need not fear that when you come here the reality will disappoint you, or fail to astonish you with its novelty, its quaintness, and the strange mingling of venerable associations with its modern art and civilization.

We were about to leave the printer's for a walk on the wall. I will not detain myself with a detailed account of our proceedings, but imagine that you are with me, while I point out to you a few of the note-worthy objects.

We are on the top of the wall, a few feet from the side of the archway through which we entered the town. Look down now on the outside. The road, just before it enters the gate, crosses, by a bridge, a deep ravine. In it, some seventy feet

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below us, you see the dark water, perhaps of old the *fosse*, but now a modern commercial canal. A long, narrow boat, much narrower than our canal-boats, laden with coals, is coming from under the bridge; a woman is steering it, and on the cabin, in large, red letters, you see her name, "*Margaret Francis*," and the name of the boat, the "*Telegraph*." That arch was turned by a man now living, but that course of stones —the dark ones between the ivy and the abutment—was laid by a Roman mason, when Rome was mistress of the world.

Walk on. The wall is five feet wide on the top, with a parapet of stone on the outside, and an iron rail within. Don't fear, though it is so far and deep to the canal, and the stone looks so time-worn and crumbling; it is firm with true Roman cement, the blood of brave men. Here it is strengthened by a heavy tower, now somewhat dilapidated. Look up, and you see upon it a rude carving of a phœnix; under it an old tablet, with these words:—

"ON THIS TOWER STOOD CHARLES THE FIRST, AND SAW HIS ARMY DEFEATED."

Within the tower is the stall of a newsman. Buy the London Times, which has come some hundred miles since morning, with the information that yesterday the honourable president of a Peace Society was shot in a duel. (A fact.)

Pass on. On one side of us are tall chimneys, through which, from fierce forge fires, ascend black smoke and incense of bitumen to the glory of mammon. Close on the other side stands a venerable cathedral, built by pious labour of devout men to the laud and service of their God. We look into the burying-ground, and on the old gravestones observe many familiar names of New England neighbours.

Narrow brick houses are built close up to the wall again, and now on both sides; the wall, which you can stride across, being their only street or way of access. Here, again, it

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crosses another broad road, and we are over another entrance to the city—the "*new* gate;" it is not quite a century old. We look from it into the market-place. Narrow, steep-gabled houses, with their second story frowning threateningly over the sidewalks, surround it. But the market-building is modern. See! the sparrow lighting on the iron roof burns her feet and flies hastily over to the heavy, old, brown thatch, where the little dormers stick out so clumsily cosy.

Odd-looking vehicles and oddly-dressed people are passing in the street below us: a woman with a jacket, driving two stout horses in one of those heavy farm-carts; an omnibus, very broad, and carrying passengers on the top as well as inside, with the sign of "The Green Dragon;" the driver, smartly-dressed, tips his whip with a knowing nod to a pretty Welsh girl who is carrying a tub upon her head. There are lots of such damsels here, neat as possible, with dark eyes and glossy hair, half covered by white caps, and fine, plump forms, in short striped petticoats and hob-nailed shoes. There goes one, straight as a gun-barrel, with a great jar of milk upon her head. And here is a little donkey, with cans of milk slung on each side of him, and behind them, so you cannot see why he does not slip off over his tail, is a great brute, with two legs in knee-breeches and blue stockings, bent up so as to be clear of the ground, striking him with a stout stick across his long, expressive ears. A sooty-faced boy, with a Kilmarnock bonnet on his head, carrying two pewter mugs, coming towards us, jumps suddenly one side, and, ha! out from under us, at a rattling pace, comes a beautiful sorrel mare, with a handsome, tall, slightly-made young man in undress military uniform; close behind, and not badly mounted either, follow two others—one also in uniform, with a scarlet cap and a bright bugle swinging at his side; the other a groom in livery, neat as a pin; odd again, to

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American eyes, those leather breeches and bright top-boots. Who was it? Colonel Lord Grosvenor, going to review the yeomanry. We shall see them the other side of the city. His grandfather built this gate and presented it to the corporation; you may see his arms on the key-stone. But now go on.

On the left, you see an old church tower, and under it the ragged outline and darker coloured stone of still older masonry. A swallow has just found a cranny big enough to build her nest in, that Father Time has been chiselling at now for eight hundred years. Eight hundred? Yes; it was *rebuilt* then. You can see some of the *older*, original wall at the other end—no, not that round Saxon arch, but beyond the trees—a low wall with a heavy clothing of ivy. The steamboat is just coming out from behind it now. In the year 973, King Edgar landed at this church from a boat, in which he had been rowed by eight kings, whom he had conquered. An ugly, smoky old tub is that steamboat; it would hardly be thought fit for the conveyance of criminals to prison in America. But doubtless it is a faster and more commodious craft than King Edgar's eight-king power packet.

We cross another gateway, and pass a big mill. The dam was built, I don't know when. The Puritans, they say, tried to destroy it, for its bad name, perhaps, but could not, because, like a duck, it kept under a high flood of water until the Cavaliers, making a rush to save it, spiked their guns.

Our path turns suddenly, and runs along the face of a stone wall, supported by brackets high above the water of the river, but some distance below the parapets—parapets of a castle. Soon we pass a red-coated sentry, and now you see a tower that looks older than the rest. The battle-axes of William the Conqueror once clanged where that fellow is

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lounging with a cigar. Beyond, on the esplanade, were wont to assemble the formidable feudal armies of the Earls of Chester, whose title is now borne by the German Prince Albert's eldest son. Quite a different appearance they must have made from this regiment of Irishmen in red-cloth coats and leather helmets.

Stop a moment to look at the old bridge—step back to the angle—there you see it—half-a-dozen arches of different forms and shades of colour, not particularly handsome, but worth noticing. The blackest of the arches was turned half a century before Jamestown was founded—that is, it was then *rebuilt.* The *old* bridge, from which the stones for it were taken, was built by Queen Ethefleda. Who was she? I am sure I don't know—some one who reigned here a thousand years ago, I believe, though I never heard any thing else of her. You'll be shown her great-grandmother's cradle somewhere about town very likely.

Just above is another bridge. What a fine arch! Yes; the longest in the world, it is said. That was not built by a queen, but a little girl was the first to cross it, who afterwards *developed up* into "her most gracious Majesty, Victoria, whom God long preserve," as the loyal guide-book has it.

". . . . Poor fellow! he is very lame, isn't he!"

"Oh, he is begging; probably an impostor. Don't encourage him."

"He only asks a penny to keep him from starving; his son has not been able to get any work lately, or he would not let him beg."

"Let him go to America; there's enough work for him if he really wants it; its what they all say. Give him a ha'penny then, and be rid of him. Now, look over there, between the trees, and see the entrance to the Marquis of

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Westminster's park."—A great, fresh pile of bombastic towers and battlements to shelter a gate and protect the woman who opens it from—rain and frost. It is but recently finished, and costs, says the printer, £10,000.

What says the beggar? Free trade and the Irish have cut down wages, since he used to work on the farms, from five shillings to eighteen pence. I don't believe it.

He reasserts it, though. He has stood himself at Chester Cross on the market day, and refused to work for four and sixpence, and all the beer he could drink. It may be true—the printer tells us; in the old Bonaparte years, in harvest time, it was not unlikely to have been so. With wheat at a guinea a bushel, the farmers did not have the worst of it even then. Those were good times for farmers. Soldiers can't reap, but they must eat. The government *borrowed* money to pay the farmers for supporting the war, and now the farmers are paying the debt.

"Give me something to buy a little bread, good sirs," repeats the old man; "I can't work, and my son ..... These dirty Irish and this cussed free trade ....."

Hark! horns and kettle-drums! Come on. It is the band of the yeomanry; we shall see them directly ..... There! Five squadrons of mounted men trotting over a broad green meadow below us. Well mounted they seem to be, and well seated too. Ay; fox hunting will make good cavalry. Doubtless many of those fellows have been after the hounds.

Possibly. But never one of them charged a buffalo herd, I'll be bound.

This green plain—a sort of public lawn in front of the town—is about twice as large as Boston Common, and is called "The Roodee." It is free from trees, nothing but a

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handsome meadow, and a race-course runs round it. On this course, by the way, the greatest number of horses ever engaged in a single match have been run. In 1848, the entries were one hundred and fifty-six, of which one hundred and six accepted.

Right below us, on the meadow, there is pitched a *marquée.* It belongs to a cricket club. I want you to notice the beautiful green sward of their playing ground. It is shaven so clean and close. You see men are sweeping it with hair-brooms.

Here again, in this garden on the other side of the wall, there used to be a nunnery. There is the entrance to a subterranean passage, by which, if you could keep a candle burning, you might pass under the city back to the cathedral.

. . . . Are you tired of ruins? Here is one more that may rouse your Puritan blood: a heavy tower built into the wall, connected with a larger one at some distance outside. How old they look! No paintings and no descriptions had ever conveyed to me the effect of age upon the stone itself of these very old structures. How venerable! how stern! how silent—yet telling what long stories! We will not ask for the oldest of them, but—you see there, where the battlements are broken down in one place—that breach was made by a ball thrown from the hill yonder; and the cannon that sent it was aimed by OLIVER CROMWELL.

How beautiful, how indescribably beautiful, are those thick masses of dark, glossy, green ivy, falling over the blackened old ramparts, like the curls of a child asleep on its grandfather's shoulder!—*Whew!* dont let the sparks get in your eye! They have pierced the wall right under us, and here goes an express train fifty miles an hour, from Ireland to London by way of Holyhead, with dispatches for her Ma-

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jesty (by way of Lord Palmerston's head). The Roman masonry that resisted the Roundhead batteries, has yielded to the engines of peace.

But, as we move on, even higher marks of civilization are pointed out to us. Here, close to the wall, and in the shadow of the old tower, is a public bath and wash-house. A little back is a hospital for the poor, and near it a house of correction. Across the valley is a gloomy-looking workhouse, and in another direction a much more cheering institution, beautifully placed on a hill, among fine, dark, evergreen trees, through which you can see the bright sunshine and smile of God falling upon it. It is the Training College—a normal school, for preparing teachers for the church schools of the diocese. And here, on the left, as we approach the north gate again, is an old charity school-house, the Blue-coat Hospital. The boys at play are all young George Washingtons, dressed in long-skirted blue coats, and breeches, and stockings.

. . . . So here we are, back at the good-natured printer's office, having been a circuit of three miles on the walls of the city. Its population is twenty-five thousand (mostly within). If you have observed that nearly all the houses are low, you will not suppose that much room is taken up by streets and unoccupied grounds, where that number is accommodated in such limited space, and you will be ready to explore the interior with great curiosity. If your taste for the quaint and picturesque is at all like mine, you will be in no danger of disappointment.

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CHAPTER XIV.

CHESTER WITHIN.—PECULIARITIES OF BUILDING.—THE ROWS.—A SEA-CAPTAIN.—ROMANCING.—AN OLD INN.—OLD ENGLISH TOWN HOUSES.—TIMBER HOUSES.—CLAIMING AN INHERITANCE.—A COOK SHOP.—ONE OF THE ALLEYS.—BREAKING INTO THE CATHEDRAL.—EXPULSION.—THE CURFEW.

THE four gates of the city are opposite, and about equally distant from each other. Four streets run from them, meeting in the centre and dividing it into four quarters. These principal streets are from one to three rods wide, and besides them there are only a few narrow alleys, in which carts can pass. But the whole city is honeycombed with by-ways, varying from two to five feet in width; sometimes open above, and sometimes built over; crooked and intricate, and if he cares where they lead him to, most puzzling to a stranger. Besides these courts, alleys, and foot-paths, there is another highway peculiarity in Chester, which it will be difficult to describe.

Imagine you have entered the gate with us after the walk about the wall. The second story of most the old houses is thrown forward, as you have seen it in the "old settler's" houses at home. Sometimes it projects several feet, and is supported by posts in the sidewalk. Soon this becomes a frequent, and then a continuous arrangement; the posts are generally of stone, forming an arcade, and you walk behind them in the shade. Sometimes, instead of posts, a solid wall supports the upper house. You observe, as would be likely

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in an old city, that the surface is irregular; we are ascending a slight elevation. Notwithstanding the old structure overhead, and the well-worn, thick, old flagging under foot, we notice the shop fronts are finished with plate-glass, and all the brilliancy of the most modern commercial art and taste. Turning, to make the contrast more striking, by looking at the little windows and rude carvings of the houses opposite, we see a bannister or hand-rail separates the sidewalk from the carriage-way, and are astonished, in stepping out to it, to find the street is some ten feet below us. We are evidently in the second story of the houses. Finding steps leading down, we descend into the streets and discover another tier of shops, on the roofs of which we have been walking.

Going on, we shortly come to where the streets meet in the centre of the town. Passing over the ground where the *cross*, and the pillory, and other institutions of religion, and justice, and merry-making formerly stood, we ascend steps, and are again in one of those singular walks called by the inhabitants the Rows. There are no more stylish shop fronts, but dark doorways and old windows again, and on almost every door-post little black and red checkers, which hieroglyphics, if you are not sufficiently versed in Falstaffian lore to understand, you can find rendered in plain black and white queen's English (or people's English by our law), under some woman's name, painted on the beam overhead—"Licensed to sell beer," &c. Generally there will be an additional sign, naming the inn or tavern, always in letters and almost never in portraiture. I remember "The Crown and Castle," "The Crown and Anchor," "The Castle and Falcon," "The King's Head," "The Black Bear," "The Blue Boar," "The Pied Bull," "The Green Dragon," "The White Lion," "The Sun and Apple Tree," "The Colliers' Arms," "The Arms of Man," "The Malt Shovel," etc., etc.

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Instead of columns and a hand-rail, or a dead-wall on the street side of the row, it is now and then contracted by a room, which is sometimes occupied by a shop, and sometimes seems to be used as a vestibule and staircase to apartments overhead, for we see a brass plate with the resident's name, and a bell-pull, to the door.

On the inner side are frequent entrances to the narrow passages that I mentioned, which may be long substitutes for streets, communicating, after a deal of turning and splitting into branches, with some distant alley or churchyard, or other main street, with the front doors of wealthy citizens' houses opening upon them; or they may be merely alleys between two tenements leading to a common yard in the rear; or again, if you turn into one, it may turn out to be a private hall, and after one or two short turns end in a kitchen. Never mind—don't retreat; put on a bold face, take a seat by the fire as if you were at home, and call for a mug of beer. Ten to one it will be all right. Every other housekeeper, at least, is a licensed taverner.

We had great sport the first hour or two we were in town hunting for lodgings. We were disposed to sleep under the very oldest English architecture in which we could be comfortably accommodated. Many of the places at which we applied were merely houses of refreshment, and had no spare bedrooms. In one of these, "The Boot Inn," we found an old sea-captain, who, some twenty years ago, had traded to New York, and enjoyed talking and making inquiries about persons he had met and places he had visited. Fortunately we knew some of them, and so were constrained to sit down to some bread and cheese and beer, and listen to some tough yarns of Yellow Jack and Barbary pirates. At one end of the kitchen was a table with benches on three sides of it, and a great arm-chair on the other. Over the chair hung a union

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jack, and before it on the table was a strongly-bound book, which proved to be "The Record of the Boot Inn Birthday Club." The bond entered into by each member on entering this association was, that he should treat the club to plenty of good malt liquor on his every future birthday. There was a constitution and many by-laws, the penalty for breaking which was always to be paid in "beer for the club."

At other inns we would be shown, by delightfully steep, narrow, crooked, and every way possible inconvenient stairways, up through low, dark spaces of inclined plane, into long, steep-roofed, pigeon-house-like rooms, having an air as gloomy and mysterious as it was hot and close. Then, upon our declining to avail ourselves of such romantic and typhous accommodations, instead of being reconducted down by the tortuous path of our ascent, we would be shown, through a back door in the third story, out upon a passage that seemed to be also used as a public street (footway), doors opening from it which were evidently entrances to residences in the rear.

Finally we were suited; and now I am writing on an old oak table, with spiral legs, sitting in an old oak chair, with an Elizabethan carved back, my feet on an old oak floor (rather wavy), stout old oak beams over my head, and low walls of old oak wainscot all around me. Resting on an old oak bench by the window, is a young man with a broad-brimmed felt hat slouched half over his face. Across the street, so near we might jump into it if we were attacked from the rear, is a house with the most grotesquely-carved and acutely-pointed gable possible to be believed real, and not a pasteboard scene, with the date "1539" cut in awkward figures over the cockloft window, high in the apex. For fifteen minutes there has been a regular "*clink, clink*," deadening all other sounds but the clash of sabres against spurs, and distant

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bugle-calls, as a body of horsemen are passing in compact columns through the narrow street, from the castle, out by the north gate, towards *Rowton Moor.*

To be sure, it is a California and not a Cavalier sombrero that shades my friend, and the men of war outside are but mild militiamen, carrying percussion-lock carbines indeed, but who have fought for nothing so valiantly as for the corn laws. But when shall I again get as near as this to *Prince* Charlie and the Ironsides? and shall I not make the most of it? At least, there is no prompter's bell, no carpenters in their shirt-sleeves rushing in and sliding off the scenery. That 1539 over the way is TRUE; I can see the sun shine into the figures. Away, then, with your 1850! I will drink only old wine—or better—*What ho! a cup of sack!* Shall I not take it easy in mine inn?

The house is full of most unexplainable passages and unaccountable recesses, of great low rooms and little high rooms, with ceilings in various angles to the walls, and the floor of every one at a different elevation from every other, so that from the same landing you step up into one and down into another, and so on. Back of a little kitchen and big pantry, down stairs, we have another parlour. In it is a grand old chimney, and opposite the fireplace a window, the only one in the room. It is but three feet high, but, except the room occupied by a glass *buffet* in one corner and a turned-up round-table in the other, reaches from wall to wall. To look out of it, you step on to a raised platform, about three feet broad, in front of it, and on this is an old, long, high-backed *settee.* I must confess that it is not the less pleasant in the evening for an unantique gas-light.

As I lay in bed last night, I counted against the moon seventy-five panes of glass in the single window of our sleeping apartment. The largest of them was four by three, and

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the smallest three by one inches. They are set in lead sashes, and the outer frame is of iron, opening horizontally on hinges.

There are none but *timber houses* all about us; the walls white or yellow, and the timbers black. The roofs are often as steep as forty-five degrees with the horizon, and the gables always front on the street. If the house is large there will be several gables, and each successive story juts out,

overhanging the face of that below. There is no finical verge-board, or flimsy "drapery" in the gable, but the outermost rafter (a stout beam that you cannot expect to see warped

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off or blown away) is boldly projected, and your attention perhaps invited to it by ornamental carving. Porches, bow-windows, dormers, galleries (in the rows), and all the prominent features of the building are generally more or less rudely carved. One house near us is completely covered with figures. C. says they represent Bible scenes. There is one compartment which he supposes a tableau of the sacrifice of Isaac, Abraham being represented, according to his *exegesis*, by a bearded figure dressed in long flapped waistcoat and knee-breeches.

Another house has these words cut in the principal horizontal beam: *God's Providence is mine Inheritance*—1652. It is said the family residing in it was the only one in the city that entirely escaped the great plague of that year.

You may imagine how intensely interesting all this is. We cannot keep still, but run about with a real boyish excitement. We feel indeed like children that have come back to visit the paternal house, and who are rummaging about in the garret among their father's playthings, ever and anon shouting, "See what I've found! see what I've found!" If we had been brought here blindfolded from America, and were now, after two days' visit, sent back again, we should feel well repaid for the long sea-passage. If we were to stay here a month, we should scarcely enjoy less than we now do, rambling about among these relics of our old England.*

* Some months later than this we were at a supper party, after some old English ballads and songs had been sung, when one of the company apologized for it, saying, "We forget our American friends. It is selfish in us to sing only these national songs in which we are peculiarly interested. Have you nothing American, now?" "Excuse me, sir," I replied, "those are our national songs as much as yours. You forget that we are also countrymen of Will Shakspeare, and Robin Hood, and Richard the Lion-hearted. Our mothers danced with your fathers under that same 'green-wood,' and around the 'May-pole.' Our fathers fought for their right in

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Going into a cook-shop for supper, the first afternoon we were in Chester, we were shown through three apartments into a kitchen, and from that into a long, narrow, irregularly-shaped room, with one little window high above our heads, and twenty-seven old wood engravings in frames about the walls. We had a very tolerable supper given us, and were served by a six-foot-high Welsh girl that could understand but little of our English. When we were ready to leave, a back door was opened, and we were told that the first opening to the left would bring us to the street. We found ourselves in one of the narrow covered ways, and instead of turning off to the street as directed, kept on in it to go where it should happen to lead. Sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, running first, as it appeared, between a man's kitchen and his dining-room; then into a dust-yard; then suddenly narrowed, and turned one side by a stable; then opening into a yard, across which a woman over a wash-tub was scolding her husband, sitting with a baby and smoking at a window; then through a blacksmith's shop into a long, dark, crooked, passage, like the gallery of a mine, at the other end of which we found ourselves on a paved street not far from the cathedral.

We entered the burying-ground, and seeing tnat a small door, that is cut in the large door of the cathedral, was ajar, pushed it open and went in. It was dark, silent, and chill. We felt strangely as we groped our way over the unobstructed stone floor, and could make nothing of it until our eyes,

this land against Turk, Frenchman, Spaniard, and Pretender. We have as much pride in Old England, gentlemen, as any of you. We claim the right to make ourselves *at home* on that ground with you. You must not treat us as strangers." "You are right; you are welcome. Give us your hand. The old blood will tell!" And the whole table rose with a hurrah, shaking our hands with a warmth that only patriotic pride will excuse among Englishmen.

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becoming adapted to the dimness, we discovered gilded organ-pipes, and were going towards them, when a small door in front of us was opened, and a man came out, saying impatiently, "Who *are* you? what do you want? Take off your hats."

"We are strangers, looking at the cathedral."

"Can't see it, now; can't see it, now. Service every day at four and ten o'clock."

As we were going out, a great bell began to toll. "What is that, sir?" said I.

"What?"

"That bell tolling—what is it for?"

"Why, that's the cuffew," and he closed and bolted the door, while we stood still without; and as the long waving boom of the bell pulsed through us, looked wonderingly at each other, as if America and the nineteenth century were a fading dream, slowly repeating, "The curfew; the curfew."

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CHAPTER XV.

CHESTER MARKET.—THE TOWN COMMON.—RACE-COURSE.—THE YEOMANRY CAVALRY, AND THE MILITIA OF ENGLAND.—PUBLIC WASH-HOUSE.—"MR. CHAIRMAN."

THE day after we came to Chester was market-day, and the streets were busy at an early hour with people coming in from the country to sell produce or purchase the supplies for their families for the coming week. The quantity of butter exposed for sale was very large, and the quality excellent. The fish-market also was finely supplied. The dealing in both these articles was mostly done by women.*

After walking through the market we went to the Roodee, and there saw the yeomanry reviewed. They wore a snug blue uniform, were armed with sabres, carbines, and pistols, and were rather better mounted and drilled than any of our mounted militia that I have seen. The active commander seemed to be a regular martinet. If the lines got much out of dress while on the trot, he would dash up, shaking his fist, and loudly cursing the squadron at fault. I noticed, also, that when pleased he sometimes addressed them in the ranks

* We noted the following as the common prices :—

Butchers' meat, 10 to 14 cents per lb.
Best fresh butter in balls of 1½ lbs., 35 cents.
Salmon, fresh from the Dee, 35 cents per lb.
Turbot, 35 cents per lb.
Soles and other fish, 16 cents per lb.

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as "gentlemen." He was probably some old army officer, engaged to drill them.

A young man in the dress of an officer, but dismounted, said, in answer to our inquiries, that their number was 800, in five companies. Most of them were farmers, every farmer of a certain age in the county (as we understood him) being obliged to serve three years, but allowed to send a substitute if he chooses, and sometimes is represented by his servant. They are out but once a year for training, and then for eight days, and while engaged receive 75 cents a day. They can not be ordered out of the country, and are never called into any active service, except to quell riots.

I frequently asked afterwards for more information about the yeomanry, but never of a person that seemed to know much about them. A man in the ranks of the Denbighshire yeomanry told us the service was optional. In some counties there is no such body, and the organization, laws, and customs of it seem to vary in the different regiments. There is a regular foot-militia organization throughout England (the "train bands"), but none of them, I believe, have been paraded for many years.

According to a parliamentary return of 1838, there were then of the mounted yeomanry, 251 troops and 13,594 privates; the annual expense of maintaining them was $525,000. The enrolled militia of England in 1838 numbered 200,000 men. The officers of these forces, when in service, *rank* with those of the army of the same grade. A part of the uniform and mountings of the yeomanry are paid for by the government, and some small daily compensation is allowed the privates when in service. A drill-sergeant and a trumpeter is also permanently attached to each troop, with a salary from the state.

NAPIER mentions that the greater part of the 16,000 Brit-

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ish troops who gained the battle of Talavera were men drafted from the militia at home, and that they had but very recently joined the army in Spain.

Coming up from the Roodee, we visited the castle. It is of no importance in a military way, except as a depôt. There are 30,000 stand of arms, and a large quantity of gunpowder stored in it. It is garrisoned by an Irish regiment at present, which, as well as the yeomanry, has a very good band of music, by which the town benefits.

We afterwards visited the public baths and wash-house. In its basement there are twenty square tubs, each with hot and cold water cocks, wash-board, and pounder, a drying-closet heated by steam to 212° F., &c. In the first story are the usual private baths, and a swimming tank or public bath, having a constant influx of fresh water by a jet from below, and an overflow. It is 45 by 36 feet, 2½ feet deep at one end, 6 at the other, contains 36,000 gallons, and is furnished with swings, diving-stage, life-buoys, &c. It was built by a committee of the citizens, and bought by the town very soon after it went into operation. The whole cost was $10,000, most of which was raised by a stock subscription. The water is supplied from the canal, and is all filtered—the cost of the filtering machine being $200. The principal items of current expenses are fuel and salaries. The cost of coal (very low here) is $5 a week. There are four persons constantly employed in the establishment, viz., superintendent and wife, who are paid $10 a week, and receive something besides as perquisites (supplying bathing-dresses, for instance, at a small charge); the bath-attendant, and the fireman, who each have $7 50 a week. Total salaries $25 a week. The charges for the use of the clothes-washing conveniences is about one cent an hour. For the baths it varies from two to twenty-five cents, select

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hours being appointed for those who choose, by paying a larger sum, to avoid a crowd. There are also commutations by the year at lower rates: boys, for instance, have a yearly ticket for a little over a dollar. During the first year it has something more than paid expenses. The number of bathers the last week (in May) was over one thousand. I mention these statistics, as this establishment is rather smaller than most of the kind, and they may serve the projectors of a similar one in some of our smaller cities.

We had had at breakfast the company of a little, fat dignified person, whose talk much amused us by its likeness to that of some of Dickens' characters. On returning to the inn at noon, we found sitting with him a cadaverous-faced man, with long hair, and very seedy clothes, who seemed from his expressions to be an artist. Beer had just been brought into them as we entered, but the painter after taking a long draught, mildly suggested that "something stronger might facilitate business." The fussy man replied that he never took any thing but malt liquors before dinner. The artist said that he required something more. "I haven't had any thing but beer this morning, except a couple of glasses of brandy, and a little go o'rum with a dab of butter and sugar in it." Here he looked at me with a smile and a nod, that invited my good fellowship, and I ventured to ask how much beer he might have had besides that. "Not more than half a dozen glasses, sir." "Really, I should have supposed that would be drink enough for half a day." "Not for a man like me; I have drank thirty-six glasses—half pints—of strong Welsh ale in a day, and all the better of it." The stout man said he never drank over a dozen, or at the highest, fifteen, in a day, and never, except in peculiar circumstances, took spirits before dinner; after dinner he would go

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as far as any body. He often had to preside at public dinners, and though of course, he then, for the sake of example, had to drink more than any one else, he always kept on his seat as long as there was any one to drink with him, "as you very well know, sir," he added, appealing to the artist. "Undoubtedly, Mr. Chairman," the latter replied, "*un*doubtedly, sir."

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CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO EATON HALL.—THE LARGEST ARCH IN THE WORLD.—THE OUTER PARK.—BACKWOODS' FARMING.—THE DEER PARK.—THE HALL.—THE PARTERRE.—THE LAWN.—THE FRUIT GARDEN.—STABLES.

IN the afternoon we walked to Eaton park.

Probably there is no object of art that Americans of cultivated taste generally more long to see in Europe, than an English park. What artist, so noble, has often been my thought, as he, who with far-reaching conception of beauty and designing power, sketches the outline, writes the colours, and directs the shadows of a picture so great that Nature shall be employed upon it for generations, before the work he has arranged for her shall realize his intentions.

Eaton hall and park is *one* of the seats of the Marquis of Westminster, a very wealthy nobleman, who has lately been named "Lord High Chamberlain to her Majesty," a kind of state-housekeeper or steward, I take it—an office which Punch, and a common report of a niggardly disposition in his private affairs, deems him particularly appropriate to.

We left town by the new, or Grosvenor bridge—a simple, grand, and every way excellent work, crossing the Dee by a single arch, which we are told is the largest in the world. It is entirely free from decorative ornament, and the effect of it, as seen looking from the river side, is most imposing. I know of nothing in America to compare with it.

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It was built by the marquis, whose family name is Grosvenor, at a cost of $180,000 (£36,000). The designer was Thomas Harrison, an architect of note, who formerly lived in Chester.*

By the side of the road we found an oratory, or small chapel, building, and gardeners laying out grounds for a rural cemetery. Beyond this we came to the great castellated edifice that I have before spoken of as the gateway to the park. Such we were told it was, and were therefore surprised to find within only a long, straight road, with but tolerable mowing lots alternating by the side of it, with thick plantations of trees, no way differing from the twenty-year old natural wood of my own farm, except that hollies, laurels, and our common dog-wood were planted regularly along the edge. After a while we pushed into this wood, to see if we could not scare up some of the deer. We soon saw daylight on the outside, and about twelve rods from the road, came to an open field, separated from the road only by a common Yankee three-rail fence, which I had not expected to see in England; very poor it was too, at that.

A stout boy, leaning heavily on the stilts, was ploughing the stubble-ground (apparently a *summer fallow*). We jumped over and asked what crop the ground was preparing for. The horses stopped of their own accord when we spoke. The boy turned and sat upon the stilts-brace, and then answered—"Erdnow." i.e. "I don't know"—

The same answer, or some other sounds that we could not guess the meaning of, followed several other questions. The

* The main arch spans two hundred feet, and its height is forty feet, and there two dry arches, each twenty feet wide and forty feet high. From the surface of the water to the road is over sixty feet. The parapet walls are three hundred and fifty feet long, with a carriage-way and foot-path between, of thirty feet.

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plough had a wooden beam, bound round with hoop iron. The horses, one black and the other white, seemed to be worn-out hacks; the harness was mended with bits of rope; the furrows were crooked and badly turned. Altogether, a more unfarmer-like turn-out, and a worse piece of work I never saw in our own backwoods. When we last saw the ploughman, he had taken off his woollen cap and seemed about lighting a pipe, and the horses were beginning to nibble at the stubble, which stuck up in tufts all over the ploughed ground. In getting back to the road we crossed a low spot, sinking ankle deep in mire, and noticed several trees not eight inches thick, which showed signs of decay.

We tramped on for several miles through this tame scenery and most ungentlemanly farming, until it became really tiresome. At length the wood fell back, and the road was lined for some way with a double row of fine elms. Still no deer. A little further, and we came to a cottage most beautifully draped with ivy; passed through another gate. Ah! here is the real park at last.

A gracefully, irregular, gently undulating surface of close-cropped pasture land, reaching way off illimitably; dark green in colour; very old, but not very large trees scattered singly and in groups—so far apart as to throw long unbroken shadows across broad openings of light, and leave the view in several directions unobstructed for a long distance. Herds of fallow-deer, fawns, cattle, sheep, and lambs quietly feeding near us, and moving slowly in masses at a distance; a warm atmosphere, descending sun, and sublime shadows from fleecy clouds transiently darkening in succession, sunny surface, cool woodside, flocks and herds, and foliage.

The road ran on winding through this. We drew a long breath, and walked slowly for a little way, then turned aside at the nearest tree, and lay down to take it all in satisfac-

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torily. Then we rose and went among the deer. They were small and lean, all with their heads down feeding. Among them was one pure white fawn. I believe none of them had antlers, or more than mere prongs. They seemed to be quite as tame as the sheep; but suddenly, as we came still nearer, all, as if one, raised high their heads, and bounded off in a high springing gallop. After going a few rods, one stopped short, and facing about, stood alone with ears erect, and gleaming eyes, intent upon us. A few rods further the whole herd stopped and stood in the same way, looking at us. One by one the heads again dropped; a fawn stepped out from among them; the one nearest us turned and trotted to it, and then all fell quietly to feeding again.

The sheep were of a large, coarse-woolled variety, some of them nearly as large, only not standing quite so high, as the deer—not handsome at all (as sheep) even for a mutton breed; but in groups at a distance, and against the shadows, far prettier than the deer. The cattle were short horned, large, dapple skinned, sleek, and handsome, but not remarkable.

We concluded that the sheep and cattle were of the most value for their effect in the landscape; but it was a little exciting to us to watch the deer, particularly as we would sometimes see them in a large herd leisurely moving across an opening among the trees, a long way off, and barely distinguishable; or still more when one, two, or three, which had been separated from a nearer herd, suddenly started, and dashed wildly by us, within pistol shot.

"I don't think they are as large as our Maine fallow deer."

"I wonder if they'd taste as good as they did *that night*."

"Well, I reckon not—no hemlock to toast them over."

"Or to sleep on afterwards, eh!"

"And no wolves to keep you awake."

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"No! How the bloody rascals did howl that night though, didn't they?"

Following the carriage road, we came near a mass of shrubbery, over and beyond which the trees were closer and taller. It was separated from the deer park by an iron fence. Passing this by another light gate, and through a screen of thick underwood, we found ourselves close to the entrance front of the Hall.

"It is considered the most splendid specimen of the pointed Gothic. It consists of a centre and three stories, finished with octagonal turrets, connected with the main part by lofty intermediate towers, the whole enriched by buttresses, niches, and pinnacles, and adorned with elaborately carved heraldic designs, fretwork, and foliage, surmounted throughout by an enriched battlement."

So much from the Guide Book. It is not my business to attempt a criticism of "the finest specimen of the pointed Gothic" in England; but I may honestly say that it did not, as a whole, produce the expected effect of grandeur or sublimity upon us, without trying to find reasons for the failure. Even when we came to look at it closely, we found little to admire. There was no great simple beauty in it as a mass, nor yet vigorous original character enough in the details to make them an interesting study. The edifice is long and low, and covered with an immense amount of meaningless decoration.

Such was our first impression, and we were greatly disappointed, you may be sure. We admired it more afterwards on the other side, from the middle of a great garden, where it seems to stand much higher, being set up on terraces, and gaining much, I suspect, from the extension of architectural character to the grounds in its front. Here we acknowledged a good deal of magnificence in its effect. Still it seemed as if it might have been obtained in some other

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style, with less labour, and was much frittered away in the confusion of ornament.

This garden is a curiosity. It is in the geometrical style, and covers eight acres, it is said, though it does not seem nearly that to the eye. It is merely a succession of small arabesque figures of fine grass or flower beds, set in hard, rolled, dark-coloured gravel. The surface, dropping by long terraces from the steps of the hall to the river, is otherwise only varied by stiff pyramidal yews and box, and a few vases. On the whole, the effect of it in connection with the house, and looking towards it, is good, more so than I should have expected; and it falls so rapidly, that it affects the landscape seen in this direction *from* the house but very little. This is exquisitely beautiful, looking across the Dee, over a lovely valley towards some high, blue mountains. From other parts of the hall grand vistas open through long avenues of elms, and there are some noble single trees about the lawn.

This English elm is a much finer tree than I had been aware of—very tall, yet with drooping limbs and fine thick foliage; not nearly as fine as a single tree as our elm, but even more effective, I think, in masses, because thicker and better filled out in its general outline.

The hall was undergoing extensive alterations and repairs; and all the grounds immediately about it, except the terrace garden, were lumbered up with brick and stone, and masons' sheds, and in complete confusion. Being Saturday, all the workmen had left, and it was long before we could find any one about the house. We had got very thirsty, and considering that such a place would not be left without any tenants, determined to rouse them out and get a drink. After hammering for some time at a door under the principal entrance, a woman came and opened it a few inches, and learning our wish, brought us a glass of water, which she

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passed out through the narrow opening, never showing her face. We were amused at this, which she perceiving, told us the door was chained and padlocked, so she could not open it wider.

Soon after, while looking for an entrance to the fruit garden, we met a gamekeeper, who was followed by a pet cub fox. He very obligingly, and with a gentlemanly manner showed us through such parts of the establishment as he was able to. There was nothing remarkable in the gardens or glass-houses, except some very large and wonderfully well-trained fruit trees on walls. Every thing was neglected now, however, and we did no more than glance at them. There were some new stables nearly finished, the plans of which I studied with interest. Each horse is to have a private box for himself. I do not recollect the exact size, but it is at least twelve feet square on the floor, and more than that high. In the ceiling is a ventilator, and in one corner an iron rack for hay (much like a fire-grate), and there is probably intended to be a small manger for fine and wet feed. There is a grating for drainage in the floor, and, besides these, no other fixtures whatever. The horse is to be left free within the walls.

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CHAPTER XVII.

GAMEKEEPER.—GAME PRESERVES.—ECCLESTON, A PRETTY VILLAGE.—THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.—DRAINING.—CHILDREN PLAYING.—THE RIVER-SIDE WALK.—PLEASURE PARTIES.—A CONTRASTING GLIMPSE OF A SAD HEART.—SATURDAY NIGHT.—BALLAD SINGER.—MENDICANTS.—ROW IN THE TAP-ROOM.—WOMAN'S FEEBLENESS.—CHESTER BEER, AND BEER-DRINKING.

THE gamekeeper advised us to return to Chester by another road, and following his direction, we found a delightful path by the river side. We had not gone far before we overtook another keeper carrying a gun. It is hard for us to look upon wild game as property, and it seemed as if the temptation to poach upon it must be often irresistible to a poor man. It must have a bad effect upon the moral character of a community for the law to deal with any man as a criminal for an act which in his own conscience is not deemed sinful. Even this keeper seemed to look upon poaching as not at all wrong—merely a trial of adroitness between the poacher and himself, though it was plain that detection would place the poacher among common swindlers and thieves, exclude him from the society of the religious, and from reputable employment, and make the future support of life by unlawful means almost a necessity. He said, however, there was very little poaching in the neighbourhood. Most of the farmers were allowed to shoot within certain limits, and the labouring class were generally wanting in either the means or the pluck to attempt it.

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Evidently a man has a right to foster and increase the natural stock of wild game upon his own land, that is, in a degree to domesticate it; and the law should protect him in the enjoyment of the results of the labour and pains he has taken for this purpose. The exceedingly indefinite and undefinable character of such property, however, makes the attempt to preserve it inexpedient, and often leads to injustice; and when the preserve is sustained at the expense of very great injury to more important means of sustaining human life in a half-starved community, the poacher is more excusable than the proprietor.

That this is often the case in England I more than once saw evidence. A picture, drawn by the agricultural correspondent of the *London Times* of Nov. 11, 1851, represents a scene of this kind, more remarkable however than any that came under my notice:

"At Stamford we passed into Northamptonshire, obtaining a glimpse of the Marquis of Exeter's finely wooded park and mansion of Burleigh. This magnificent place, founded by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer Cecil, with its grand old trees and noble park, is just the place to which a foreigner should be taken to give him an idea of the wealth of our English nobility.

"The tenants on this estate are represented as being in the most hopeless state of despondency on account of the present low prices of agricultural produce, and as they were complaining vehemently, the marquis offered to have the farms of any tenants who desired it revalued. Only one on this great estate accepted the offer. There have been no farms of any consequence yet given up, and for those which do come into the market there are plenty of offerers, though men of capital are becoming chary, and will only look at very desirable farms. The estate is said to be low-rented. Small

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farmers, of whom there are many, are suffering most severely, as they have not saved any thing in good times to fall back upon now. Some of them are, indeed, greatly reduced, and we heard of one who had applied to his parish for relief. Others have sold every thing off their farms, and some, we were told, had not even seed corn left with which to sow their fields.

"In a fine country, with a gently undulating surface and a soil dry and easy of culture, laid into large fields moderately rented, one is surprised to hear that there is so much complaint and so much real suffering among the poorer class of farmers. It is only in part accounted for by the devastation of game, which on this and some other noblemen's estates in North Northamptonshire is still most strictly preserved. On the 24th of January last, seven guns, as we were told, on the marquis's estate killed 430 head of game, a most immoderate quantity at such a late period of the season. The fields are all stuck about with bushes to prevent the poachers netting; and the farmers feel most severely the losses they sustain in order that their landlord and his friends may not be deprived of their sport. The strict preservation of game on this and some other estates in the northern parts of the county was described to us in the bitterest terms, as 'completely eating up the tenant farmer, and against which no man can farm or live upon the farm.' It is 'the last ounce that breaks the camel's back,' and men who might have made a manful struggle against blighted crops and low prices, are overborne by a burden which they feel to be needlessly inflicted and of which they dare not openly complain.

"In consequence of the distress among the small farmers many of the labourers would have been thrown out of employment had work not been found for them by the marquis in stubbing and clearing woodland, which will thus be re-

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claimed for cultivation. The improvement is expected to be amply remunerative in the end, and it is one of the unlooked-for results of free trade, which are to be met with in every part of the country, that a landlord is compelled by circumstances, various in kind, to improve the neglected portions of his estate, and which, without such impelling cause, might have long lain unproductive. Every such improvement is not merely an addition to the arable land of the kingdom, but it becomes also an increased source of employment to the labourer."

I witnessed immense injury done to turnip crops by shooting over them in Scotland. I was once visiting a farmer there, when for a whole half day a "*gentleman*," with three dogs, was trampling down his Swedes, not once going out of the field. He was a stranger, and the farmer said it would do no good to remonstrate; he would only be laughed at and insulted.

We passed near a rookery, and the keeper was good enough to shoot one of the rooks for us to look at. It was a shorter-winged and rather heavier bird than our crow, with also a larger head and a peculiar thick bill. At a distance the difference would not be readily distinguished. The *caw* was on a lower note, and more of a parrot tone, much like the guttural croak of a fledgling crow. The keeper did not confirm the farmer's statement of their quality for the table. When they were fat they made a tolerable pie only, he said, not as good as pigeons. The rookery was, as we have often seen it described, a collection of crows'-like nests among the tops of some large trees.

We turned off from the river a little ways to look at Eccleston, a kind of pet village of the marquis, on the border of the park, and about the prettiest we saw in England, though rather too evidently kept up for show.

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The cottages were nearly all of the timber and *noggin* walls I have described as common at Chester, covered with thick thatched roofs, with frequent and different-sized dormers, often with bow-windows, porches, well-houses, &c., of unpainted oak or of rustic work (boughs of trees with the bark on), broad latticed windows opening on hinges, a profusion of creeping vines on trellises, and often covering all the walls and hanging down over the windows, little flower gardens full of roses, and wallflowers, and violets, and mignonette, enclosed in front by a closely-trimmed hedge of yew, holly, or hawthorn, sometimes of both the latter together, and a nicely-sloped bank of turf between it and the road.

A cut from a sketch I made of one of the largest houses will be found on page 207. An intelligent labouring man talked with me while I was drawing it, and said it was the residence of the schoolmaster, and the village school was kept in it. The main part (which was covered with our American ivy) was over three hundred years old; a part of the wing was modern.

This labourer had been digging drains in the vicinity. He said the practice was to make them from 18 to 36 inches deep, and from 5 to 7 yards apart, or "in the old *buts*"—"The *buts?*" "Ay, the buts." He meant what we sometimes call the "*'bouts*" (turnabouts?) or furrows between the *lands* in ploughing, which here are often kept unaltered for generations for surface drainage, and, oddly enough, considering the many manifest inconveniences of retaining them, as we were often told, on account of the convenience of measuring or dividing fields by them (as our farmers are often guided in their sowing by the *lands*, and estimate areas by counting the panels of fence). Pipe-tiles, such as are being now introduced with us, an inch or an inch and a half in diameter (without collars), were laid in the drains to conduct

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the water. The usual crop of potatoes in the vicinity he thought about three *measures* to a rood, or 225 bushels to an acre; of wheat, 30 bushels.

We went into a stylish inn to get some refreshment, and while waiting for it, watched some little girls playing in the street. They stood, four, holding hands, dancing and singing round one ("Dobbin") lying on the ground:

Old Dobbin is dead,
  Ay, ay;
Dobbin is dead,
He's laid in his bed,
  Ay, ay.

There let him lie,
  Ay, ay;
Keep watch for his eye,
For if he gets up
He'll eat us all up—

and away they scampered and Dobbin after them. The one he first catches lays down again for "Dobbin," when it is repeated. (Shown in the cut page 207.)

The church was a little one side of the village on an elevation, and so hidden by trees that we could only see a square tower and vane. Near it, we passed a neat stone building, which I thought probably the parsonage, and pointing towards it soon after, asked a man if he knew who lived in it. His reply was, "Why, there's none but poor peoples' houses there, sir!" The vicarage he showed us in another direction—a fine house in spacious grounds.

From Eccleston we had a delightful walk in the evening to Chester. There is a good foot-path for miles along the river bank, with gates or stiles at all the fences that run down to it, and we met great numbers of persons, who generally

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seemed walking for pleasure. There were pleasure-boats, too, with parties of ladies under awnings, rowing up and down the river, sometimes with music.

We were stopped by some labouring people going home, who asked us to look after a poor woman we should see sitting by the water side over the next stile, who, they feared, had been unfortunate, and was going to drown herself. She had been there for an hour, and they had been for some time trying to prevail on her to get up and go home, but she would not reply to them. We found her as they had said—a very tall, thin woman, without hat or cap on her head, sitting under the bank behind some bushes, a little bundle in a handkerchief on her knees, her head thrown forward, resting upon it, her hands clasped over her forehead, and looking moodily into the dark stream. We drew back and sat on the stile, where we could see if she stepped into the water. In a few minutes she arose, and avoiding to turn her face towards us, walked rapidly towards the town. We followed her until she was lost in a crowd near the gate.

We found the streets within the walls all flaring with gaslight, and crowded with hawkers and hucksters with donkey-carts, soldiers, and policemen, and labouring men and women making purchases with their week's earnings, which it is a universal custom in England to have paid on Saturday night. We heard a ballad-monger singing with a long, drawling, nasal tone, on a high key, and listened for awhile to see what he had. One after another he would hold them up by a gaslight, and sing them. The greater number were protection songs, with "free trade" and "ruin" oft repeated, and were the worst kind of doggerel. One (sung to "Oh, Susannah!") I recollect as follows:—

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"Oh, poor farmers,
Don't wait and cry in vain,
But be off to Californy,
If you cannot drive the *wain*."

He read also choice scraps from confessions of murderers; parts of the prayer-book travestied so as to tell against free-trade; and other such literature. In another place we found a crowd about a man with a flute, a woman with a hurdy-gurdy, and three little children singing what we guessed must be Welsh songs—regular wails. The youngest was a boy, not appearing to be over five years old, and was all but naked.

In front of our inn a man held in his arms a fine, well-dressed little boy, and cried in a high, loud, measured, monotonous drawl, continuously over and over—"His mother died in Carlisle we have travelled twenty-seven miles to-day I have no money she left this boy yesterday he walked eighteen miles I have no supper he is five years old I have walked two hundred miles this is no deception I have seen better days friends his feet are macerated I am in search of work I am young and strong he cannot walk his mother died in Carlisle help me in my lamentations I have but sixpence for myself and boy friends I am compelled to beg I am young and strong his mother died in Carlisle I am in search of work his feet are lacerated"—and so on. We watched him from the rows perhaps two minutes, and saw seven persons drop coppers into his hat: two little girls that a man was leading, a boy, a German lace-pedler, a woman with a basket of linen on her head, another woman, and a well-dressed gentleman.

The rest of the evening we sat round a bright coal fire, in what had been the great fireplace of the long back parlour. We are the only inmates of the inn except Mrs. Jones, the landlady, and her maid. About eleven o'clock we were dis-

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turbed by some riotous men in the tap-room, which is the other side of the big chimney. Mrs. Jones seemed trying to prevail on them to leave the house, which they refused to do, singing "We won't go home till morning." Mrs. Jones is a little, quiet, meek, soft-spoken woman, and we were apprehensive for her safety. I was about to go to her assistance, when the maid entered and said, "If you please, sir, my mistress would like to see you." I went hastily round into the tap-room, and found two stout, dirty, drunken men, swinging pewter mugs, and trying to sing "There was a jolly collier." Mrs. Jones stood between them. I pushed one of them aside, and asked her what she wished me to do—expecting that she would want me to try to put him into the street. The men made such a noise that I could not hear her mild voice in reply, which, she perceiving, turned again and said, in a tone that at once quelled them, "Stop your noise, you brutes!" —and then to me, "will you please step into the kitchen, sir?" She only wished to know what we would like to have for our breakfast and dinner, as the shops would close soon, and, tomorrow being Sunday, they would not be open before noon. You talk about woman's feebleness!

The next morning, when we were going out, she came to unlock the door of the passage or entry, and told us she was obliged by law to keep it locked till two o'clock. At two o'clock we found it open, and immediately after saw a man drinking beer in the tap-room again.

There is a continual and universal beer-drinking in Chester. Mrs. Jones tells us that the quality of the beer made here has long been a matter of town pride, though now there is very little brewed in families, every one almost being supplied, at a great saving of trouble, from the large breweries. She says there used to be a town law that whoever brewed poor beer should be publicly ducked. Sunday night, young

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men with their sweethearts and sisters, of very reputable appearance, and quiet, decent behaviour, came into our back-parlour, and sitting by the round-table ordered and drank each their glass or two of beer, as in an American town they would take ice-cream. Now and then a few remarks would be made about the sermon and who had been at church, or about those who had been, or were soon going to be, married, or other town gossip; but for the most, they would sit and drink their beer in silence, perhaps embarrassed by our presence.

SKETCH IN CHESTER.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARACTER OF THE WELSH.—THE CATHEDRAL: THE CLERGY, SERVICE, INTONING, THE LUDICROUS AND THE SUBLIME.—A REVERIE.—A REVELATION.—THE SERMON.—COMMUNIONS.—OTHER CHURCHES.—SUNDAY EVENING.—CHARACTER OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE.

Sunday, June 2d.

WE were awakened this morning by a sweet chiming of the cathedral bells.

After breakfast, Mrs. Jones introduced us to a young female relative who had come to visit her. She was intelligent and handsome, having a beautifully clear though dark complexion, thick, dark hair, and large swimming eyes. This style of beauty seems common hereabouts, and is probably the Welsh type.

She lived among the mountains near Snowdon, and told us the country there was bleak and sterile; agriculture confined mostly to grazing, small patches only of potatoes and oats being cultivated. She spoke highly of the character of the peasantry in many respects, but said they had very strong prejudices, usually despising the English and refusing to associate with them. Many of them could not speak English, and those who could would often affect not to understand if they were addressed by an Englishman. Among themselves they were very neighbourly, clannish, honest, and generous, but strangers they would impose upon most shamelessly. She had known very few to emigrate, and those that did

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usually went to Australia, she thought. In her neighbourhood they were mostly dissenters; Methodists, and Baptists, and with the exception of deceit to strangers, were of good moral character, much better than the English labourers. They had, however, many traditional superstitions.

We attended service in the morning at the cathedral. Its outline upon the ground is, with some irregularities, in the form of a cross. Its great breadths and lengths, the comparative lowness and depth of its walls, strengthened by thick, rude buttresses, and its short square massive tower, together with its general time-worn aspect, impressed me much as an expression of enduring, self-sustaining age. Like the stalwart trunk of a very old oak, stripped by the tempests of much of the burden of its over-luxuriant youth, its settled, compact, ungarnished grandeur, was vastly more imposing than the feeble grace and pliant luxuriance of more succulent structures. The raggedness of outline, the wrinkles and furrows and scars upon the face of all the old masonry, are very remarkable. The mortar has all fallen from the outside, and the edges of the stones are worn off deeply, but irregularly, as they vary in texture or are differently exposed. The effect of rain and snow and frost, and mossy vegetation and coal smoke, for six hundred years upon the surface, I know of no building in America that would give you an idea of. The material of construction is a brown stone, originally lighter than our Portland sandstone, but now darker than I have ever seen that become. It has had various repairs at long intervals of time, and is consequently in various stages of approach to ruin—some small parts, not noticeable in a cursory view, being in complete and irreparable demolishment, and others but yesterday restored to their original lines and angles, with clean-cut, bright-coloured stone and mortar—bad blotches, but fortunately not prominent.

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It was once connected with an abbey, and other religious houses that stood near it, and by a long under-ground passage with the nunnery at the other side of the town. Think of the poor girls walking with a wailing chant, through that mile of darkness, to assist in the morning service at the cathedral.

Our approach to it this morning was by a something less gloomy and tedious way. We were accidentally in an alley in the vicinity, when we saw a gentleman in a white gown, and a square or university cap on his head, with a lady on his arm, enter an old, arched, and groined passage. We followed him adventurously, not being sure that it was not the entrance to his residence. After passing to the rear of the block of buildings that fronted on the alley, we found ourselves in a kind of gallery or covered promenade attached to the cathedral. (The cloisters.) From this we passed into the *nave* (or long arm of the cross). Its length, its broad, flat stone floor, entirely free from obstruction, except by a row of thick clustered columns near the sides, and the great height and darkness of its oak-ceiled roof, produced a sensation entirely new to us, from architecture. Its dignity was increased by a general dimness, and by the breadth of the softened, coloured light, that flowed in one sheet through a very large stained-glass window at one end. In the end opposite this were wide piers that support the tower, and between the two central of these were the gilded organ-pipes that we had seen in our nocturnal visit.

Under these was an arched door, on each side of which stood about thirty boys, from ten to fifteen years old, dressed in white robes; the "singing boys" or "choristers." Walking leisurely up and down the otherwise vacant floor of the nave were "my Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells" (I believe that is the title), the dean and canons, &c. A lot of eccle-

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siastical dignitaries, whose very titles were all strange to me; but altogether forming, what Mrs. Jones said we should see, "a very pretty pack of priests." The bishop was a thin man, with a mean face and crisp hair, brushed back from his forehead; dressed in a black gown with white lawn sleeves, and a cap on his head. The dean, a burly red-faced man, strikingly contrasting with the bishop, particularly when they laughed, in white gown with a sort of bag of scarlet silk, perhaps a degenerate cowl, tied around his neck, and dangling by strings down his back. The others had something of the same sort, of different colours. We were told afterwards, that these were university badges, and that the colour was a mark of rank, not in university honours, but in the scale of society—as nobleman or commoner—(a pretty thing to carry into the worship of the Father, is it not?) The others were in black.

We walked about for a few minutes outside the columns, reading the inscriptions on the stones of the floor, which showed that they covered vaults for the dead, and looking at the tablets and monumental effigies that were attached to the walls and columns. They were mostly of elaborate heraldic design, many with military insignia, and nearly all excessively ugly, and entirely inappropriate to a place of religious meditation and worship.

After a while the great bell ceased tolling, and some men in black serge loose gowns, two bearing maces of steel with silver cups on the ends, the rest carrying black rods, entered and saluted the bishop. A procession then formed, headed by the boys, in double file, followed by the bishop, dean, subdean, canons major and minor, archdeacon, prebendaries, &c., and closed by three Yankees in plain clothes; passed between the vergers, who bowed reverently and presented arms, through the door under the organ into the *choir*—a

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part of the edifice (in the centre of the cross) which is fitted up inconveniently for public worship.

It is a small, narrow apartment, having galleries, the occupants of which are hidden behind a beautiful open-work carved wood screen, and furnished below with three or four tiers of pews (*slips*), and a few benches. Under the organ loft were elevated armed seats, which were occupied indiscriminately by the unofficiating clergy and military officers in uniform: the governor of the castle; Lord Grosvenor (as "colonel of the militia,") Lord de Tapley, and others. Stationing soldiers among the canons, it struck us, was well enough for a joke, but as part of a display of worshipping the God of peace, very objectionable. It is one of those incongruities that a state church must be constantly subject to.*

Half way between these elevated seats and the chancel was the reading desk and pulpit, and on each side of this the choristers were seated. Several persons rose to offer us their seats as we approached them, and when we were seated, placed prayer-books before us. The pews were all furnished with foot-stools, or hassocks, of straw rope made up like a straw bee-hive.

Much of the service which in our churches is read, was sung, or, as they say, *intoned*. Intoning is what in school-children is called "*sing-song*" reading, only the *worst kind*, or most exaggerated sing-songing. I had never heard it before in religious service, except in a mitigated way from some of the old-fashioned Quaker and Methodist female exhorters,

* I remember when I was a child, seeing on the Sunday preceding the first Monday in May—the annual *training day*—in one of the most old-fashioned villages in Connecticut, the officers of the militia come into the meeting-house in their uniforms. The leader of the choir was a corporal, and the red stripes on his pantaloons, the red facings and bell-buttons of his coat, as he stood up alone, and pitched the psalm tunes, was impressed irretrievably on my mind.

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and I was surprised to hear it among the higher class of English clergy, and for a time perplexed to account for it. But I at length remembered that nearly all men in reading Scripture, or in oral prayer, or in almost any public religious exercises, use a very different tone and mode of utterance from that which is usual or natural with them, either in conversation or in ordinary reading. And this is more noticeable in persons of uncultivated minds; so it is probably an impulse to distinguish and disassociate religious exercises from the common duties of life, that induces it. The effect is, that the reading of the Bible, for instance, instead of being a study of truth, or an excitement to devotion and duty, as the individual may intend, becomes an *act of praise* or prayer—the real, unconscious purpose of the reader, finding expression in his tone and manner. So we may often hear the most arrant nonsense in oral prayers; a stringing together of scriptural phrases and devout words in confusing and contradicting sentences, while the tone and gesture and the whole manner of the devotee show that he is most sincerely, feelingly, enthusiastically in earnest supplication. What for? Not for that which his words express, for they may express nonsense or utter blasphemy. It is simply an expression or manifestation by the *act* of uttering words in a supplicating tone, of the sense of dependence on a superior Being—of love, of gratitude, and of reverence. David did the same thing by dancing and playing upon the harp. It is done now, as it seems to us, more solemnly, by the playing upon church organs. It is done by monuments, as in the decorations of churches. It is done by the Catholics, in listening and responding to prayers in a language which they don't pretend to understand, and in mechanically repeating others, the number of them counted by beads, measuring the importance or intensity of their purpose. It is done by abstaining from meat on Friday, and by

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confession to one another, in the form prescribed by their church government. It is done by the Japanese, in twirling a teetotum; by the Chinese, in burning Joss-sticks; by the Fakirs, in standing on one leg; by the Methodists, in groans and inarticulate cries; by the Shakers, in their dance; by the Baptists, in ice-water immersions; by Churchmen, in kneeling; by Presbyterians, in standing; by New-Englanders, in eating a cold dinner and regularly going to meeting on Sunday; by the English, in feasting, and the Germans, in social intercourse on that day as well as by more distinctly devout exercises.

It was plain to me that the tone of the reader was meant to express—"Note ye that this reading is no common reading, but is the word derived from God, not now repeated for your instruction, plainly and with its true emphasis, but markedly otherwise, that we may show our faith in its sacred character, and through it acknowledge our God—I by repeating its words as men do not those of another book—you by your presence and reverent silence while I do so."

It was evident, too, by the occasional difficulties and consequent embarrassment and confusion of our reader, causing blushing and stammering, that it was not with him a natural expression of this purpose as was the nasal tone of the Puritan, but a studied form, which had originated in some person more musically constituted.

Whether I was right with regard to the theory or not, there was no doubt that practically such was the operation of much of the service. The portion of the Old Testament read was one of those tedious genealogical registers that nobody but an antiquary or a blood nobleman would pretend to be interested in. The psalm, one of the most fearful of David's songs of vengeance and imprecation, alternately sung by the choristers and intoned by the reader, one often running

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into the other with most unpleasant discord. The same with the Litany. Even the prayers could with difficulty be understood, owing partly to echoes, in which all distinctness was lost.

Despairing of being assisted by the words of the service, therefore, I endeavoured to "work up" in myself the solemnity and awe that seemed due to the place and the occasion by appropriate reflections. Under this vaulted ceiling, what holy thoughts, what heavenly aspirations have been kindled —what true praise of noble resolution has, like unconscious incense, grateful to God, ascended from these seats. On these venerable walls, for hundreds of years, have the eyes of good men rested, as from their firm and untottering consistency they gained new strength and courage to fight the good fight, —and again I raised *my* eyes to catch communion with them. They fell upon a most infamous countenance, like to the representations of Falstaff's,—a man with one eye closed and his tongue tucked out the side of his mouth,—his body tied up in a sack, his knees being brought up each side of his chin to make a snugger bundle. I turned away from it immediately; but there was another face in most doleful grimace, as if a man that had been buried alive had suddenly thrust his head out of his coffin, and was greatly perplexed and dismayed at his situation. Again I turned my eyes—they fell upon the face of a woman under the influence of an emetic—again upon a woman with the grin of drunkenness. Everywhere that any thing like a *knob* would be appropriate to the architecture were faces sculptured on the walls that would be a fortune in a comic almanac.

I closed my eyes again, and tried to bring my mind to a reverent mood, but the more I tried the more difficult I found it. My imagination was taken possession of by the funny things, and refused to search out the sublime. Not but that

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the sublime, the grand, and the awful were not apparent also, all over and around—ay, and consciously within me; but, like a stubborn child, my mind would resist force. I gave it up, envying those who would have been so naturally elevated by all these incitements and aids to devotion.

I could not understand a sentence of the service, but sat, and rose, and kneeled, thus only being able to join in the prayer, and praise, and communion of the congregation.

Soon my thoughts, now wandering freely, fell to moving in those directions of reverie that I have found they are apt to take when I am hearing what those who listen with critical ear shall call fine music: doubtless it is the best and truest that can effect this; though when I listen attentively and try to appreciate it, my opinion would only be laughed at by them. I had been wandering in a deep, sad day-dream, far away, beyond the ocean—beyond the earth . . . dark—lost to remembrance—when I was of a sudden brought back and awakened again in the dim old cathedral with such emotion, as if from eternity and infinity, I was remanded to mysterious identity and sense of time, that I choked and throbbed; and then, as the richest, deepest melody I must ever have heard passed away, softly swelling through the vaulted ceiling, caught up tenderly by mild echoes in the nave, and again and again faintly returning from its deepest distances, I kneeled and bowed my head with the worshippers around me, acknowledging in all my heart the beauty and sublimity of the place and the services.*

The sermon was from an elderly man, with a voice slightly

* I try in vain to express a sensation, which I have many times in my life experienced, and which, I presume, is common to other men, that forces on me a belief, strong at the time as knowledge, of immortality and eternity, both backward and forward, vastly stronger than all arguments can effect.

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broken, and an impressive manner, whom we were afterwards told was Canon Slade, a somewhat distinguished divine. It was one of the best, plain, practical, Christ-like discourses I ever heard from a pulpit. It was delivered with emphasis and animation, in a natural, sometimes almost conversational tone, directly to *individuals*, high and low, then and there present, and of course was listened to with respectful attention. The main drift of it was to enforce the idea, that a knowledge of the truth of God was never to be arrived at by mere learning and dry study; that these were sometimes rather encumbrances; that love was of more value than learning. He had been describing the Pharisees of old, and concluded by saying, that the Pharisees, satisfied with their own notions, and scorning new light, were not scarce in our day. "There are some of them in our Church of England: would that there were fewer; that there were less parade and more reality of heavenly knowledge." He made but little use of his notes, and pronounced an extemporaneous prayer at the conclusion with extreme solemnity.

I remained in company with a large proportion of the women present, and half a dozen men, at the communion service. The Church of England service, which has always seemed to me more effective than most others to the practical end of the ceremony, never was so solemn, impressive, and affecting. It was administered by the bishop, unassisted, with great feeling and simplicity. There was not the least unnecessary parade or affectation of sanctity; but a low, earnest voice, and a quiet, unprofessional manner that betokened a sense of the common brotherhood of us all united by God in Christ. The singing was "congregational," the choristers having left, and without assistance from the organ.

A considerable proportion of the congregation were servants in livery; and besides these and the soldiers and clergy,

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the men present were generally plainly, and many shabbily, dressed. The women, many of them, seemed of a higher class, but were also simply dressed, generally in dark calicoes.

In the south transept (or short arm of the cross) of the cathedral another congregation were assembling as I came out. I followed in a company of boys, marching like soldiers, dressed in long-skirted blue coats, long waistcoats, breeches, and stockings, and with the clerical *bands* from their cravats. Within were several other such companies—boys and girls in uniform, from charity schools, I suppose. The girls were dressed in the fashion of Goody-Two-Shoes, with high-backed white caps, and white "pinafores" over blue check gowns.

This transept is a large place of worship in itself, though but a small part of the cathedral, and is occupied by the parish of St. Oswald, morning and evening service being held in it immediately after that of the cathedral church. On the doors were notices, posted in placards, addressed to persons in certain circumstances, among others, to all who used hair-powder, to give notice to the appointed officers that they might be rightfully taxed.

In the afternoon we visited a Sunday-school of the Unitarians, where we saw about sixty well-behaved children,—the exercises, much the same as in ours. Afterwards we heard a sensible sermon, on faith and works, in the Independent chapel. The clergyman, who has been a missionary in the East, and has also travelled in America, was good enough to call on us and invite us to his house the next day. The congregation seemed to be of a higher grade than *most* of that we had seen at the cathedral, more intelligent and animated, and more carefully dressed, yet very much plainer, more modestly and becomingly, and far less expensively than you could often see any congregation with us.

We had a delightful walk, later in the afternoon, on the

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walls, where we met a very large number of apparently very happy people. I never saw so many neat, quiet, ungenteel, happy, and healthy-looking women, all in plain clean dresses, and conversing in mild, pleasant tones; squads of children, too, all dressed ridiculously, bright and clean and stiff, not a dirty one among them, and as well behaved as dolls, most comically sober and stately. The walls form a good promenade, elevated and dry. The landscape view across the river, in the sunset haze, seemed in communion with the minds of the people, tranquil and loving. An hour later, and we found the streets lighted up and almost as crowded as on Saturday night, yet very quiet, and no impudence, blackguardism, or indecency shown us. On the whole, spite of the universal beer-drinking, we received a high opinion of the character of Chester people, quite as high, as respects morality and courtesy, as a stranger passing a Sunday in a New England town of the same size would be likely to obtain of it.

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CHAPTER XIX.

CLANDESTINE ARCHITECTURAL STUDIES.—A VISIT TO THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S STUD.—STABLE MATTERS.

Monday, June 8d.

EARLY in the morning we visited the old church of St. John's, and afterwards several curious places, relics of Romans, Saxons, and Normans, in the suburbs—after all, nothing so interesting to me as the commonest relics of Englishmen but two or three centuries old. As we returned through the town at seven, the early risers seemed to be just getting up. Passing the cathedral as the bell tolled for morning prayer, we turned in. There are services every day at 7, 11, and 3 o'clock. The service was performed in the Lady Chapel, which we did not enter. The attendance must have been rather meagre, as we saw no one going to it but two ladies with an old man-servant. We remained some time hunting on tip-toe for traces of the *Norman transition* in the architecture, and found we had had already practice enough to readily detect it in various parts. Stealing softly into the choir, from which the Lady Chapel opens, we examined the bishop's throne. It is adorned with many figures of saints and angels, kings and queens, and having been once broken to pieces, in the repairs upon it the old heads were generally put on young shoulders, and *vice versa*, producing in some instances a very ludicrous effect, particularly where the men's heads, beards and all, are set on female bodies. We then got out

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into the *cloisters*, and from them into the chapter-house, in which the heavy-groined arches, simple, and without the slightest ornament, have a grand effect. The date is about 1190. We saw here some very strongly *marked* faces which in stone represent certain Norman abbots whose graves were under us.

Without the cathedral yard, the ruins of the old abbey appear frequently among the houses, the old black oak timber and brick work of the time of Cromwell, mingling picturesquely with the water-worn carvings of the older, old masonry. This morning we saw a stout, round, old Saxon arch giving protection to a fire-engine, which brought to mind the improbability of the present race of New-Yorkers sending down to posterity such memorials of itself. Well, it will send better perhaps, and more lasting than in stones—or stocks.

On the town-hall is a large statue, said to be of Queen Anne, but so battered and chipped, that it might stand for any body else, in a long dress. The hands and nose, and all the regalia are knocked off. And how, do you suppose? By the *super*-sovereign people in election demonstrations. Thank God, we may yet boast, that in our thoroughly democratic elections, where the whole national policy is turning, and the most important private and local interests are at issue, we leave no such memorials of our time. (I beg pardon of the "bloody Sixth.")

Going into a book-shop for a direction, we saw Emerson's "Representative Men," and Irving's "Sketch-Book," on the counter, with newspapers and railway guides, and the proprietor told us he had sold a great many of them.

We passed through a crockery shop to see a Roman bath, which had been discovered in excavating a cellar in the rear of it. Such things are being every year brought to light.

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After breakfast we once more took our knapsacks, and left Chester by the foot-path on the bank of the Dee.

The Marquis of Westminster owns some of the finest horses in the kingdom; in passing through Eccleston, we asked a man if he could direct us where we could see some of them. He informed us that he was head groom of the stud to the marquis, and he would take pleasure in showing it to us. He took us first to *the paddocks*, which are fields of from two to five acres, enclosed by stone walls, ten feet high, some of them with sheds and stables attached, and some without. In these were thirty or forty of the highest bred, and most valuable mares and fillies in the world. Unfortunately I am not a horse-*man*, and cannot attempt to describe them particularly. It needed but a glance, however, to show us that they were almost any of them far the most beautiful animals we had ever seen. The groom, whose name is Nutting, and whose acquaintance I recommend every traveller this way to endeavour to make, was exceedingly obliging, not only taking us into every paddock and stable, and giving us an account of the pedigree, history, and performances of every horse, but calling our attention to the *points*, all the peculiarities of form which distinguished each individual. It was evident his heart was in his business, and that his regard was appreciated, for as soon as he unlocked the gate, and showed himself within the enclosure, some of the older mares would trot up to be caressed with the most animated, intelligent, and gratified expression. The most celebrated among them was *Bee's-wing*. She is seventeen years old, and very large, but most perfect in form; I should think better than her daughter, *Queen-Bee*, who is lighter and more delicate. The extraordinary beauty of "Ghuznee" and "Crucifix," both distinguished on the turf, was also obvious. These, I think, do not belong to the marquis. In one of the pad-

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docks were a number of foals, pretty, agile, fawn-like creatures. They came around us dancing and capering, catching our knapsacks with their teeth, then springing off, and coming back again, like dogs at play. The mares, fillies, and colts were all of dark bay colour, but one, which was dark iron-grey, nearly black.

Just as we left the colts, a great cart-horse, belonging to the marquis, was passing on the road. The contrast was wonderful. He was *seventeen hands and one inch* high (within a trifle, six feet), and putting both my thumbs to the smallest part of his leg, I could not make my fingers meet around it.

From the paddocks we went to the stables to see the stallions. They were all loose boxes (no stalls), thirteen feet by sixteen, some with rack and manger across the side, some with the same in a corner. Touchstone is a magnificent creature, beyond conception. It is impossible to imagine such high *condition*, indicated not less in the happy and spirited expression and action, than in the bright, smooth, supple, and elastic *feel* of his skin. I never saw any thing to equal it in America; and it was nearly as remarkable in the mares. Five thousand guineas (over $25,000) have been offered and refused for Touchstone.* *Springy-Jack* is a younger stallion; by Nutting esteemed even higher than Touchstone. Nothing in the world of animal life can be finer than the muscular development of his neck. Touchstone is a little coarse in the withers. They were intending to put him in pasture the next week, and in preparation for it, he had some fresh grass mixed with hay to eat. He stood in a deep bed of straw, and

* Mares are sent here from all parts of the kingdom, to be served by *Touchstone*, perhaps the most esteemed stock-getter in England. He is allowed forty in a year, and the charge is $150 to $200, and $2.25 a week for pasture.

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was not curried—groomed merely with a cloth, yet he was so clean, that it would not have soiled a white linen handkerchief to have been rubbed upon him.

In the granary we saw some very plump and bright Scotch oats. They were bought for 42 lbs. to the bushel, but would overweigh that. The common feed was oat and bean meal mixed with cut hay. The hay was cut very fine (not more than ⅛ inch lengths) by a hand machine. I believe, cut as it usually is by our machines (½ inch to 1 inch), it is more thoroughly digested. I use Sinclair's, of Baltimore, which is intended for corn-stalks, driven by horse-power, and cuts hay and straw from one to three inches, which I prefer to the finer.* The machine here cost £6 ($30), and was in no way superior, that I could see, to Ruggles', of Boston, which is sold at half that price.

The farm buildings were not fine or in good order, manure wasting, old carts and broken implements thrown carelessly about, and nothing neat. Nor were the cattle remarkable—most of them below the average that we have seen on the road-side. It is evident the marquis is more of a horse-jockey than a farmer.

The groom's house, which we entered, was very neat and handsomely built of stone. All the cottages hereabout are floored with tiles, nine inches square. They vary in colour, but are most commonly light brown.

Nutting showed us a cow of his own, which I took to be a direct cross of Devon and Ayrshire, and which had as fine points for a milker as I ever saw in any thing. She was very large, red and white, and a good feeler. He assured us she was giving now on pasture feed thirty-two quarts a day.

* I do not wish to recommend this machine for hay and straw, which it does not cut as rapidly as some others, but for stalks it cannot be surpassed—cutting and *splitting* them in small dice.

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The hay was partly stored under slate roofs, supported by four strong stone columns, the sides open. This plan differs from the hay *barracks*, common where the Dutch settled in America, in which the roof, thatched or boarded, is attached to posts in such a way that it can be easily set up or down, and adjusted to the quantity of hay under it. These erections are here called Dutch barns. Nutting thought hay was preserved in them better than in any way he knew, and this has been my opinion of that from our *barracks*. Close barns he particularly objected to. Probably hay suffers more in them here than it does in America.

After showing us all about the farmery, he walked on with us to a shady pasture by the river side, where was a herd of fine mares. We sat here under an old elm for some time, looking at them as they clustered around us, and talking with him about the agriculture of the district. He was so easily good-natured, and conversed so freely, asking as well as answering questions, that we were greatly puzzled to tell whether he expected a fee, or would be offended by our offering it. At length, when he was about to leave, we frankly stated our difficulty, explaining that we were foreigners, and not familiar with the English customs on such occasions. He answered pleasantly, that he was always glad of a chance to converse with gentlemen on such subjects as we appeared to be interested in; if they liked to give him something he did not refuse it, but he did not wish any thing from us. We assured him that we were much indebted to him, and begged that he would not make an exception of us, handing him a half crown, which he dropped into his pocket without looking at it or thanking us, but politely replying that he considered himself fortunate in having met us. He then said he would walk on a little further to direct us on a path much pleasanter than the regular travel, and from which we might see

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one of the best dairy farms in the country, with an excellent herd of one hundred and fifty cows. The path would run through the park, and was not public, but if we would mention his name at the lodges they would let us pass.

We soon came in sight of the cows. They were large, half-bred Ayrshires, which seem to be the favourite dairy stock throughout the country. Pure-bred stock of any breed were not in favour, but the Ayrshire blood was most valued.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE CHESHIRE CHEESE DISTRICT AND ENGLISH HUSBANDRY UPON HEAVY SOILS.—PASTURES.—THEIR PERMANENCE.—THE USE OF BONES AS A MANURE IN CHESHIRE.—A VALUABLE REMARK TO OWNERS OF IMPROVED NEAT STOCK.—BREEDS OF DAIRY STOCK.—HORSES.

THE soil of a considerable part of this county being a tenacious clay, favourable to the growth of grasses, and difficult of tillage, its inhabitants are naturally dairy-men, and it has been particularly distinguished for many centuries for its manufacture of cheese. Its distinction in this respect does not appear to be the result of remarkable skill or peculiar dairy processes, but is probably due to the particular varieties of herbage, to the natural productions of which, the properties of its soil, and perhaps of its climate, are peculiarly favourable.*

The grounds for this conclusion are the general value placed by the farmers upon their old pastures, where the natural assortment of herbage may be considered to have entirely obtained and taken the place of the limited number of varieties which are artificially sowed, the fact that the butter of the district is not, as a general rule, highly esteemed,

* The best cheese is made on cold, stiff, clay-soils (but not on the purest clays), and from the most *natural* herbage, even from *weedy*, sterile pastures; but much the largest quantity is made from an equal extent of more moderately tenacious and drained or permeable soils spontaneously producing close, luxuriant, fine (not rank) grasses and white clover.

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and that I cannot learn that the process of cheese-making differs any more from that of other districts in England or the United States, than between different dairies producing cheese of equal value in this district itself.

It is by no means to be inferred, however, that the quality of cheese is not affected by the process of manufacture. There is no doubt that the skill and nicety of a superior dairy-maid will produce cheese of a superior quality on a farm of poor herbage, while an ignorant and careless one will make only an inferior description, no matter what the natural advantages may be. The best cheese made in the United States is quite equal to the best I have tasted here, but the average quality is by no means equal to the average quality of Cheshire cheese.

Superiority in the manufacture seems not to depend, however, upon any describable peculiarities of the process, which differs in no essential particular from that common in our dairies. Excellence is well understood to depend greatly upon extreme cleanliness in all the implements employed, and upon the purity and moderate temperature of the atmosphere. Means to secure the latter are used much the same as with us. Stoves and hot-water pipes are sometimes employed in the cheese-room; and I may mention that where this is in a detached building of one story, it is considered essential that it should have a thatched roof. In some cases where the roof has been slated, it has been found necessary in the warmest weather to remove the cheese to the cellar of the farm-house. Plank shelves are more generally used, and are esteemed better than stone.

Not only is there no uniformity in the methods of the different dairies to distinguish them from those of the United States, but rarely in any single dairy are there any exact rules with regard to the time to be employed in any parts of

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the process, or as to the temperature or the measure of any ingredients. Thus the degree of heat at setting the milk, although the skill to *feel* when it is right is deemed highly important, is almost never measured, even in the best dairies. The quantity of rennet is guessed at, and its strength not exactly known. The quantity of salt used is undefined, and the time for *sweating* or curing of the cheese, when made, is left to be accidental.

With regard to some of these points, however, it has been found (as reported to the Royal Agricultural Society) that in some of the best dairies the milk, when judged to be of the right temperature for coagulating, was by the thermometer at 82° F. (variations from 76° to 88°). From four to sixteen square inches of rennet skin in a pint of water (generally four square inches) were used to make the cheese from fifty gallons of milk, and 1 lb. to 1 lb. 4 ounces salt to the same quantity. It is thought that the best cheese is made with less salt than this. The heat of the milk-room was found to vary from 64° to 78° in August, and it was thought desirable that it should be cooler than this. The reporter thought that a temperature of 50° would be most approved throughout the year. I never saw or heard of ice being used in any way in a Cheshire dairy.

Some of the best dairy-maids claim to have *secrets* by which they are enabled to surpass others, but it is certain that they do not lessen the necessity for extreme cleanliness, nicety, and close observation and judgment, and that with this, in addition to what is everywhere known and practised, there is no mystery necessary to produce the best.*

* "A cheese dairy is a manufactory—a workshop—and is, in truth, a place of hard work. That studied *outward neatness* which is to be seen in the show dairies of different districts may be in character where butter is the only object, but would be superfluous in a cheese dairy. If the room,

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The Cheshire cheese in market always has an unnaturally deep, yellow colour, though of late less so than formerly. It is given by the addition of "colouring" to the milk immediately before the rennet steep is applied. This "colouring" is manufactured and sold at the shops for the purpose. It is an imitation of annatto, formed chiefly of a small quantity of real annatto mixed with tumeric and soft soap. I think it is never used in sufficient quantity to affect the flavour at all, but I observe that the farmers and people in the country prefer cheese for their own use that is not coloured.

Whey Butter. It is common in Cheshire to make butter from the whey. It will probably surprise many to learn that there is any cream left in whey; but *there* undoubtedly is, and *it* may be extracted by the same means as from milk. The only difference in the process is, that it is *set* in large tubs, instead of small pans, and that the whey is drawn off by a faucet from the bottom after the cream has risen. If allowed to remain too long it will give a disagreeable flavour to the cream. One hundred gallons of milk will give ninety of whey, which will give ten or twelve gallons of cream, which will make three or four pounds of butter. So that besides the cheese, twenty to twenty-five pounds of butter are made in a year from the milk of each cow, an item of some value in a large dairy. The butter is of second-rate quality, but not bad—worth perhaps three cents a pound less than milk butter.

the utensils, the dairy-woman and her assistants be sufficiently *clean* to give perfect sweetness to the produce, no matter for the *colour* or the *arrangement*. The scouring-wisp gives an *outward fairness*, but is frequently an enemy to *real cleanliness*."—MARSHALL'S VALE OF GLOUCESTER. Besides the means of securing this *inner* cleanliness, sweetness, and purity, which must be of the air too, as well as of the utensils, &c., it is probable that the dairy-maids' *secrets* are in a knowledge of the best *temperature*, particularly of that at which the milk should be curdled.

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The farms in the country over which we walked in Cheshire were generally small, less, I should think, than one hundred acres. Frequently the farmer's family supplied all the labour upon them,—himself and his sons in the field, and his wife and daughters in the dairy,—except that in the harvest month one or two Irish reapers would be employed. The cows, in the summer, are kept during the day in distant pastures, and always at night in a home lot. During the cheese-making season, which on these small farms is from the first of May till November, they are driven home and fastened in *shippens*, or sheds, between five and six o'clock, morning and night, and then milked by the girls, sometimes assisted by the men. On a farm of one hundred acres, fifteen to twenty cows are kept, and three persons are about an hour in milking them. From twenty to thirty gallons of milk (say six quarts from each cow) is expected to be obtained on an average, and about one pound of dried cheese from a gallon of milk. From two to five cwt. (of 112 lbs.) of cheese may be made from the milk of each cow during the year. Three cwt. is thought a fair return on the best farms. In a moderately dry and temperate summer, more cheese is made than in one which is very wet.

The pastures are generally looked upon as permanent; the night pastures are sometimes absolutely so, as it is supposed that they have not generally been broken up for many hundred years. During the last ten years the pasture lands have been very greatly, and, as they tell me, almost incredibly improved by the use of bone dust. It is applied in the quantity of from twenty to forty cwt. on an acre as top-dressing, and I was told that pastures on which it had been applied at the rate of a ton to an acre, eight or nine years ago, had continued as good (or able on an average of the years to bear as many cows) as similar land top-dressed with

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farm-yard dung every two years, probably at the rate of thirty cubic yards to an acre. There seems to be no doubt at all that land to which *inch* bones were applied ten years ago are yet much the better for it. They are usually applied in April, and the ground is lightly pastured, or perhaps not at all until the following year. The effect, the farmers say, is not merely to make the growth stronger, but to make it sweeter; the cattle will even eat the weeds which before they would not taste of. However, in poor land especially, it is found to encourage the growth of the more valuable grasses more than that of the weeds, so that the latter are crowded out, and a clean, thick, close turf is formed. If the ground has been drained, all these improvements are much accelerated and increased. Upon newly *laid down* lands, however, the effect is not so great; it is especially on old pastures (from which the extraction of the phosphates in the milk has been going on for ages sometimes, uninterruptedly) that the improvement is most magical. The productive value of such lands is very frequently known to have been doubled by the first dressing of bones.

Both boiled and raw bones are used, and though there is a general belief that the latter are more valuable, I do not hear of any experience that has shown it; on the contrary, I am told of one field which was dressed on different sides equally with each sort, and now, several years after, no difference has been observed in their effect. A comparison must, of course, be made by measure, as boiled bones are generally bought wet, and overweigh equal bulks of raw about 25 per cent. Dry bone-dust weighs from 45 to 50 lbs. to a bushel.

I have not heard of *super-phosphate of lime*, or bones dissolved in sulphuric acid, being used as a top-dressing for pastures.

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I quote the following from the journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, as a mark of deep significance to American farmers, beyond its proof of the value of bones:—"Before bones came into use in this country, the farmers made a point of selecting a *hardy* and *inferior* description of stock for their clay lands; farmers finding that *large, well-bred cows did not at all answer upon them;* but now they find" (*in improved pasture*) "that the best of stock find ample support, not only to supply the cheese-tub freely, but also to *do justice to their lineage*, by retaining, if not improving, their size and symmetry, so that the farmer has not only the advantage of making considerably more cheese, but also of making more money by his turn of stock."

I cannot now ascertain the amount of bones annually exported from the United States to England, but it must be very great, as I know one bone-miller, near New York, that has a standing order to ship all he can furnish at a certain price, and who last year thus disposed of 80,000 bushels.

Breeds of Dairy Stock.—I have already described most of the dairy stock that we have observed along the road. We have seen scarcely any pure bred stock of any kind. Ayrshire blood seems to predominate and be most in favour on the best farms. The points of the short-horns are also common, and in the south we saw some Herefords. The best milkers seemed to be a mixed blood of Ayrshires and some other large and long-horned cattle with a smaller red and black breed, probably Welsh. I incline to think that experience has taught the dairy-men to prefer half or quarter bred stock to full bloods of any breed. For beef-making it is otherwise. I have seen no working oxen. Horses are the only beasts of draught on the farms; they vary greatly in quality, but are generally stout, heavy, hardy, and very powerful. On a farm of one hundred acres, three will be kept, sometimes four, and

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at about that rate on the larger farms, with an additional saddle-horse or two for his own use, if the farmer can afford it. Farmers generally raise their own cows, choosing heifer calves from their best milker for the purpose. Cattle are not commonly reared for sale here. Few sheep are raised, but many are brought lean from Wales and Ireland, and fatted here.

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CHAPTER XXI.

TILLAGE.—SIZE OF FARMS.—CONDITION OF LABOURERS.—FENCES.—HEDGES.—SURFACE DRAINAGE.—UNDER DRAINAGE.—VALUABLE IMPLEMENTS FOR STIFF SOILS, NOT USED IN THE UNITED STATES.

I SHOULD think that more than three-quarters of the land we have seen was in grass and pasture. I suppose that it would be more productive of human food, and support a much larger population, if it were cultivated; but the farmers being generally men of small means, barely making a living, are indisposed to take the trouble to break up and till the tough sward and stiff soil from which, while it is in pasture, they are always sure to realize a certain product of cheese without any severe labour. The cultivation is not, either, very thorough, because the strongest and most efficient implements and great brute forces are needed to effectually act upon such a soil. Accordingly we have observed on the large farms, where the extent of ground to be, of necessity, cultivated, warranted the purchase of clod-crushers and other strong and expensive implements, and made it necessary to employ a considerable number of labourers, the proportion of land under tillage was more extensive, and much more thorough work was made with it.

I wish I could say that the condition of the labourers appeared to be elevated with that of agriculture, by the leasing

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of the land in larger tracts, and to men of larger capital. It is true that the tendency is to increase the rate of wages and give employment to more hands, but it is also evident that by the engrossment of several small farms in one large one, a number of persons must be reduced from the comparatively independent position of small farmers to that of labourers, and I cannot see that for this there is any compensating moral advantage.

Another evil of the small farms (not exclusively, however), is the quantity of land injured or withdrawn from cultivation by the fences. These are almost universally hedges, and not only are they left untrimmed and straggling, thereby shading and feeding upon the adjoining land, but a great many large trees have been allowed to grow up in them, of course to the injury of any crops under their branches. These are sometimes kept low, the limbs being trimmed off for firewood (in which case they are called *pollards*), or are left to grow naturally. In the latter case, of course, they add exceedingly to the beauty of the landscape, and eventually become of value for timber; but high as this is here, I cannot at all believe it will ever compensate for the loss occasioned to the farm-crops. Where every five or ten acres is surrounded by a hedge and ditch, the damage done cannot be slight. By way of improvement we have seen where lately some hedges have been grubbed up, two old fields being thrown together. We have also seen a few wire fences in use. These latter were very slightly set up, and could hardly be intended for permanence. We have also seen some fine, low, narrow hedges, taking up but little room, and casting but little shade. When a hedge is thus well made and kept, I am inclined to esteem it the most economical fence. The yearly expense of trimming it is but trifling (less than one cent a rod), and it is a perfect barrier to every thing larger than a sparrow. I

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should add that the farmers seem to set much value upon the shelter from cold winds which the hedges afford.

Drainage.—The need of thorough draining is nowhere so obvious as upon clay soils with stiff sub-soils. There will be but a few weeks in a year when such soils are not too wet and mortary, or too dry and bricky, to be ploughed or tilled in any way to advantage. In the spring, it is difficult to cart over them, and in the summer, if the heat is severe and long-continued, without copious rain, the crops upon them actually dwindle and suffer more than upon the driest sandy loams. To get rid of the surface water, the greater part of the cultivated land of Cheshire (and, I may add, of all the heavy land of England) was, ages ago, ploughed into beds or "*butts*" ('bouts). These are commonly from five to seven yards wide, with a rise, from the furrows (called the "reins") to the crown, of three or four inches in a yard. The course of the butts is with the slope of the ground; a cross butt and rein, or a wide, open ditch by the side of the hedge, at the foot of the field, conducting off the water which has collected from its whole surface. When the land is broken up for tillage, and often even after thorough under-drainage, these butts are still sacredly regarded and preserved.

Thorough under-draining, by which all the water is collected after filtering through the soil to some depth, was introduced here as an agricultural improvement within the last eight years. The great profit of the process upon the stiff soil was so manifest that it was very soon generally followed. The landlords commonly furnished their tenants with tile for the purpose, and the latter very willingly were at the expense of digging the drains and laying them. Wishing, however, to do their share of the improvement at the least cost, the tenants have been too often accustomed to make the drains in a very inefficient manner, being guided as

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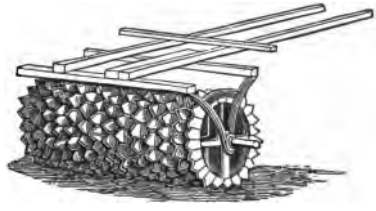
to distance by the old reins, and laying their tile under these, often less than eighteen inches from the surface. The action of the drains was thus often imperfect. It is now customary for the landlords, when they furnish tile, to stipulate the depth at which they shall be laid. They sometimes also lay out the courses and distances of the drains. The Marquis of Westminster employs an engineer, who appoints foremen, and, to a certain extent, suitably-trained labourers, to secure the drainage of his tenant-lands in the most lastingly economical and beneficial manner. Last winter he had two hundred men so employed, in addition to the labour furnished by the tenants themselves, and over one million tiles were laid by them. I heard nowhere any thing but gratification and satisfaction expressed with the operation of the thorough-drains.

Implements.—After breaking up the sward of these heavy lands with a deep, narrow, furrow-slicing plough, a most admirable instrument, quite commonly in use and everywhere spoken well of, for crushing and pulverizing the soil in a much more effectual and rapid manner than the harrow, is



CROSSKILL'S PATENT CLOD-CRUSHER ROLLER.

"This implement," according to the inventor's advertisement, "consists of twenty-three roller parts, with serrated and uneven surfaces, placed upon a round axle, six feet wide by two and a half feet in diameter. The roller-parts act inde-

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pendent of each other upon the axle, thus producing a self-cleaning movement. Of course the roller must only be used when the land is so dry as not to stick.

"The following are the various uses to which this implement is applied:

"1.—For rolling corn as soon as sown upon light lands; also upon strong lands, that are cloddy, before harrowing.

"2.—For rolling wheats upon light lands in the spring, after frosts and winds have left the plants bare.

"3.—For stopping the ravages of the wire-worm and grub.

"4.—For crushing clods after turnip crops, to sow barley.

"5.—For rolling barley, oats, &c., when the plants are three inches out of the ground, before sowing clover, &c.

"6.—For rolling turnips in the rough leaf before hoeing, where the plants are attacked by wire-worm.

"7.—For rolling grass lands and mossy lands after compost.

"8.—For rolling between the rows of potatoes, when the plants are several inches out of the ground.

"Cash prices, with travelling wheels complete, 6 feet 6 inches, £21; 6 feet, £19 10*s.*; 5 feet 6 inches, £18."

For still more deeply stirring, and for bringing weeds to the surface of soil recently ploughed, a great variety of instruments entirely unknown in America are in common use here. They all consist of sets of tines, or teeth, placed between a pair of wheels, and so attached to them that, by means of a lever, having the axletree of the wheels for a fulcrum, the depth to which they shall penetrate is regulated, and they may at any time be raised entirely above the surface, dropping and relieving themselves from the weeds and roots which they have collected. Thus they may be described as combining the action of the harrow, the cultivator, and the horse-rake. (The wire-tooth horse-rake is used as an instrument of

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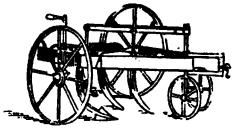
tillage by Judge Van Bergen, at Coxsackie, N. Y.) They are designated variously by different manufacturers, as grubbers, scarifiers, extirpators, harrows, and cultivators. The "ULEY CULTIVATOR," of which a cut is appended, is one of the simplest and most efficient. In this the tines are raised by turning a crank, each complete turn of which raises or depresses them one inch. The depth to which they are penetrating at any time, is marked by a dial near the handle of the crank. Something of the kind more effectual than any thing we yet have, is much needed to be introduced with us. Clean and thorough culture of stiff clay soils can hardly be performed without it.



I should remark of English agricultural implements in general, that they seem to me very unnecessarily cumbrous and complicated.

I have lately had in use on my farm, a plough furnished me by A. B. Allen & Co., of New York ("Ruggle's Deep Tiller"), which, I think, has all the advantages of the best English ploughs, with much less weight, and which is sold at half their cost.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE GENERAL CONDITION OF AGRICULTURE.—ROTATION OF CROPS.—PRODUCTIVENESS.—SEEDING DOWN TO GRASS.—COMPARISON OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PRACTICE.—PRACTICAL REMARKS.—RYE-GRASS, CLOVER.—BIENNIAL GRASSES.—GUANO.—LIME.—THE CONDITION OF LABOURERS, WAGES, ETC.—DAIRY-MAIDS.—ALLOWANCE OF BEER.

I MUST say that, on the whole, the agriculture of Cheshire, as the first sample of that of England which is presented to me, is far below my expectations. There are sufficient reasons to expect that we shall find other parts much superior to it; but what we have seen quite disposes of the common picture which our railroad and stage-coach travellers are in the habit of giving to our imagination, by saying that "all England is like a garden." Meaning only a "landscape garden," a beautiful and harmonious combination of hill and dale, with the richest masses of trees, and groups and lines of shrubbery, the greenest turf and most picturesque buildings, it might be appropriately said of many parts, particularly in the south of the county. But, with reference to cultivation, and the productiveness of the land, it might be quite as truly applied to some small districts of our own country as to this part of England.

In commencing the cultivation of land that has been in grass, the first crop is usually oats, and the most approved practice upon the stiff soils seems to be, to plough deeply in the fall or winter, and in the spring to prepare the ground

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with some strong implement of the cultivator sort. Oats are sowed much thicker than is usual with us. I hear of six bushels to the acre; but with regard to this there is much difference of opinion. The crop of oats is not often large (from thirty to forty bushels from an acre is common); but oats seldom make a large crop upon clay soils. The next year the ground will be summer-fallowed, or, by the more enterprising farmers, cropped with turnips, beets, or with potatoes. The potatoes are sold, the turnips and beets fed to the cows during the winter. On the poorer farms, the cows get little but hay from December to April; and cheese-making is given up during the winter. Others, by the help of turnips, beets, and linseed cake, keep a constant flow of milk, and cheese-making is never interrupted. (Of course the milking of each cow is interrupted for a while at her calving time, which they try to have in March.)

The crop after roots is commonly barley; after fallow, wheat, of which twenty-five to thirty bushels is a common crop, and forty not uncommon. After wheat, oats again, and perhaps after the oats another crop of wheat; if so, the land is manured with bones or boughten manure, and sometimes limed at the rate, say of four tons to the acre of stone lime.

Grass.—With the last crop of oats or wheat, clover and grass seeds are sowed. Grass was thought to come better after wheat upon under-drained land. The best farmers sow a very great variety and large measure of grass seeds; the poorer ones are often content with what they can find under their hay bays, sowing it, weeds and all, purchasing only clover seed.

The quantity of grass seeds sowed is always much greater here than in America. I should think it was commonly from a bushel to three bushels on an acre; rarely less than one, or more than three. I do not think more than one quarter of a

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bushel, or perhaps half a bushel of the lighter seeds, is often sowed in the United States. I should attribute the more general evenness and closeness of the English meadows in a great degree to this, though, doubtless, much is due to the moister climate. Land intended for permanent pasture receives much more seed, and a larger variety, than that which is intended to be mown only for a few years, and then be brought to tillage again. Of the good policy of the English practice for pastures (and the same applies to lawns and public greens) I have no doubt. Among the great variety of grasses in an English meadow, there will be one that springs up and grows strongly, furnishing a wholesome and delicious bite to the cattle, as early after the first warm breath of spring as the ground will be dry enough to bear a hoof (and on drained lands it is rarely not so). This will be succeeded by others, and in May by others; and in July, those natural to the driest and warmest soils will be in perfection; and so through the year there is a constantly renewing perfection. A ranker sward, and one that would for a season support more cattle, I think would be obtained from sowing a smaller quantity and less variety of seed.

I am not prepared to recommend the English practice for mowing lands. To obtain the largest quantity of grass hay from an acre, without regard to quality, plough deep, manure deep, and sow one variety of seed in such quantity that when it comes up it will speedily *tiller*, and occupy the whole ground, yet not stand so closely as to greatly crowd and compress the stools, thereby *dwarfing* the reeds from their natural size, and obstructing the flow of sap in their vessels. Cut it when it has attained to its greatest size, while it is yet entirely succulent, just at the time that the *blood* of the plant begins to be drawn up into the forming seed, and the bottom dries into such tough, close, ligneous fibre that

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nourishment can no longer ascend from the root. The right quantity of seed for this will vary in different soils—a very rich, deep soil needing less than a more sterile one, because in the latter the roots cannot extend far enough to collect the requisite food and drink to make a large, strong, open stool, and more herbage will grow upon the same space by having the stools stand closer.

In some degree proportionately to the closeness of the fibre and the fineness of the grass, will be its nourishing quality, so that ninety pounds of fine, close-grown hay, from a thick-seeded meadow, may be of equal value with a hundred pounds of a coarser, ranker quality. But the nourishment is by no means in the inverse ratio of size; so that for all ordinary purposes, with all the usual hay-grasses, the farmer will find his profit in studying to obtain the largest burthen of grass. For this end, I am inclined to think English farmers often sow too much seed, Americans not enough. It seems, however, to be the best farmers in other respects that sow the most seed in England.

There is one consideration that I have omitted to mention against the common practice on American farms, where hay is an important staple crop: it is generally an object to retain a clean sward of grass as long as possible, without the necessity of breaking up, from the grass having *run out*, that is, given place to weeds, or to finer and less profitable grasses. Where the seed has been thickly sown, the grass takes more entire possession of the surface, and retains it longer. The thicker grass seed is sown, therefore, other things being equal, the longer it will *lay*.

I have known, in a district where it was the custom to sow four to eight quarts of timothy seed, on two occasions, twenty quarts sowed. The result was a finer grass in both cases; in one it was thought the crop was much larger, and

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in the other that it was somewhat smaller, than where ten quarts was sowed alongside. The probability is, that in an average of ten years it will prove the larger crop on the thickest sown, in both fields.

The commonest grass-seed sowed in England, what may be called the staple grass, is rye-grass, or ray-grass (perennial). It is a much smaller, closer-growing grass than our timothy; I think it has a sweeter taste, is probably, bulk for bulk, considerably more nutritious, and perhaps so pound for pound; but I think more fat and muscle can be made from an acre, if sowed with timothy, than with rye-grass. A valuable quality of rye-grass is its early spring growth. A field of rye-grass will be up some inches, offering a tempting bite to cattle, before a field of other grasses will begin to show a green surface. I believe that it ripens earlier, too, than timothy, and is better for mowing-ground on that account, to be sown with clover, which is much injured by over-ripeness, if not cut till timothy is in its best state to make hay. I have seen no timothy in England, but I know it is sometimes sowed.

Rye-grass has stood at the head of the mowing grasses in some parts of England for centuries. In districts of light and dry soil, it is least in favour than elsewhere, but I judge becomes of more value with the improvement of husbandry generally. Marshall (1796), writing from Gloucestershire, speaks of the general strong prejudice of the farmers against ray-grass, which he calls his favourite grass, "smothering every thing and impoverishing the soil, until it will grow nothing!" they say; and arguing against them, he makes an observation of value with reference to the question of quantity of seed. "If *real* ray-grass has ever been tried alone, and without success, it has probably risen from too great a quantity having been sown. Be it ray-grass or rubbish, I understand seldom less than a sackful" (three heaped bushels) "an acre is thrown

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on, whereas *one gallon* an acre of *clean-winnowed real ray-grass seed* is abundantly sufficient on such soil as the vale in general is covered with." The soil is "a rich, deep loam."

Clover (red and Dutch) is more sowed here for hay than with us, though it is much more difficult to make good hay of it in this climate. It is sowed in the spring, as with us, perhaps 20 lbs. to the acre. We commonly sow 5 to 10 lbs. Arthur Young tried about a dozen experiments to ascertain the most profitable quantity of clover seed to sow, and concluded his record of them as follows:

"The more seed, as far as 20 lbs. per acre, undoubtedly the better. This is a plain fact, contradicted by no part of the experiments; and the great inferiority of 5 to 7 lbs. shows equally clear that such portion of seed is too small for an acre. Where land is well manured, less seed is required; 12½ lbs. seems the proper quantity" (on very rich, gravelly soil.)

A bushel of clover seed weighs 60 to 64 lbs.

In ground intended for mowing but one or two years, biennial varieties of the rye-grass are sown, which are of stronger growth than the perennial. They are also sowed sometimes with permanent grasses, giving, on a deep, rich soil, a heavier burthen of grass the first year of cutting than these would do. For this purpose, I have thought it might be well to sow the biennial or sub-perennial rye-grass seed with timothy, which does not usually yield a fair crop at its first cutting, and have twice attempted to make trial of the Italian rye-grass, but in both cases the seeds that I had procured failed of germination.

I shall have occasion hereafter to notice several species of herbage that are much valued in England, that have not been generally introduced in the United States.*

* Fifteen or twenty varieties of grass seeds are sowed together, and the expense for seed in laying down for pasture is often ten or twelve dollars an acre.

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The grass is mowed for hay for a longer or shorter course of years; sometimes broken up after one or two seasons, sometimes becoming permanent or perennial pasture, and so running on indefinitely; and sometimes being mowed for a number of years. One field I saw that had been mowed eight years, and having received a dressing of 30 cwt. of bones, promised fair yet to bear heavy swaths. Mowing lands are usually top-dressed at the end of the second year, and afterwards every second or third year. All the homestead dung is commonly reserved for this purpose, and all other manure is purchased from the towns. Guano for turnips and wheat is coming into general use; some think very profitably, others have been disappointed. For wheat, it is applied at the seed sowing, and sometimes again as a top dressing in the spring; but in a dry season it is thought that this second application has done more harm than good. Guano has been a good deal tried as a top dressing for pastures, and it has been said to improve the quality of cheese when so used. The immediate effect upon grass, when applied in the spring, is always very advantageous; but later in the summer, particularly if the season is dry, the good effect disappears, and sometimes the result is unfavourable.

Of course the round of crop varies according to every farmer's notion. What I have described is as common as any, though not probably among the best farmers. Another crop is beans, which is introduced between either of those I have mentioned, sometimes at the head. Not uncommonly the first crop is wheat, the ground having been summer fallowed. Wheat is drilled or sowed broadcast; most commonly sowed in this county, and is either ploughed or harrowed in, opinions varying as to which is best. My own experience on a stiff soil is decidedly in favour of ploughing in.

Labourers.—Wages, as they have been reported to me,

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vary much, and unaccountably. I should think the average for able-bodied men as day-labourers, working and receiving pay only in days that commence fair, was $2.25 a week, perhaps averaging thirty-three cents a day. The rent of a labourer's cottage, with a bit of garden attached (less than a quarter of an acre), is from $15 to $25. In addition they have sometimes a few perquisites from the farmers who regularly employ them. A great many labourers in winter are without work, and wages are then a trifle less than I have mentioned, as in harvest time they are also a trifle more. The reader will understand that out of this thirty-three cents, which I have supposed to be the average receipts of a labourer per day, he has to pay his rent, and provide food and raiment for his family. Of course his diet cannot be very sumptuous (the cost of provisions being, perhaps, ten per cent. higher than with us), but I have not learned particulars.

The wages of farm servants, hired by the month or year, and boarded in the family, are for men, from $45 to $65 a year; for boys, $15 to $25; maid-servants, $30 to 40; dairy-maids, greatly varying, say from $50 to $100.

It is customary to give all labourers and servants a certain allowance of beer besides their wages. It is served out several times a day, and may be supposed to cost, on an average, ten cents a day for each person. One farmer estimated it at twice that.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

REMARKS ON THE CULTIVATION OF BEET AND MANGEL-WURZEL.

I FOUND the best farmers in all the south of England, and throughout Ireland, where the soils were at all stiff, increasing their crops of these roots. For the production of milk they are, undoubtedly, a more valuable crop than turnips or ruta bagas, though it is asserted that the milk is more thin and watery. Some thought them equal, and even superior, weight for weight, for fattening cattle. I think it is certain that in such soils a larger amount of nutriment can be obtained from a crop of them on an equal measure of ground. Donaldson says the beet yields a larger weight per acre, both in roots and leaves, than any other root crop known. I have heard of crops of from fifteen to thirty-five tons an acre; and in one instance, near New-York, at the rate of forty-four tons an acre, from one quarter of an acre. Chemical analyses and practical experiments in feeding, to ascertain their value as compared with other roots, or with hay, differ so very greatly, that nothing can be said with any certainty about it. The climate of the United States, like that of France, is much better adapted to the beet, and much less favourable to the ruta baga, than that of England. The beet is much less liable to be injured by insects or worms than the turnip or ruta baga, though I incline to think the latter is much more favoured with us than in England in this respect.

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The ground for beet crops is prepared the same as for turnips; that is, it is finely and deeply tilled (and there is no crop which will better show the value of draining and subsoil ploughing), and manured with well-decomposed dung, compost, bones, or guano, in drills from twenty-seven inches to three feet apart. The seed is usually prepared by steeping for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and is then rolled in lime. As rapidly as possible after the manure is deposited, it is covered with soil and the seed dropped, sometimes being drilled like turnip seed, but more commonly dibbled. There are two simple machines used here for dibbling. Whatever way the seed is planted, it must be expected that a large part will fail to germinate.

I have found dibbling by hand not very tedious, as follows: One man making holes an inch deep, and six or eight inches apart, with a round stick an inch in diameter, another following and dropping three seeds in a hole, and a third covering by a single stroke, and pressing, with a hoe. I have obtained a large crop planting so late as the middle of July, in the climate of New York.

A rapid early growth of the plant is important. When the weeds come up, the horse-hoe or cultivator is run through, and as often afterwards as there is need, while the size of the beets will permit it, they are horse and hand hoed. It is found that earthing-up with a plough is injurious. When two or three inches high, the plants are thinned to twelve inches apart. When two or three plants come up in a bunch, one only of them must be left. It will wilt down flat upon the ground at first, but soon recovers.

The outer leaves begin to dry and decay early in the fall, and may then be plucked and fed to cows with profit, and without retarding the continued growth of the root. The root may be pulled by hand, and is harvested more readily than

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any other. It will keep (at New York) in the open air, in stacks four feet wide and high, covered with straw and six inches of earth, a small hole being left in the top for ventilation, until April, and is then of great value to new milch-cows and ewes with lamb.

I particularly recommend the cultivation of the sugar and mangel-wurzel beets to cottage-farming gentlemen, who wish to keep a small dairy with a limited extent of land.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

DELIGHTFUL WALK BY THE DEE BANKS, AND THROUGH EATON PARK.—WREXHAM.—A FAIR.—MAIDS BY A FOUNTAIN.—THE CHURCH.—JACKDAWS.—THE TAP-ROOM AND TAP-ROOM TALK.—POLITICAL DEADNESS OF THE LABOURING CLASS.—A METHODIST BAGMAN.

FOLLOWING Nutting's directions, we had a most delightful walk along the river bank and under some noble trees, then through thick woods and over a bit of low, rushy land, where some Irishmen were opening drains, and out at length into the private park-road; a pleasant avenue, which we followed some miles. The park here was well stocked with game; rabbits were constantly leaping out before us, and we frequently started partridges and pheasants from a cover of laurels, holly, and hawthorn with which the road was lined.

We came out at Pulford, when we lunched at the Post Office Inn, and thence walked by an interesting road, through a village of model cottages not very pretty; over a long hill, from the top of which a grand view back; and by a park that formerly belonged to Judge Jeffreys, of infamous memory, to Wrexham.

Wrexham is a queer, dirty, higglety-piggelty kind of town, said to be the largest in Wales (it is about as large as Northampton). It was the latter part of a fair-day, and there had been a mustering of the yeomanry of the shire, so that the streets were crowded as we entered. In the balcony of an hotel in the market-place a military band was playing to a

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mass of up-turned, gaping faces, through which we worked our way. The inns were generally full of guzzling troopers, dressed in a very ugly fashion, but we finally found one; some colour of the bear family, blue, I believe, which seemed tolerably quiet, where we stopped for the night.

After dining and resting awhile, we took a walk about the town. Most of the houses out of the market-place are very mean and low, the walls plastered with mud, and white-washed, and the roofs thatched. Noticing a kind of grotto in a back street about which a pretty group of girls, in short blue dresses, engaged in lively talk, were standing with pitchers, we approached it. We came close upon them before they noticed us, but, instead of showing any timidity, they glanced at our hats and laughed clear and heartily, looking us boldly in the face. Catching one alone, however, as we descended to the fountain, and asking her to let us take her mug to drink from, she handed it to us, blushing deeply, and said nothing, so we were glad to leave quickly to relieve her. There was a spring and pool of remarkably clear, cool water, within the grotto, from which all the neighbourhood seem to be supplied. Our California hats attracted more attention at Wrexham than anywhere else in Europe, but we met with no incivility or impertinence beyond a smile or laugh.

The church at Wrexham is curious, from the multitude of grotesque faces and figures carved upon it. It is a large and fine structure, and the tower is particularly beautiful, as seen from the village. There were jackdaws' nests in it, and a flock of these birds, the first we have seen, were hovering and screeching around them. They are of the crow tribe, black, and somewhat larger than a blue-jay.

Returning to our inn we found in the parlour a couple of lisping clerks, who were sipping wine in a genteel way, and trying to say smart things while they ogled the landlady's

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daughter. Retreating from their twaddle, I called for a pipe and mug of ale, and joined the circle in the tap-room. There was a tall, scarlet-coated fellow who told me he was a sergeant in the Queen's guards recruiting here; an older man who had been a soldier, and had served in Canada and China; a half-tipsy miller with a pleasant-speaking, good-natured wife trying to coax him to come home, and half a dozen more countrymen, all muddling themselves with beer and tobacco.

The conversation was running on politics, and was not at all interrupted by my entrance; on the contrary, I thought the old soldier was glad of a stranger to show himself off before. He was the orator of the night, and the others did little but express assent to his sentiments, except the miller, who every few moments interrupted him with a plain and emphatic contradiction. The sergeant said very little either way except he was appealed to, to substantiate some assertion, "*as a military man*," but leaned on the bar, drinking hot gin-and-water, and whispering with the bar-maid.

There was news that the French minister had taken diplomatic offence and demanded his passports, and war was threatened. War there certainly would be, according to the ex-soldier, and a terrible time was coming with it. England was going to be whipped-out most certainly—it was inevitable. Every body assented—it was "inevitable"—except the miller, who said it was fol-de-rol. "Why," continued the ex-soldier, "isn't every country in Europe against England?—don't they all hate her? and isn't every Frenchman a soldier?" Then he described the inefficient state of the national defences, and showed how easy it would be for a fleet of steamers, some dark night the next week, to land an army somewhere on the coast of Wales, and before they heard of it, it might be right there amongst them! He would like to

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know what there was to oppose them. The miller said there was—"gammon." The sergeant, on being asked, admitted that he was not aware of any respectable force stationed in that vicinity, and the miller told him he was a "traitor then." Ex-soldier said miller knew nothing about war, any way, and the company unanimously acquiesced. Ex-soldier then resumed his speech—asked if government would dare to give arms to the people, and pictured an immense army of Chartists arising in the night, and with firebrands and Frenchmen, sweeping the government, queen and all, out of the land, and establishing a republican kingdom, where the poor man was as good as the rich. The company all thought it very probable, and each added something to make the picture more vivid. A coarse joke about the queen's bundling off with her children produced much laughter; and the hope that the parsons and lawyers would have to go to work for a living, was much applauded.

It was strange what a complete indifference they all seemed to have about it, as if they would be mere spectators, *outsiders*, and not, in any way, personally interested. They spoke of the Government and the Chartists, and the landlords and the farmers, but not a word of themselves.

Late in the evening there was some most doleful singing, and a woman came in and performed some sleight-of-hand tricks, every one giving her a penny when she had concluded. We were obliged to sleep two in a bed, one of us with a Methodist young man, who travelled to make sales of tea among country grocers and innkeepers, for a Liverpool house. He said that what we had seen in the tap-room would give us a very good notion of the character of a large part of the labouring class about here. He thought their moral condition most deplorable, and laid it much to the small quantity and bad quality of the spiritual food that was provided for

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them. He seemed well informed about America, and, excepting for slavery and steamboat explosions, greatly to admire our country. He had some idea of going to it, and said his present business was exceedingly disagreeable, as it compelled him to be so much at inns, where he rarely found any one with whom he could pleasantly associate.

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CHAPTER XXV.

MORNING WALK THROUGH A COAL DISTRICT.—RUABON.—AN OPTIMIST WITH A WELSH WIFE.—GRAVEYARD NOTES.—A STAGE-WAGON.—TAXES.—WYNSTAY PARK.—THOROUGH DRAINING.—A GLIMPSE OF COTTAGE LIFE.—"SIR WATKINS WILLIAMS WYN."

June 4th.

THE most agreeable chimes, from the church tower, we had ever heard, awoke us this morning at three o'clock. It is light enough here at that time to read or write, and the twilight at evening does not seem to be over at half-past ten. I felt very stiff and sore, but arose and wrote till half-past six, when we got the bar-maid up, paid our bill (we were charged only sixpence a piece for our lodging), and were let out into the street; no signs that any one else in the town was yet stirring.

Our road ran through a coal district, tall chimneys throwing out long black clouds of smoke, and pump-levers working along the hill-tops; the road darkened with cinders; sooty men coming home from the night-work to low, dirty, thatched cottages—the least interesting and poorest farmed country we had yet travelled over. After walking six miles, we stopped at the Talbot Inn, Ruabon, to breakfast.

In the tap-room, over his beer, was a middle-aged man, a currier by trade, who told us he had come hither nine years ago from Staffordshire, had married a nice Welsh girl, and settled himself very comfortably. He said wages were good here,

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and it did not cost so much to live as it used to. He had a cottage in the village; the landlord, Sir Watkins Wyn, was an excellent man, and his agent was very kind to poor people. He did not see any need of grumbling, and, for his part, thought the world a pretty fair world.

After a good breakfast in a room adorned with sporting pictures and a likeness of Sir Watkins Wyn, I returned to talk with him. When he had work, his wages were six dollars a week, but just now he was out of work. The rent of his cottage and four roods of land was one hundred and twenty dollars, and Sir Watkins paid the poor-rates. Sir Watkins was not very generally liked by his tenants, because he was not so liberal with them as his father; but his father had been extravagant, and run the estate deeply in debt, and he had need to be more particular: and he was sure he was always very easy with poor folks. He had had a deduction made on his rent more than once when the times were hard with him, and this year the farmers all were allowed ten per cent. of their rents because corn is so low.

I had told him I was from America, and he was asking me some questions about it, when he suddenly stopped, fidgeted about a moment, and then, looking at a woman coming across the street, said, with a laughing, swaggering air, "There's my wife coming; now you'll see a specimen of a Welsh girl!" His wife, a stout, hard-looking woman, walked briskly in, stood up straight before him, folded her arms, and, in a deep, quiet, determined way, gave him a regular *Caudling*. He tried for a while to make a joke of it, and to appease her. "Come now, missus, don't be hard upon un'; sit ye down now, and take a pint; these gentlemen be from Ameriky, and I talks with 'um about going there. Come now, how'd thee like to go to Ameriky?" As we were thus introduced, she glanced fiercely at us, and we retreated at once without the

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door. He tried for a moment longer to brave her, and called loudly for another mug of ale. She turned her head to the bar-maid, and said, "You'll get no more ale!" and the bar-maid minded her.

She said he had been there before, this morning, and when he began drinking in the morning it was always the last of him for the day. He whimpered out that he had come home and breakfast wasn't ready, and he hadn't any thing else to do but to come back here. It *was* ready, she said, and he might have been looking for some work, and so on. In a few minutes they went off arm in arm.

Opposite the inn was an old church and a graveyard. There were more monkey-faces on the church, and two effigies in stone, of knights—the forms of their bodies with shields, barely distinguishable, and their faces entirely effaced. Many of the gravestones had inscriptions in Welsh, and both here and at Wrexham I noticed the business of the deceased person was given, as *John Johnes, Wheelright; William Lloyd, Tanner, &c.* On a flat stone near the church, the following was inscribed (letter for letter), probably by a Welsh stone-cutter following an English order, given verbally—"*This his the end of the vault.*"

Returning from the church, we found the currier again drinking beer in the tap-room, with a number of other men, a drunken set, that probably had come passengers by a stage wagon that stood in the road. This was an immense vehicle, of pre-railroad origin, like our Pennsylvania wagons, but heavier and higher. It had a heavy freight of barrels, cases, and small parcels, on the top of which, under the canvass hooped cover, a few passengers were cheaply accommodated, there being a ladder in the rear for them to ascend by. Behind one of the hind-wheels was a roller, attached by chains on either side the wheel to the axle-tree, so that if the wagon fell back any, it

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scotched it—a good idea for heavy loads in a hilly country. There were six stout cart-horses to draw it, and all in a line, the wheeler being in shafts. The driver said he had a load of eight or ten tons, and drove three miles an hour with it. He paid about sixteen dollars a year taxes for his

horses, and two dollars for a very ugly bull-dog that stood guard over the establishment for more than an hour while he was refreshing himself in the inn. At length we saw the whole company come out, and the wagon started again, all very jolly; the currier and another man, with their hands on each other's shoulders, staggered across the street, singing "Oh, Susannah!" At the churchyard gate both fell, rolled over and embraced each other, once or twice tried ineffectually to get up, and then both went to sleep there on the ground. No wonder the specimen Welsh girl had a hard look.

After finishing our letters to send by the steamer, we visited Wynstay Park. It is much more picturesque than Eaton, the ground being diversified and the trees larger. The deer also were larger; a servant told us there were fifteen hundred of them. The hall, which is a plain building, was undergoing repairs.

We separated here for a few days, my friends wishing to

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see more of Welsh scenery, and going to the vale of Llangollen (pronounced Langothlan), while I had a letter I wished to deliver in another direction.

The park was covered with lines of recently-made underdrains, and I hunted over it in hopes to find men at work, that I might see the manner in which they were constructed. Going to a pretty checkered timber-house to make inquiries, I was so fortunate as to meet the foreman of the draining operations, Mr. Green, an intelligent Warwickshire man, who obligingly took me to a field a mile or two distant, where he had thirty men at work. The soil was a gravelly loam, with a little heavier subsoil. The drains were laid twenty-seven feet apart, and dug three feet deep (ordinarily), and one foot wide from top to bottom; in the middle of the bottom a groove was cut for the pipe, so the top of it would be three feet from the surface. No narrow tools were used, except to cut the grooves for the pipe. The foreman said that though a man could work to much better advantage in a wider-mouthed drain, the extra dirt to be moved compensated for it, and made this plan the cheapest.

I thought then, and since, until I came to try it in gravelly and stony land, that the work might be done much more rapidly with the long, narrow tools described by Mr. Delafield,* making the bottom of the drain only of the width of the pipe intended to be laid; but I find these can only be used to advantage in free ground. The method here described is probably the best for draining soils, where many stones larger than a hen's egg are to be met with.

Cylindrical pipes, of either one or one and a half inch bore, were laid in the grooves at the bottom of the drain; *collars*, connecting them, were only used in the loosest soils.

* *Transactions N. Y. State Agricultural Soc.*, 1848, p. 232.

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The *mains* were laid one foot deeper than the collecting drains, and the pipes in them were from two to six inches bore. No series of drains were run more than seventy yards in length without a main, and all the mains emptied into an open ditch at the lowest side of the field, which was made deep enough to allow of a drop of one foot from the mouths of the pipes. Where such a ditch was likely to *gully*, the sides were sloped and turfed.

I will hereafter give a chapter on the process of thorough draining in its most approved British methods, with estimates of cost, and a discussion of how far it may be profitably employed in the United States. For Great Britain, it is the most important agricultural improvement ever made, and it is hardly absurd to assert that its general introduction during the last ten years has saved England from a revolution; certainly it is of the greatest political and social consequence to her; I trust, therefore, even my non-agricultural readers will have some interest in the subject.

The wages of the men employed at this work averaged $2.25 a week; boys, 16 cents a day.

Mr. Green sent a lad to guide me across the park to the road I wished to take—a remarkably bright, amiable boy, with whom I had a pleasant talk as he led me on by the most charming way, among the old oaks, and through herds of deer. He could read and write, and knew something of geography and arithmetic, having been instructed by the curate of Ruabon, whom he seemed to have much loved. (I think he had died lately.) He also spoke kindly of Sir Watkins and his lady, to whom his father was shepherd, and said that all their servants and poor people were much attached to them. Passing near the hall, I asked for some water, and he took me into one of the servants' cottages to get it. There was an old woman rocking a cradle, and a young woman ironing

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linen, both very neatly dressed, the furniture plain and meagre, but every thing clean, and an appearance of a good deal of comfort about the room.

While the repairs were being made upon the hall, the family lived in a cottage completely embowered among trees and shrubs, which we afterwards passed, and I had the honour of catching a glimpse, through the foliage, of a form in a grey coat, which, I was assured, was the good Sir Watkins himself.

Soon after leaving the park, I crossed the Esk by a very high stone arch, built "by Sir Watkins," as some ragged boys and girls, who were employed in collecting for manure the horsedung that dropped upon the road, informed me, and this was the last I heard of Sir Watkins.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

STONE HOUSES.—IVY.—VIRGINIA CREEPER.—A VISIT TO A WELSH HORSE-FAIR.—ENGLISH VEHICLES.—AGRICULTURAL NOTES.—HORSES.—BREEDS OF CATTLE.—HEREFORDS, WELSH, AND SMUTHY PATES.—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.—DRESS.—POWIS PARK.

Shrewsbury, June 7th.

I HAVE been visiting a gentleman to whom I was introduced by Prof. Norton. His residence is on the east border of Wales, amidst very beautiful scenery of round-topped hills, and deep, verdant, genial dells. He has the superintendence of a large number of mines of coal and metals, and of several agricultural estates, the extent of which may be imagined from the fact, that he is preparing to thorough-drain 5000 acres next winter. He is building a tileery, and will employ seven engineers, each with two foremen to oversee the workmen. The cost, it is estimated, will be from $23 to $25 an acre; drains, seventeen feet apart and three feet deep.

The house is of stone, and is covered with ivy, which I mention that I may contradict a common report that ivy upon the wall of a house makes it damp. The contrary, I have no doubt, is the fact. The ivy-leaves fall one over another, shedding off the rain like shingles; and it is well ascertained that in a long storm the inside walls of a house, or of those rooms in it which are protected by the ivy, are much less damp than those not so shielded. It is also generally supposed in America that stone houses are much damper than wood. This

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may be so with some kinds of porous stone, but I can testify from my own experience that it is not so with others. A slight *furring out* on the inside, and lath and plaster, will in all cases remove this objection to any stone. A good stone house is warmer in winter, cooler in summer,* equally dry and healthful, and, if built in convenient and appropriate style, every way much more satisfactory and comfortable than our common, slight-framed buildings. As for the ivy, I think it is one of the most beautiful things God has

given us, and the man who can and does not let it beautify his habitation, is sinfully ungrateful. It is perfectly hardy, and grows luxuriously on the north side of a house or wall in the climate of New York. (My experience is with the Irish ivy.)

The cut represents the schoolmaster's house at Eccleston,

* In a late rapid change of weather, the thermometer on the outside of my house rose in 18 hours from 19° to 85°, while that within the walls remained stationary at 20°, not rising even one degree!

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and is inserted here to show the great beauty given by the creeper to that part of the house which it has grown upon, contrasted, as it is, with the bare wall of the modern addition. The vine, in this case, is our Virginian creeper (*ampelopsis quinquefolia*, the common five-leaved vine of our fences—not the *poison ivy*), a very beautiful plant certainly, and growing more rapidly than the European ivy, but having this immeasurable disadvantage, that it is not *evergreen*.

The day after I reached here, my host had occasion to go to a horse-fair at Welsh Pool, a place some twenty miles distant, and invited me to accompany him. We went in a dog-cart, a kind of heavy gig, which here takes the place of our light boat-wagon. It is a box (large enough to hold a dog or two in driving to sporting ground), hung low, between two small, heavy wheels, with a seat on the top of it for two, looking forward, and sometimes another in which two more can sit looking backward. On the back, to exempt it from the tax upon more luxurious vehicles, is painted the owner's name, business, and place of residence, thus: "John Brown, Farmer, Owestry, Shrops." All the humbler class of carriages are thus marked here, including farm carts.

The landscapes were agreeable in the country we passed through, but the farming in much of it no better than in some parts of the Connecticut valley. Coarse, rushy grass, indicating the need of draining, grew in much of the meadow land, as I think it does to the exclusion of more valuable grasses in land that is ordinarily dryer than such as would spontaneously produce it in America. The buildings along the road were such as I have previously described; but I saw one old shackling board barn which, but for its thatched roof, would have looked very home-like.

Welsh Pool is a small compact town (population 5,000) with a market-house, and a single small church, on the tower

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of which a union-jack was hoisted, and within which there is a peal of three bells, that continually, all day long, did ring most unmusically; there were booths in the main street, in which women sold dry goods, hosiery, pottery, &c. In another street horses were paraded, and in other places cows and swine.

There was present a considerable crowd of the country people, which I observed carefully. I verily believe if five hundred of the common class of farmers and farm-labouring men, such as would have come together on similar business —say from all parts of Litchfield county in Connecticut—had been introduced among them, I should not have known it, except from some peculiarities of dress. I think our farmers, and particularly our labourers, would have been dressed up a little nearer the town fashions, and would have seemed a little more wide awake, perhaps, and that's all. I not only saw no drunkenness, except a very few solitary cases late in the day, no rioting, though there were some policemen present, but no *gayety;* every body wore a sober business face, very New England like.

The small farmers and labouring men all wore leggins, buttoning from the knee to the ankle; heavy hob-nailed shoes; little, low, narrow-brimmed, round-topped felt hats, and frocks of linen, blue or white in colour, the skirts reaching below the knee, very short waists, a kind of broad epaulette, or cape, gathered in, boddice fashion, before and behind, loose shirt-like sleeves, and the whole profusely covered with needle-work. I suppose this is the original *smock-frock.* An uglier garment could not well be contrived, for it makes every man who wears it appear to have a spare, pinched-up, narrow-chested, hump-backed figure. The women generally wore printed calico jackets, gathered at the waist, with a few inches only of skirt, and blue or grey worsted stuff petti-

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coats, falling to within a few inches of the ankle—a picturesque, comfortable, and serviceable habit, making them appear more as if they were accustomed to walk and to work, and were not ashamed of it, than women generally do. Most incongruously, as a topping off to this sensible costume, a number of women had crowded their heads into that *ultima thule* of absurd invention, a stiff, narrow-brimmed, high-crowned, cylindrical fur hat. What they did with their hair, and how they managed to keep the thing on their heads, I cannot explain. I assert that they did do it, notwithstanding something of a breeze, as well as the most practised man, and without showing evidence of any particular suffering.

There were, perhaps, a hundred horses offered for sale; among them one pair only of fine carriage-horses, one large and fine thorough bred cart-horse, and a few pretty ponies. All the rest were very ordinary stout working-horses, much like our Pennsylvania horses. The average price of them was but a trifle over $100, about what they would bring at New York.

There were still fewer cattle, and they were all comprised in three breeds and their intermixtures: first, Hereford, which predominated; second, Welsh, small, low, black beasts, with large heads and white faces, black muzzles and long spreading horns; third, *Smutty pates*, an old Welsh breed hardly to be found in purity now. They are longer and somewhat larger than Devons, a little lighter red in colour, with invariably black or brindle faces. They were generally in fair condition, tolerable *feelers*, and would cut up particularly heavy in their hind quarters. A Smithfield man told me that he thought a cross of this breed with the Hereford made the best beef in the world.

After dining with a number of gentlemen, most of whom had come from a distance to attend the fair, I took a walk

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out into the country about the town. The only object of interest that I remember was "Powis Castle," the seat of a nobleman, finely situated in a picturesque, mountain-side park. The castle itself is upon a spur of the mountain and is entirely hidden among fine evergreen trees. I had toiled up to within about ten feet of the edge of the plateau upon which it stands, when I heard a low deep growl, and looking up saw above me a great dog asking me, with bristling back, curling fangs, and fierce grinning teeth, what business I had to be there. Considering that I had no right to be visiting the residence of a gentleman who was a stranger to me unless I had some business with him, and concluding upon short reflection that indeed I had none, I determined upon a retrograde movement, and taking care not to attempt even to apologize to his dogship for the intrusion until I had brought a few trees between us, I found that he *backed down* just about as fast as I did, so that at a distance of half a dozen rods he appeared a handsome, smooth, generous-natured mastiff, and I began to consider whether the earl would not probably be pleased to have an intelligent stranger see the beauty of his castle; but the moment I stopped, the dog's lips began to part and his back to rise again, and I concluded that whatever the earl's wishes might be, I could not make it convenient just then to accommodate him in that way, and returned forthwith to the village.

The true mastiff is a somewhat rare dog in England, and I don't think that I ever saw one in America. He is very large and powerful, and smooth haired.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ENGLISH VEHICLES.—A FEUDAL CASTLE AND MODERN ARISTOCRATIC MANSION.—ARISTOCRACY IN 1850.—PRIMOGENITURE.—DEMOCRATIC TENDENCY OF POLITICAL SENTIMENTS.—DISPOSITION TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES.—COMBATIVENESS.—SLAVERY.

J. AND C., after a tramp among the mountains of Wales, which they have much enjoyed, reached the village nearest to where I was visiting last night. This morning a party was made with us to visit ——— Castle. We were driven in a "Welsh car," which is much the same kind of vehicle as the two-wheeled hackney cabs that a few years ago filled the streets of New York, and then suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. Two-wheeled vehicles are "all the go" in England. They are excessively heavy and cumbrous compared with ours, the wheels much less in diameter, and they must run much harder, and yet, over these magnificent roads, they can load them much more heavily.

The castle is on high ground, in the midst of the finest park and largest trees we have seen. The moat is filled up, and there are a few large modern windows in the upper part, otherwise it differs but little probably from what it appeared in the time of the crusaders. The whole structure is in the form of a square on the ground, with four low round towers at the corners, and a spacious court-yard in the centre. The entrance is by a great arched gateway, over which the old *portcullis* still hangs.

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We were kindly shown through all its parts, including much not ordinarily exhibited to strangers, and I confess that I was not more interested in those parts which were its peculiar features as a feudal stronghold, than in those that displayed the sumptuous taste, luxury, and splendour of a modern aristocratic mansion. The state apartments were truly palatial, and their garniture of paintings, sculpture, bijoutry, furniture, and upholstery, magnificent and delightful to the eye, beyond any conception I had previously had of such things. Let no one say it will be soon reproduced, if it is not already excelled, in the mansions of our merchant-princes in America. Excelled it may be, but no such effect can be reproduced or furnished at once to the order of taste and wealth, for it is the result of generations of taste and wealth. There was in all, never a marvellous thing, or one that demanded especial attention, or that proclaimed in itself great costliness; and while nothing seemed new, though much was modern, most of the old things were of such materials, and so fashioned, that age was of no account, and not a word was said by them of fleeting time. The tone of all—yes, the *tone*—musical to all who entered, was, Be quiet and comfortable, move slowly and enjoy what is nearest to you without straining your eyes or your admiration;—nothing to excite curiosity or astonishment, only quiet esthetic contemplation and calm satisfaction.

I liked it, liked to be in it, and thought that if I had come honestly to the inheritance of it, I could abandon myself to a few months living in the way of it with a good deal of heart. But in the first breath of this day-dreaming I was interrupted by the question, Is it right and best that this should be for the few, the very few of us, when for many of the rest of us there must be but bare walls, tile floors and every thing besides harshly screaming, scrabble for life? This question,

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again, was immediately shoved aside unanswered by another. whether in this nineteenth century of the carpenter's son, and first of vulgar, whistling, snorting, roaring locomotives, new-world steamers, and submarine electric telegraphs; penny newspapers, state free-schools, and mechanic's lyceums, this still soft atmosphere of elegant longevity was exactly the most favourable for the production of thorough, sound, influential manhood, and especially for the growth of the right sort of legislators and lawgivers for the people.

It seems certainly that it would be hard for a man whose mind has been mainly formed and habited in the midst of this abundance of quiet, and beauty, and pleasantness, to rightly understand and judiciously work for the wants of those whose "native air" is as different from this as is that of another planet. Especially hard must it be to look with perfect honesty and appreciating candour upon principles ideas, measures that are utterly discordant with, and threater to interrupt, this costly nursery song to which his philosophy religion, and habits have been studiously harmonized.

Hard, by the way, very hard sometimes, must be the trial of a younger son in one of these families. One son only is the real son, to sympathize with and make his own, his father's interests, arrangements, and hopes; the others are but hangers-on for a time, and while so must grow accustomed to all this beauty and splendour—must be *enhomea* to it, and then they are thrust out and return only as inferiors or as guests.

Strange! I find this monstrous primogeniture seems natural and Heaven-inspired law to Englishmen. I can conceive how, in its origin, it might have been so—in the patriarchal state, where it was the general direction of the common inheritance, rather than the inheritance itself, that was taken by

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the eldest of each succeeding generation; but in modern civilized society, with its constant re-familization, and in England especially, where immediate isolated domiciliation of every newly-wedded pair is deemed essential to harmony and happiness, it seems to me more naturally abhorrent and wrong than polygamy or chattel-slavery.

Doubtless, if you take it up as a matter to be reasoned upon, there is much to be said for it, as there is for slavery, or, among the Turks, for extra wiveing, I suppose;—and first, I fully appreciate that without it, could in no way be sustained such noble buildings and grounds—national banner-bearers of dignity—schools of art and systematic encouragement of art, and perhaps I should add, systematic, enterprising agricultural improvements, such as this of five thousand acres thorough-drained *in the best manner*, by the conviction of its profit in one man's brain instead of fifty men's, as it must be with us. And finally, it may be that for some few, there is sustained by it a local home, a family nucleus, more permanently than it can be with us.

But there is every thing to be said against it, too, that there is against an aristocratical government and society, for the customs of primogeniture and entail are in fact the basis of aristocracy. And between an aristocratical government and society, with all its dignities, and amenities, and refinements, and a democracy with all its dangers, and annoyances, and humiliations, I do not believe that any man that has had fair observation of our two countries, and who is not utterly faithless in God and man, a thorough coward, or whose judgment is not shamefully warped by prejudice, habit, or selfishness, can hesitate a moment. I think that few Englishmen, few even of the English nobility, and no English statesman, would advise us to return to their system. I think that most of them would be sorry to believe that England

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herself would fail of being a democratic nation a hundred years hence.

This opinion has been strengthened by the further acquaintance I have had with Englishmen. I have little doubt that the majority of those who ultimately control the British government, do wish and purpose, as fast as it may be expedient, to extend the elective franchise until it shall become universal male adult suffrage. That they do not do this as fast as *we* should think expedient, is probably to be explained by the fact that they have not yet experienced, and cannot see with sufficient faith, how very rapidly, in God's providence, the self-governing strength and discernment of a man is stimulated and increased by the freedom to exercise it. And yet one would think that it was on this that they depended alone, so entirely indifferent are they in general to the educational preparation of their subject class to enter the sovereign class.

It may be proper for me here to record my observation of the general disposition of the English people towards our nation, which I confess I did not find to be exactly what I had anticipated, and which I think must be generally much misconceived in the United States.

There is a certain class of the English, conservative whigs more than tories, as I met them, that look upon the United States people as a nation of vulgar, blustering, impertinent, rowdy radicals; very much as a certain set with us look upon the young mechanics and butcher-boys of the town—troublesome, dangerous, and very "low," but who are necessary to put out fires, and whose votes are of value at elections, and whom it therefore *pays* to make some occasional show of respect to, and it is best to keep on civil terms with. A considerable number of snobbish, pretending, awkwardly

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positioned, sub-aristocratic, super-sensible people, that swear by the Times, and have taken their cue from Trollope, follow in their wake. But the great mass of the educated classes regard us very differently; not with unqualified respect and unalloyed admiration, but much as we of the Atlantic States regard our own California—a wild, dare-devil, younger brother, with some most dangerous and reprehensible habits, and some most noble qualities, a capital fellow, in fact, if he would but have done sowing his wild oats.

This may be well enough understood in the United States, but further, there is not in the English people, so far as I have seen them, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, high or low, the slighest soreness or rancorous feeling on account of our separation from them, or our war of separation. Of our success as a republic many of their aristocratic politicians are no doubt jealous; and many having naval and military tastes, do not feel quite satisfied to hear our everlasting boasting about the last war, and would like to have another round or two with us to satisfy themselves that they know how to fight a ship, if they don't know how to build her, as well as we. There is also a party of "aged women of both sexes," that worship the ghost of that old fool, "the good king George," who, I suppose, look upon us with unaffected horror, as they do equally upon their own dissenters and liberals. Yet it never happened to me, though I met and conversed freely with all classes, except the noble, while I was in England, to encounter the first man who did not think that we did exactly right, or who was sorry that we succeeded as we did in declaring and maintaining our independence.

The truth is that, *at that time*, the great mass of thinking men in England were much of that opinion. Our war was with king George and his cabinet, not with the people of England, and if they did reluctantly sustain the foolish measures

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of the king, it was precisely as our Whigs, who were opposed to the measures that led to the war with Mexico, sustained, with money and with blood, that war when it did come. It is a remarkable thing, that I have noticed that there are many men in England who were born at the time of, or shortly subsequent to our revolutionary war, who are named after the American heroes of that war, Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin.

This and other circumstances, early in my visit to England, made me reflect that the hostile feeling of the people had never been deeply engaged against us, while it soon became also evident that very much less of so much hostility as they once had towards us, had descended to the present, than we are in the habit of calculating for.

The reason of the great difference in this respect of the *popular feeling* in the two countries is evident, though it often extremely puzzles and offends a liberal Englishman who has been in the habit of looking with the greatest feeling of fraternity towards the people of the United States, to find himself when he comes among them expected in all his opinions and feelings to be either a traitor to his own country or an enemy of ours. It is easily explained however.

There is a love of hostility in our nature that wants some object to direct itself towards. Seventy years ago, and forty years ago, that object to us as a nation was the kingdom of Great Britain. No other object until within a few years has been offered to us to weaken that traditional hostility. All our military and naval glory, the most blazing, though by no means the most valuable, jewels of our national pride, have been our victories in war with Great Britain. Almost our only national holidays have been in a great part exultations over our successful hostilities with Great Britain. "The enemy" and "the British," came to me from my fighting grand-

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father as synonymous terms. When I was a child I never saw an Englishman but I was on my guard against him as a spy, and would look behind the fences to see that there was no ambuscade of red-coats. I made secret coverts about the house, so that when they came to sack and burn it, and take our women and children and household gods into captivity, I could lay in wait to rescue them. In our school-boy games the beaten party was always called "British" (the term "*Britisher*," I never saw except in a British book or heard except in England). If a law was odious it was termed a British law; if a man was odious he was called an "old Tory;" and it has been with us a common piece of blackguardism till within a short time, if not now, to speak of those of an opposing party as under British influence.

The war had been with us a war of the people; not a woman as she sipped her tea but imbibed hatred to the taxing British, and suckled her offspring with its nourishment; not a man of spunk in the country but was hand to hand fighting with the British, and teaching his sons never to yield to them.

In England, on the other hand, comparatively few of the people knew or cared at all about the war; even the soldiers engaged in it were in considerable numbers mere hirelings from another people, whom the true English would have rather seen whipped than not, so far as they had any *national* feeling about it. Their hostile feeling was even then more directed towards France than towards America; and now, I do not believe there is one in a thousand of the people of England that has the slightest feeling of hostility towards us, descending or inherited, from that time. It was much so again in the later war. England was at war with half the world in those days, and if a general disposition of enmity towards us had been at all aroused in the course of it, all

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recollection of it was lost in the fiercer wars with other nations that immediately followed. I doubt if one-half the voters of England could tell the name of a single ship engaged in the war of 1812; whether it was General Hull or Commodore Hull that was heroized in it; whether, in the assault upon New Orleans or Washington, it was that their forces were successful; or whether, finally, they carried or lost the diplomatic point for which their soldiers and sailors had been set to fighting.

Even if the people of England could remember us equally among other important nations as their enemy, it would be a very different feeling towards us that it would lead to, from the remembrance of us as their *old and only* enemy; so that not only was our original share of the hostile feeling of the people of England a very small one, being principally confined to the king and his sycophants, and the idolaters of the divine right, but the pugnacious element in the nature of an Englishman, of our day, is directed by much more vivid remembrances towards France, or Spain, or Germany, than towards us.

Nothing can be more friendly than the general disposition of the English people at present towards us. The liberals, especially, have great respect for us, and look upon us as their allies against the world of injustice, oppression, and bigotry. (Just now the free-traders, however, seem to be a little miffed with us because we have not gone over *stock and fluke* all at once to perfect reciprocity with them, and the Tories are consequently our greatest flatterers.) The uneducated, common people in general know no difference between America and Russia, but the more intelligent of the working classes are often very fairly informed with regard to our country, and are our most sincere admirers and friends. All the more sober and religious people have a great horror of our slavery and of the occasional

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Lynch-law performances on our western border, of which they always get the first and darkest reports, and none of the corrections and extenuating circumstances that come in later and cooler despatches. On slavery they are usually greatly misinformed, and view it only as an unmitigated and wholly inexcusable wrong, injustice, and barbarous tyranny for which all Americans are equally responsible, and all equally condemnable, and with regard to which all are to be held responsible, and everlastingly to be scolded at (except a few martyrs, called abolitionists, that obtain a precarious livelihood through their contributions). The Chartists and Radicals, too, are generally *down* very hard upon an American about slavery, and are commonly grossly misinformed about it. I wish our Southern brethren would send a few lecturers upon the subject to England; the abolitionists have it all their own way there now, and take advantage of it to give the ignorant people ideas about our country which it is very desirable should be contradicted. I wish especially that they could make them comprehend how it is that we at the north have nothing to do with their peculiar institution, and are not to be expected to carry pistols and bowie-knives and fight every body that chooses to attack it all over the world. This is no more nor less than a great many people in some parts of England seem to expect, when they are told that one is an American, and it comes sometimes to be a regular bore to a traveller to have to disappoint them. There is, in truth, a hundred times more hard feeling in England towards America from this cause, than from all others, and it is unfortunately strongest with the most earnestly republican and radically democratic of her citizens.

Within this year or two there has been much more interest with regard to America among all classes in England than previously, more hope and more fear of us than ever before.

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The works of our best authors—Irving, Emerson, Bancroft, Bryant, Channing, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Whittier—are, many of them, as well known and as generally read in England as in America. The introduction of American provisions, cutting under the native products, has brought even the farmers to scowlingly glance at us, and as, just at this time, most of them are forced to be thinking of emigration for themselves or their children, they are generally disposed to honestly inquire about us. Among all making inquiries of me, I never found one to whom our form of government was an objection. Finally, the present of food which, in the famine, we sent to Ireland—a most mean portion out of our plenty and superabundance to dole out to an actual STARVING neighbour, a most unworthy expression of our Christian charity and brotherly regard for her, it has always seemed to me, but such as it was—obtained for us not only in Ireland, but all through Great Britain, a strange degree of a sort of affectionate respect, not altogether unmingled with jealousy and soreness because they cannot pay it back.

Altogether, considering the exceedingly queer company English travellers seem usually to keep when in the United States, and the atrocious caricatures in which, with few exceptions, they have represented our manners and customs to their countrymen, I was surprised at the general respect and the degree of correct appreciation of us that I commonly found. There is no country not covered by a British flag in the world, that the British of 1850 have any thing like the degree of sympathy with, and affection for, that they have for the United States.

On the other hand, it is happily evident, that since our war with Mexico has given us a new military glory, it has also diverted our national combativeness, in a degree, from our old enemy, and that since the English liberals in so many

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ways, if not very valuable, at least as much so as ours, have shown their sympathy and desire to assist our common brethren struggling for freedom on the Continent; since the lynching of the Butcher of Austria by the beer-men of Bankside, and the general exultation of the British people over it; since the general intercommunication between the countries has been made so much more frequent and speedy, and cheaper than it used to be, the disposition of our people towards the British has been much less suspicious, guarded, and quarrelsome than it very naturally, if not very reasonably, was, until within a few years.

God grant that every tie grow constantly tighter that binds us together to peace, and to mutual assistance and co-labour—for justice, for freedom, for the salvation of the world. If there is any body who does not heartily say Amen to this, I commend him to Elihu Burritt; and all who do, I call upon, from him, to go to work for OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE—so shall our prayer not fail. (*See Appendix, B.*)

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

PAINTINGS.—CROMWELL.—PASTORAL SHIPS.—FAMILY PORTRAITS AND DISTANT RELATIONS.—FAMILY APARTMENTS.—PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.—THE WREKIN.

THE pictures which most interested me were portraits of Cromwell and Charles, one of Rubens, two of very beautiful women of the family, by Sir Peter Lely, a female face by Carlo Dolci, and two or three little things by Rubens. The portrait of Cromwell appears as if he might have sat for it, as, if I remember rightly, is asserted. It looks like one's idea of him, but not in the best light of his character—a melancholy, sour, deep, stern face.

There is a large landscape representing a brook tumbling over a rock into the sea, on which is a fleet of shipping. The story is, that it was painted by a French artist on a visit here, and when first exhibited had, in place of the sea, a broad meadow through which the brook meandered. Lady —— suggested that a few sheep on the broad green ground of the meadow would be a pleasing addition. "Sheeps! mi lady?" said the chagrined artist, "suppose you better like it with sheeps, I shall make de sheeps;" and so he painted a blue sea over the green meadow, and abruptly embouched his brook into it, that he might appropriately gratify Lady ——'s maritime penchant.

Among the family portraits one was shown having a title

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that sounded familiarly to us, and after a moment's thought we both remembered it to be that of the single nobleman whom an antiquarian friend had informed us that our family had been, long before its emigration with the Plymouth Pilgrims, by marriage connected with. If it had been a Scotch castle, we might perhaps have felt ourselves a good deal more at home in consequence. It was an odd coincidence, and made us realize the relationship of our democracy even to aristocratic England quite vividly.*

In consideration of this I think I may say a few words of the private apartments of the family, through nearly all which, apparently, we were shown. They were comparatively small, not larger, or more numerous, or probably as *expensively* furnished as those of many of our wealthy New York mercantile families; but some of them were very delightful, and would be most tempting of covetousness to a man of domestic tastes or to a lover of art or of literary ease. Generally there was most exquisite taste evident in colours and arrangements and forms of furniture, and there were proofs of high artistic skill in some members of the family, as well as a general love and appreciation of the beautiful and the excellent. Some of the rooms were painted in very high colours, deep blue and scarlet and gold, and in bizarre figures and lines. I hardly could tell how it would please me if I were accustomed to it, but I did not much admire it at first sight; it did not seem English or home-like. It is just the thing for New York though, and I have no doubt you'll soon see the fashion introduced there, and dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, counting-rooms, and steamboat state-rooms all equally flaring.

* In speaking of our relationship as a nation to England, I do not mean to ignore our relationship also to other nations. I think Mr. Robinson has very conclusively proved that, taking the people of the United States altogether, the majority are by no means of Anglo-Saxon origin.

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The bed-chambers and dressing-rooms were furnished to look exceedingly cosy and comfortable, but there was nothing very remarkable about them, except, perhaps, the immense preparation made for washing the person. I confess if I had been quartered in one of them, I should have needed all my Yankee capabilities to guess in what way I could make a good use of it all.

There is a story told of two members of our legislature that came together from "the rural districts," and were fellow-lodgers. One of them was rather mortified by the rough appearance of his companion who was of the "bone-and-sinew" sort, and by way of opening a conversation in which he could give him a few hints, complained of the necessity which a Representative was under to pay so much for "washing." "How often do you shift?" said the Hon. Simon Pure. "Why, of course I have to change my linen every day," he answered. "You do?" responded his unabashed friend. "Why, what an awful dirty man you must be! I can always make mine last a week."

Among the other bedrooms there were two with their beds which had been occupied by kings. I do not recollect any thing peculiar in their appearance.

The ball-room, or ancient banqueting-room, was a grand hall (120 feet long, I should think), with a good deal of interesting old furniture, armour, relics, &c. It also contained billiard-tables, and other conveniences for in-door exercise. A secret door, cut through the old oak wainscot which lined its wall, admitted us to the private apartments.

We peeped into a kind of broad well into which prisoners used to be lowered like butter for safe keeping, and ascended to the battlements of one of the towers, from which there is a very extensive and beautiful view, extending it is said into sixteen counties. A gauzy blue swelling on the horizon was

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pointed to as the *Wrekin*, a high mountain—the highest in midland England; hence the generous old toast, "To all around the Wrekin." We were let out through a narrow postern, which gave us an opportunity to see the thickness of the wall: it was ten feet, and in some parts it was said to be sixteen,—of solid stone and mortar. The castle was a border fortress of Wales, on the dyke or ancient military wall between that country and England, remains of which can be seen running each way from it. It has withstood many sieges, the last by Cromwell, the effect of whose artillery upon it is largely manifest within the court. A decree of the long parliament is on record ordering it to be razed to the ground.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

VISIT TO A FARM.—FARM-HOUSE AND FARMERY.—FATTING CATTLE.—SHEEP.—VETCHES.—STOCK YARD.—STEAM THRESHING.—TURNIP SOWING.—EXCELLENT WORK.—TRAM ROAD.—WAGES.

IN the afternoon we were taken to visit a farmer who was considered about the best in the district (Shropshire). The house was in the middle of a farm of three hundred acres, and was approached by a narrow lane; there were no *grounds* but a little court yard, with a few trees in it, in front of the house, which was a snug, two-story, plain brick building.

On entering, we found the farmer, a stout elderly man, sitting alone at a dinner-table, on which were dishes of fruit and decanters. He insisted on our joining him, and we were obliged to sit some time with him over his wine while he talked of free-trade and questioned us how low we could afford to send wheat from America, and how large the supply was likely to be.

He then led us into the farmery, which was close by the house, the rear door almost opening into a cattle yard. I mention this as it would be considered extraordinary for an American gentleman who could afford wines at his dinner, to be content with such an arrangement. There was not the least attempt at ornament anywhere to be seen, beyond the few trees and rose-bushes in the enclosure of a rod or two, in front of the house: not the least regard had been had to beauty ex-

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cept the beauty of fitness, but every thing was neat, useful, well ordered, and thoroughly made of the best material—the barns, stables, and out-buildings of hewn stone, with slated roofs, grout floors, and iron fixtures. The cattle stables were roomy, well ventilated and drained, their mangers of stone and iron; fastenings, sliding chains; food, fresh-cut vetches, and the cattle standing knee deep in straw.

The fatting cattle were the finest lot I ever saw, notwithstanding the forty finest cows that had been wintered had been sold within a fortnight. These forty had been fattened on ruta baga and oil-cake, and their *average* weight was over 10 cwt., some of them weighing over 12 cwt. They were mostly short-horns. Those remaining were mostly Hereford bullocks.

Sheep were fatting on a field of heavy vetches: Cheviots and Leicesters, and crosses of these breeds.

The VETCH is a plant in appearance something like a dwarf pea; it is sown in the autumn upon wheat stubble, grows very rapidly, and at this season gives a fine supply of green food, when it is very valuable. It requires a rich, clean soil, but grows well on clay lands. I think it has not been found to succeed well in the United States.

In the rear of the barns was a yard half filled with very large and beautifully made-up stacks of hay, wheat, oats, and peas. The hay was of rye-grass, a much finer (smaller) sort than our timothy. The peas were thatched with wheat-straw. The grain stacks were very beautiful, several of them had stood three years, and could not be distinguished from those made last year. The butts of the straw had been all turned over at regular distances, those of one tier to the top of that below it, and driven in, so the stack appeared precisely as if it had been *served* with straw-rope, and I supposed that it had been, until I was told. The threshing of the farm is done by steam, the engine being in the stack-yard, the furnace under-

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ground, and the smoke and sparks being carried off by a subterranean flue to a tall chimney a hundred yards distant. (I have seen a hundred steam-engines in stackyards since, without this precaution, and never heard of a fire occasioned by the practice.)

The grain on the farm had all been sowed in drills. The proprietor said that if he could be sure of having the seed perfectly distributed, he should prefer broad-cast sowing (i. e., as well as a first-rate sower could distribute it in a perfectly calm day). The wheat was the strongest we have yet seen, and of remarkably equal height, and uniform dark colour. The ground was almost wholly free from weeds, and the wheat was not expected to be hoed.

We found fourteen men engaged in preparing a field for turnips: opening drills with plough, carting dung, which had been heaped up, turned, and made fine, distributing it along the drills, ploughs covering it immediately, and forming ridges 27 inches apart over it; after all, a peculiar iron-roller, formed so as to fit the ridges and furrows, followed, leaving the field precisely like a fluted collar. The ridges were as straight as the lines of a printed page; and any inequality, to the height of half an inch, was removed by the equal pressing of the roller. A more perfect piece of work could not be conceived of. Seed (3 lbs. to the acre) will be sown immediately on the ridges, by a machine opening, dropping, closing, and rolling six drills at once. The field is thorough-drained (as is all the farm, three feet deep) and sub-soil ploughed.

I saw no farming that pleased me better than this in all England. It was no gentleman or school farming, but was directed by an old man, all his life a farmer, on a leased farm, without the least thought of taste or fancy to be gratified, but with an eye single to quick profit; with a prejudice against "high farming," indeed, because it is advised by the free-tra-

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ders as a remedy for low prices. He declared no money was to be made by farming: do his best, he could not pay his rent and leave himself a profit under the present prices. He had been holding on to his wheat for three years in hopes of a rise, but now despaired of it, except the protective policy was returned to.

There was a coal mine and lime-kiln on the farm, and a tram-road from it to the railroad about two miles distant. A tram-road is a narrow track of wooden rails, on which cars are moved by stationary power or horses. On extensive farms they might be advantageously made use of. A road running through the barns and out-buildings of a farmstead, on which straw, feed, dung, &c., could be easily moved by hand, would cost but little, and often afford a great saving of labour.

The fences were all of hawthorn, low, and close-trimmed.

The farm servants had from $65 to $75 a year and their board. (The very next day a man told me he paid just half these sums.) Day-labourers from $2 to $2.50 a week (fair weather) and board themselves. A boy just over fourteen years old (under which age it is by law forbidden) told me he worked in the coal mines for sixteen cents a day.

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CHAPTER XXX.

VISIT TO TWO ENGLISH COMMON SCHOOLS.

IN compliance with our desire to visit an English common school, we were driven from the castle to a village in the vicinity, in which was a school for boys under the guidance of the British Foreign Society, and one for girls under the control of the National, or State Church, Society. The school-house of the former was a simple but tasteful stone building, standing a little one side, but not fenced off, from the principal street, with a few large trees and a playground about it. The interior was all in one room, except a small vestibule. It was well lighted, the walls were plastered and whitewashed, and had mottoes, texts of Scripture, tables, charts, &c., hung upon them; there was no ceiling, but the rafters of the roof, which was high-peaked, were exposed; the floor was of stone. There were long desks and benches all around against the wall, and others, the form of which I do not remember, filling up the most of the body. The house and furniture was much too small and scanty for the number of scholars present, and the labour of the teacher must have been very arduous.

The boys all rose as we entered, and remained standing during our visit, a request from us that they might be seated not being regarded. Classes in arithmetic, geography, and spelling were examined before us. The absence of all embarrassment, and the promptness and confidence of the schol-

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ars in replying to our questions was remarkable. In mental arithmetic great proficiency was shown in complicate reductions of sterling money. In geography their knowledge of America was limited to the more important points of information, but so far as it went was very accurate and ready. With regard to Great Britain, their information was very minute. The boys were particularly bright, ready-witted, and well-behaved, and surprisingly free from all excitement or embarrassment before strangers.

The schoolmaster was also parish-clerk, and his pay from the two offices was about $500 a year.* I judged that he had intended to make teaching his business for life, and had thoroughly prepared and accomplished himself for it. His manner to us, and two or three incidents which it would be impossible to relate, gave me the impression that his position in society was far from being a pleasant, or what we should deem a proper one for a teacher.

The "National School" for girls was a building of more highly finished architectural character, and had a dwelling for the schoolmistress attached to it. The whole school was engaged in sewing when we entered, the mistress, assisted by some of the older scholars, going from one to another, giving instructions and examining the work. It was not interrupted by our entrance, though the girls all rose, curtseyed, and continued standing. There were one hundred and thirty present in a room about twelve yards by six in area. The girls were neatly, though exceedingly plainly, dressed, and were generally very pleasing in their appearance. They seemed well instructed, and without the least want of desirable modesty,

* Advertisements for common-school teachers, "capable to instruct in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the principles of the Christian religion," appear in the Times, offering salaries of from $150 to $300, with lodging and board.

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showed much more presence of mind, and answered our questions with more promptness and distinctness than any school of girls I ever visited before.

Both schools are conducted on the Lancasterian plan.*

* I propose, in some future letter, to give a general account of the English common schools.

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APPENDIX A.

WE were leaning over the gunwale, where I had been watching the curious, nebulous-like life that was revealed in the sea-fire splashing from the ship's sides, and our conversation turning upon this, we talked of a number of marine mysteries. He believed that there was a large class of animated nature fitted to exist only in dense waters at the depths of the ocean, and which only appeared on the surface when in a diseased state. He had great confidence that such must be the case, and he cited several cases, known to naturalists, where nature has very peculiarly fitted animals and vegetables to enjoy life under circumstances in which nothing could exist of the more ordinary organisms. I remarked that there was a wonderful connection and fitting together of one thing to another, through the whole of nature, as if it were all designed together, and every part contrived with reference to all the rest; to which he assented.

"And does not that irresistibly impress you with the idea of a reasoning mind having constructed it for certain purposes of his own, to which purposes all this working together must have reference?"

"Humph! Suppose it does. Say every thing must have a cause, and call the cause of the world, God, if you like. What do they stop there for? I want to know what's the cause of God; what is God's God. You see, you must back up farther for that cause."

"But we can take one step. Suppose we do take that, and see what we can make of it first. There must be, or there seems likely to have been, a constructing mind—a will—above us—".

"An imaginary something that put the world together. Well, suppose there is."

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"That put our minds and bodies together, that made us with our own peculiar characters and wills, distinct apparently from each other's and from His."

"Well, well!—that created us. Suppose he did; what's the good of saying that, if you don't know any thing more. What did he create us for?—what is he going to make of us?—what's the will he put into my body going to do for him?—what did he want to make me so for, and you a different way, and a hog in another way for? My will *is* independent of his; I know nothing about his will, and I have nothing to do with him. I can talk to you, and you talk back, and I can see you, and I know you; but him, supposing there is such a being, I know nothing about, and what's the use, like a fool, of talking of him by name as if I did?"

"My dear fellow, how do I know there's such a place as Liverpool? I never have seen it any more than I have God. From the evidence of my senses I know nothing of it; and yet I am fool enough (if you please to call me so) to come aboard this ship with provisions for sixty days, calculating that in that time I shall be carried to an imaginary something which I talk about by the name of Liverpool."

"I reckon you will in twenty if this wind holds."

"I think it likely, but what do I know about it?—actually nothing, except that you and others tell me you have been there, and that the ship will go there, and I have faith enough in your word, and the promises of the captain, to put out here where I have never been before, and don't know from any thing I can see, any more than a fool, where or what it is I am being taken to. Now, though I never saw this being with the creating will, which we will call God, I can tell you something more about him, not that I actually know, only I have heard—"

"Heard! heard! how?"

"Why, people tell me and I've read, just as I have read travellers' accounts of Liverpool, that there was a man once that professed to know all about it,—in fact, that he made it all himself—"

"Made it himself, a man! I thought we agreed to call the maker of it, God."

"Very well; out of this form of a man, for so it is described, there expressed itself—a mind, declaring itself to be the same mind that made the world; and that it had entered that form that it might tell us in the language, not only of the lips and tongue and breath, but in all the language of all the members in all the actions of a man, what he

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thought it desirable for us to know about him,—the God; about his purposes in creating the world and us, and what now he wanted of us. Something of this he said in words, Hebrew words, which some of the people translated into Greek, and they have been again turned into English, and in this way I have read considerable of it; but more he told in the actions of the life of that man. If a stranger comes to me, and says that he loves me, I don't well know what he means, for there's all sorts of love, and some of it not worth many thanks. I should be still more uncertain if he spake in the Chinese tongue, and it had to be carried through Portuguese into English; but if I had been detected in some disgraceful crime, and every body scorned and hissed at me, and a man should come, alone of all a crowd, and lift me out of the dust where I lay in expectation of death, and cheer me with hopeful and encouraging words, I should not need to be told that he loved me, to be grateful to him; and if you were an Indian, and it was told to you in Choctaw, you'd understand it exactly as I would, and have no mistake and no doubt about what he meant. Now supposing the great power and wisdom that contrived and executed this world, and all we know of material things, was showing itself in that man that so pretended, and we have a reliable account of the way he lived, we can infer what at least is the general character and tendency of his motives and purposes, and judge pretty well what he wants of us."

"But is it not altogether more likely a man making such pretensions, was an impostor?"

"We must judge of that too by his character as displayed otherwise than in professions. Now what do we find? An earnest, serious man, seemingly living only to do and be good; subduing extraordinary temptations of passion and ambition; helping and healing the sick, and the crippled, and the outcast, in season and out of season; speaking his mind truly and freely, no matter who he hits; persevering in what he thinks is right, and just, and merciful, though it is disreputable and directly in the teeth of the prevailing standard of morals; sticking to it, though he is misunderstood, reproached, and forsaken for it, as a wilful, stubborn fanatic, by his friends, and it destroys his influence over all the respectable part of the community."

"Good for him, by jingo! They didn't *excommunicate* him, did they? If it had been in the United States or in England, they would have said he was damned, body and soul, past recovery, and utterly unworthy of the means of grace!"

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"They said the devil was in him and turned him out of the synagogue, which is much the same, I take it."

"Right—I never thought of that; he must have been a true honest man."

"Just such a man as you would like to be yourself Mr. C., only a great deal more so—a thorough-going brave man of the people, an out-and-out democrat, fraternizing with the very lowest classes, and seeing and trying all sorts of life. More than that, sir, he could endure misrepresentation and the ingratitude and unfaithfulness of friends without impatience; and finally, to realize his purpose more effectually, he could suffer without wavering the severest mental and bodily agony, and at length could die, without the least stain of inconsistency on his noble, manly character, not as you might be willing to on the barricades, but alone, and by slow process of law."

"All right, sir, and a true man, call him what you will."

"A true man, sir, and no time-server, and now, what taught he? That goodness, truth, and love, and happiness are one and inseparable. Further, that all the good in the universe is a commonwealth (kingdom of God), and that one's enjoyment of it cannot be separate from another's. He always seemed to think every body else's good just as much his business as his own, and taught his followers to find their happiness in that of others; always to do that for others which they would have done for themselves."

"And that's just what they don't do."

"They don't pretend they do, but they believe it's the right plan, and they wish to and try to, and they say he never did any other way. His whole life, as it is described to us, does seem to be in accordance with the idea, and if no other man's ever was, so much the better for him. Perfect love always guiding him, entire annihilation of self, selfish purpose all merged in desire for the general good of mankind."

"A very nice model of a man, no doubt, *if* —— one must believe the story; but you see I don't." Here he went off into a long and laboured attack upon the Bible as being called an infallible guide, and upon the theory of plenary inspiration. If it teaches one thousand men one doctrine, and one thousand other men, of an average equal capacity, directly the opposite doctrine, he would like to know what it infallibly guided to—and so on: some few of his points being fair and reasonable, some of them utterly absurd, and the greater part of his argument mere narrow-minded cavilling and play upon words. I attempted very little

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reply, as it was evident he was perfectly at home on the subject, and would sail tack for tack with me all night, if he lost confidence in his opinions on one gaining more on another. At length he fell into a fierce tirade upon the character of the Apostles. He thought them cunning, selfish plotters, "the same as their descendants, our reverend aristocrats, that cannot find any better way of living than by pulling wool over the poor workies' eyes, while they draw fat salaries from their pockets."

"A nice, lazy, comfortable sort of life they seem to have had of it, don't they?" I answered. "A jolly life, to be sure, loafing about with their fat salaries. You remember what Dr. Paul's was: 'Of the Jews five times forty stripes save one, thrice beaten with rods, once stoned, shipwrecked, &c., weariness, painfulness, &c., &c.'—So runs his receipt! very *fat*, all that, isn't it? Now, are you not ashamed of yourself? Talk about 'aristocratic parsons!' Every one of them started a working man—not one even of the *bourgeoisie* among them, unless it was that same Paul, and he had his trade, and worked honestly at it to pay his travelling expenses. You call them aristocratic. What do you mean? Why, sir, they were democratic socialists, and the worst sort, 'having all things in common,' the record of their acts says. And they seem to have had a sufficiently generous spirit to make the idea *work*, while all your modern communists only make themselves ridiculous whenever they attempt it."

He laughed aloud, and said that he wouldn't say another word against the Apostles, if I would admit that they were socialists. They certainly were not aristocrats. "But," he complained, "that does not make them infallible guides, by a long shot. I want you to answer my arguments against the infallibility of the Bible, if you can."

"I don't wish to," I said; "it is not at all necessary. Suppose you can detect a few inconsistencies, misquotations, and puzzling expressions in the New Testament. The books have come a long journey between them and us, and have passed through various hands. Wouldn't it be strange if there were not some things knocked out of them and a few tacked on? You know there are three biographies of Christ, written by different persons, among whom you cannot find any evidence of conspiracy or collusion, while there is much to the contrary. Yet are they not consistent in every essential particular? I think they are; and I am convinced the writers meant to give an honest, fair, and correct account of what *He* said and did within their personal knowl-

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edge. Now, when they report, as each of them frequently do, that he took upon himself the authority and omniscience proper only to God, in instructing and governing them; when they make him declare that in that life of his flesh was the Spirit of God manifest, they must have so understood him. He probably meant them to, and as he was a wise, good, and true man, we can have reasonable faith that, in some fair and honest understanding of the words, it was so. What if there is room for some difference of opinion as to the *precise* meaning of language, so written in a narrative, two or three times translated, and that through heathen tongues, and God only knows how many times copied by humanly imperfect hands. I am willing you should understand it as seems, on the whole and in sincerity, most natural to you. I say that I do not believe it will make any very essential difference in your idea of God, but that you will still see him, through Christ, a God of eternal Truth, Justice, Love—a Father worthy of your deepest reverence and affection."

"Suppose I did; and when you've done and said all, what good is it? But I tell you, you don't convince me of the inspiration of the Bible."

"I don't now undertake to convince you of it. If it does not appear evident to you on the face of it that it is an inspired production, I don't think I can bring you to it by argument. All I ask of you now is to look upon those three men, Matthew, Luke, and John, simply as honest biographers. Suppose Hume, Gibbon, or Jared Sparks had described such a character, made such a character to appear in the life of some historical personage with regard to whom they had had facilities to be particularly well informed, would you not respect, honor, love—yes, and worship—"

"No, no! I'd worship nothing human."

"But you would worship divine qualities, and, so far as these go to make up the character of a man, you would worship them in him—"

"Yes, the divine qualities, not the human."

"Not the human—purely human; nobody asks you to. But here is a man who, in all his actions for thirty years, you cannot suppose to have been governed by any motives inconsistent with justice, magnanimity, and benevolence. His life is described with a good deal of minute detail, but you cannot find that he ever said, or thought, or did a single mean, unmanly, ungentlemanly thing. A man who avoided kingly honors; who did not labor for riches; who neither sought nor avoided the luxuries of life; who endured to be forsaken of his friends; who

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put up with contempt, reproach, and ridicule; who was always going about doing good, without either ostentation or secrecy—a man so great and true, as he appears among the pettifogging saints of the day, in the case of the adulterous woman, or at the picking of corn on the Sabbath, or in his ideas of morality as brought out in his sermon on the mount, so simple, so grand, so truly divine—do you think, can you think—that such a man would be mean enough and wicked enough to declare a most monstrous falsehood, and stick to it all his life, suffer all sorts of shame, and finally die ignominiously rather than give it up? No, sir; that man was no impostor! . . . . Nor is there any thing that looks like the fanatic or crazy man about him either. Yet he plainly thought, and had some good reason for thinking, that in all his peculiar character he was exhibiting the peculiar qualities of God. And were not those qualities such as are consistent with the highest wisdom that we can conceive of? And what *good*, you were asking, does it do us to believe in them? If you had never seen your father, but your elder brother should say: 'Father is like me in all that you like in me, in all that you love me for'—you would not need to see your father face to face, but would love him, and would lovingly respond to his will, and when he sent for you to come home, you would look forward to meeting him, not with dread, but with a joyful trust. If you can have as much faith in the word of that noble man as I have in yours and the captain's about this ship's going towards Liverpool, you will love and worship him, and strive to be like him."

"Christ said he *was* God, which is nonsense, and I don't swallow it."

"Look here! When I tell you that I am a man, what do I mean? A man has two legs, two arms, and two eyes; suppose I had but one leg, one arm, and one eye, would it be nonsense to call me a man? Or suppose that I had twelve fingers instead of ten, or my body all covered with hair, would it be nonsense to call me a man because I had more than the ordinary qualities of a man? I might call myself a hirsute, but I should still be a man."

"I don't understand you."

"Why, I mean that because Jesus Christ asserted himself to be God it does not follow that he asserted himself nothing but God, or even that he exhibited the whole of God, but that he spoke in the name of God, with the authority of God, that the word of God was spoken in him. It is absurd for us, and evidently was never intended that we should take the exact weight and measure of the words of his familiar conver-

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sation, and reduce it to the English standard, from the simple narratives of Hebrews writing in the Greek tongue. You can understand it so as to make it nonsense if you are determined to, but that's your nonsense and not Christ's. There is plenty of room to fight over it if you like, but was that what it was intended for? You may understand it somewhat differently from me, but *practically*, if you believe it at all, will the difference in our understanding of it make an essential difference in our lives? I believe that Channing and Calvin, standing at two opposite theoretical extremes with regard to this, both showed in their characters the influence of a common faith in the divinity of Christ."

"You do? You don't suppose Channing believed in the divinity of Christ? You ought to know better than that."

"He might not express his belief in that way, because that mind had got to be employed technically to denote a different view from his, but plainly it was the God revealed in Christ to whose service he gave his life. You must remember that language is a human and exceedingly imperfect and inefficient means of conveying thought. Neither Calvin nor Channing believed that in Christ was the whole of God concentrated and made manifest to us, or that God was and could be revealed to us in no other way; but both believed that in Christ God was speaking, that in Christ's life, far more truly and distinctly than in any other, was uttered the true and eternal and soul-saving word of God. 'In truth, in love, in all that deserves your love, your gratitude, your adoration, and whole-hearted devotion, I AM.'"

We were both silent for a few moments, and then he laughed.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"I am afraid you are getting into the bond of iniquity; don't you know that's very dangerous the way you talk. 'Tisn't orthodox by a long shot."

"I've no particular passion for being called orthodox," I replied.

"You haven't, eh? What is your religion then?"

"That of Christ, I wish it to be."

"No, but what do you believe in?"

"The God revealed in Christ."

"Pshaw! What sect—what church do you run with?"

"None of your business—that is, the question's not in order."

"But, good heavens, man! I want to know what you pretend to believe. What do you want to have me believe? Was he very God of very God, all God and all man, or only half God and half man, or a-

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whole man and no God, only an extra-inspired prophet, or what? There's no use talking with you till I know where you stand."

"What do you want to bother with such nonsense for? Christians themselves don't agree about those matters. I won't answer you. You admitted that you had seen enough in the ordinary works of God to impress you with the belief of a designing wisdom above us, and you asked me how any one could know any more than that. Now I tell you: Look to Christ, his most perfect work. Believe, if you like, that in him—his life—God is manifest only in the same way that he is in all the works of his hand, as you would be in yours, as Powers is in the Greek Slave, and Bell and Brown are in this ship, only he must be peculiarly manifest in man (created in his image), and most distinctly and obviously manifest in the man most perfect and altogether lovely, the express image of his person. Mustn't he? Take him as a sheer man, if you will, not even a prophet, simply a wise man—the wisest and best man. Must not his pure heart, his self-forgetful spirit, his wisdom who spake as never man else spake, have attained to the best and truest idea of God? Must not that be, in the first place, the most reasonable relation for us to assume towards God—that in which he placed himself—a son to a loving, personally-interested father—a Father whose almighty power moves only in love? If that's the utmost you can make out of the life of Christ, why, take that; don't lose so much good of it because others can take more. But if you can take more than that, and it's better for you to call him—what is it you say? 'very God of very God?'—not merely seen as manifested in the man Christ, but peculiarly, indescribably, incomprehensibly, and contradictorily both God and man and neither man or God—have it so, and welcome. Describe him in Latin, or Hebrew-Greek, if you like it better than plain English. It may seem one thing in the dim, religious light of worship, and another in the flickering lamplight of study, but you will find both the same in the clear daylight of life. After all, it is the WORD that is wanted, and not the image through which it is spoken. Look at Christ in whatever way you can read that Word with the most faith. I care not in what language you receive it, so you can translate it into love, joy, faith, long-suffering, goodness, peace, meekness, and temperance (the fruits of the Spirit)." He was laughing again and I asked, "What is there ridiculous about this, Mr. C.?"

"Why, I don't know as there's any thing—don't know as I can object to it, only—eh, ha! ha!"

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"Only what?"

"Don't you think if your minister heard you talking so, he'd be—rather—hauling you over the coals, eh?"

"My minister! What under the sun has my minister got to do with it? I am not a Roman Catholic."

"What the devil are you, any how?"

"I've told you."

"Well, you arn't what I call a Christian. What do you call me an infidel for?"

"I never called you an infidel; infidel means unfaithful. God only knows whether you are unfaithful to your light or not. That's none of *my* business."

"Well, but now do you believe in fore-ordination and total depravity? Do you hold to salvation by grace?"

"I believe, certainly, that if a man is not saved it is because, as Christ said, he '*would not*.' I believe that every man shall be judged according to his works, and so did Christ—"

"Ah, then you don't go those doctrines. Now—"

"I don't want to discuss them with you."

"Why, you can't believe them—it's inconsistent."

"I don't much think it is, but if it was—"

"What's that striking—eight bells? I declare it's twelve o'clock."

"Wait a bit, let me tell you a story, and then we will turn in. I once fell in with an old Quaker. He was the first one I ever met to converse with: a simple-hearted, honest man, and I was glad of a chance to talk with him about his society. He finally spoke of some of their doctrines, and defended them in a sensible, manly way that I liked. He took up a Bible and showed me how some idea of his that I doubted about was sustained in it. I turned over a leaf or two further, and showed him another passage that I thought pretty flatly opposed his understanding of the verse he had brought as proof, and said, 'What do you make of that?' He looked at it a moment, read each side of it, didn't say any thing, shook his head, and sighed, and I begun to feel ashamed of myself for troubling him with it. At length his face lighted up, and he turned to me with a beautiful smile and said softly, 'I can see the truth the Lord testified to in the verse I showed thee, but for this I have not yet sight enough. If thee cannot yet see the truth that cometh to me from the verse I showed thee, wilt thee not be content to also wait for thy light?' Now, Mr. C., I advise you to take what truth

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you *can* find; and if other people profess to believe what seems to you absurdities, don't be so sorry for them as not to let them enjoy the benefit of what light they have got; don't yourself be so foolish as to shut your eyes to what of God's word is plainly enough set before you in Christ, because you have not turned over the next page and can't see through the whole book at once. I don't want you to try to force upon yourself any belief that is unnatural, and which honestly appears illogical to you. No kind of heresy is so bad as hypocrisy. I think those Christians were exceedingly wrong that felt that the sacredness and chief power of their religion consisted so much in the doctrines which they had agreed together to stand by, that they must summarily exclude you from their fellowship when you began to question the soundness of them. On the other hand, I must tell you that I think you are equally wrong to hold them and their opinions in contempt, and to have such entire confidence, as you seem to, that you are yourself right. The fact that so many men differ with you, whom you cannot help respecting as having equal powers of mind and equally good spirit with yourself, should at least make you hold your opinions with humility."

"Well! Now let's go and see them heave the log. She's going a bit faster; the fog isn't so thick as 'twas either. Hallo! there's that old Irishwoman again. She always gets in behind the harness cask to say her prayers. You will hear her muttering there for two or three hours every night."

"She must have strong faith."

"Faith in the devil! Fear and ignorance, I call it. She's a good old thing though, I must say. She takes care of that sick woman's child as if it were her own; and last night she asked the doctor to let her darn his stockings, and he did, the conceited old dandy."

"She has a good deal of true religion, then, for all her ignorance and fear."

"Then it's true religion to believe in the Pope and the Virgin Mary!"

"Oh no! oh no! 'True religion before God is this: to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted in the world.' Yet it may be worth your while, Mr. C., to consider whether she would have been as likely to pity that sick mother, and take care of her child, if she hadn't been in the habit of praying in this way every night, although in her ignorance she addresses the mother of Christ instead of the Father. Good-night."

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APPENDIX B.

THE chapter on the disposition of the people of England towards the United States was written before, and not in anticipation of the coming of Kossuth to this country. The general discussion of the subject which that event has occasioned makes it proper for me to mention this. Opinions opposing the views I have presented having been expressed by several persons in honorable positions, for one at least of whom I entertain the highest respect, I wish to repeat that, during five months that I travelled in Great Britain, in almost every day of which time I heard the United States talked about with every appearance of candor and honesty, I do not recollect ever to have heard any expression of hostile feeling (except from a few physical-force Chartists, with regard to slavery) towards our government or our people, and only from a few stanch church-and-state men against our principles of government. Perhaps the highest eulogy on Washington ever put in words was written by Lord Brougham. The Duke of Wellington lately took part in a banquet in honour of American independence. I myself attended a Fourth-of-July dinner in an old palace of George III., and saw there a member of Parliament, and other distinguished Englishmen, drink to the memory of Washington, and in honour of the day. Having observed that Mr. Howard was threatened with a mob, for keeping an English ensign flying from a corner of the Irving House, I will add that I more than once saw the American ensign so displayed in England, without exciting remark; and I know one gentleman living in the country who regularly sets it over his house on the Fourth of July, and salutes it with gun-firing and festivities, so that the day is well known, and kindly regarded by all his neighbours, as "the American holiday."

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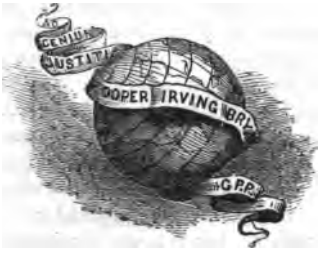
THE WORLD HERE AND THERE:

OR,

Notes of Travellers.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS," EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.



NEW-YORK:
G. P. PUTNAM, 155 BROADWAY.
1852.

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THE WORLD HERE AND THERE.

Short Cuts across the Globe.

TO a person who wishes to sail to California an inspection of the map of the world reveals a provoking peculiarity. The Atlantic Ocean—the highway of the globe—being separated from the Pacific by the great western continent, it is impossible to sail to the opposite coasts without going thousands of miles out of his way; for he must double Cape Horn. Yet a closer inspection of the map will discover that but for one little barrier of land, which is in size but as a grain of sand to the bed of an ocean, the passage would be direct. Were it not for that small neck of land, the Isthmus of Panama, (which narrows in one place to twenty-eight miles) he might save a voyage of from six to eight thousand miles, and pass at once into the Pacific Ocean. Again, if his desires tend towards the East, he perceives that but for the Isthmus of Suez, he would not be obliged to double the Cape of Good Hope. The Eastern difficulty has been partially obviated by the overland route opened up by the ill-rewarded Waghorn. The western barrier has yet to be broken through.

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Now that we can shake hands with Brother Jonathan in twelve days by means of weekly steamers; travel from one end of Great Britain to another, or from the Hudson to the Ohio, as fast as the wind, and make our words dance to distant friends upon the magic tight wire a great deal faster—now that the European and Columbian Saxon is spreading his children more or less over all the known habitable world: it seems extraordinary that the simple expedient of opening a twenty-eight mile passage between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, to save a dangerous voyage of some eight thousand miles, has not been already achieved. In this age of enterprise that so simple a remedy for so great an evil should not have been applied appears astonishing. Nay, we ought to feel some shame when we reflect that evidences in the neighbourhood of both Isthmuses exist of such junctions having existed, in what we are pleased to designate 'barbarous' ages.

Does nature present insurmountable engineering difficulties to the Panama scheme? By no means: for after the Croton aqueduct, our own railway tunnelling and the Britannia tubular bridge, engineering difficulties have become obsolete. Are the levels of the Pacific and the Gulph of Mexico, which should be joined, so different, that if one were admitted the fall would inundate the surrounding country? Not at all. Hear Humboldt on these points.

Forty years ago he declared it to be his firm opinion that 'the Isthmus of Panama is suited to the formation of an oceanic canal —one with fewer sluices than the Caledonian Canal—capable of affording an unimpeded passage, at all seasons of the year, to vessels of that class which sail between New York and Liverpool, and between Chili and California.' In the recent edition of his 'Views of Nature,' he 'sees no reason to alter the views he has

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always entertained on this subject.' Engineers, both British and American, have confirmed this opinion by actual survey. As, then, combination of British skill, capital, and energy, with that of the most 'go-ahead' people upon earth, have been dormant, whence the secret of the delay? The answer at once allays astonishment:—Till the present time, the speculation would not have 'paid.'

Large works of this nature, while they create an inconceivable development of commerce, must have a certain amount of a trading population to begin upon. A gold-beater can cover the effigy of a man on horseback with a sovereign; but he must have the sovereign first. It was not merely because the full power of the iron rail to facilitate the transition of heavy burdens had not been estimated, and because no Stephenson had constructed a 'Rocket engine,' that a railway with steam locomotives was not made from London to Liverpool before 1836. Until the intermediate traffic between these termini had swelled to a sufficient amount in quantity and value to bear reimbursement for establishing such a mode of conveyance, its execution would have been impossible, even though men had known how to set about it.

What has been the condition of the countries under consideration? In 1839, the entire population of the tropical American isthmus, in the states of Central America and New Grenada, did not exceed three millions. The number of the inhabitants of pure European descent did not exceed one hundred thousand. It was only among this inconsiderable fraction that anything like wealth, intelligence, and enterprise, akin to that of Europe, was to be found; the rest were poor and ignorant aboriginals and mixed races, in a state of scarcely demi-civilisation. Throughout this thinly-peopled and poverty-stricken region, there was neither

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law nor government. In Stephens's 'Central America,' may be found an amusing account of a hunt after a government, by a luckless American diplomatist, who had been sent to seek for one in Central America. A night wanderer running through bog and brake after a will-o'-the-wisp could not have encountered more perils, or been in search of a more impalpable phantom. In short, there was nobody to trade with. To the south of the Isthmus, along the Pacific coast of America, there was only one station to which merchants could resort with any fair prospect of gain—Valparaiso. Except Chili, all the Pacific states of South America were retrogading from a very imperfect state of civilisation, under a succession of petty and aimless revolutions. To the north of the Isthmus matters were little, if anything, better. Mexico had gone backwards from the time of its revolution; and, at the best, its commerce in the Pacific had been confined to a yearly ship between Acapulco and the Philippines. Throughout California and Oregon, with the exception of a few European and half-breed members, there were none but savage aboriginal tribes. The Russian settlements in the far north had nothing but a paltry trade in furs with Kamschatka, that barely defrayed its own expenses. Neither was there any encouragement to make a short cut to the innumerable islands of the Pacific. The whole of Polynesia lay outside of the pale of civilisation. In Tahiti, the Sandwich group, and the northern peninsula of New Zealand, missionaries had barely sowed the first seeds of morals and enlightenment. The limited commerce of China and the Eastern Archipelago was engrossed by Europe, and took the route of the Cape of Good Hope, with the exception of a few annual vessels that traded from the sea-board States of the North American Union to Valparaiso and Canton. The wool of New South

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Wales was but coming into notice, and found its way to England alone round the Cape of Good Hope. An American fleet of whalers scoured the Pacific, and adventurers of the same nation carried on a desultory and inconsiderable traffic in hides with California, in tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl with the Polynesian Islands.

What then would have been the use of cutting a canal, through which there would not have passed five ships in a twelvemonth? But twenty years have worked a wondrous revolution in the state and prospects of these regions.

The traffic of Chili has received a large development, and the stability of its institutions has been fairly tried. The resources of Costa Rica, the population of which is mainly of European race, is steadily advancing. American citizens have founded a state in Oregon. The Sandwich Islands have become for all practical purposes an American colony. The trade with China—to which the proposed canal would open a convenient avenue by a western instead of the present eastern route—is no longer restricted to the Canton river, but is open to all nations as far north as the Yangtse-Kiang. The navigation of the Amur has been opened to the Russians by a treaty, and cannot long remain closed against the English and American settlers between Mexico and the Russian settlements in America. Tahiti has become a kind of commercial emporium. The English settlements in Australia and New Zealand have opened a direct trade with the Indian Archipelago and China. The permanent settlements of intelligent and enterprising Anglo-Americans and English in Polynesia, and on the eastern and western shores of the Pacific, have proved so many *depôts* for the adventurous traders with its innumerable islands, and for the spermaceti whalers. Then the last, but

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greatest addition of all, is California: a name in the world of commerce and enterprise to conjure with. There gold is to be had for fetching. Gold, the main-spring of commercial activity, the reward of toil—for which men are ready to risk life, to endure every sort of privation; sometimes, alas! to sacrifice every virtue; one most especially, and that is Patience. They will away with her now.

Till the discovery of the new Gold country how contentedly they dawdled round Cape Horn; creeping down one coast and up another; but now such delay is not to be thought of. Already, indeed, Panama has become the seat of a great, increasing, and perennial transit trade. This cannot fail to augment the settled population of the region, its wealth and intelligence. Upon these facts we rest the conviction that the time has arrived for realising the project of a ship canal there or in the near neighbourhood.

That a ship canal, and not a railway, is what is first wanted (for very soon there will be both), must be obvious to all acquainted with the practical details of commerce. The delay and expense to which merchants are subjected, when obliged 'to break bulk' repeatedly between the port whence they sail and that of their destination, is extreme. The waste and spoiling of goods, the cost of the operation, are also heavy drawbacks, and to these they are subject by the stormy passage round Cape Horn.

Two points present themselves offering great facilities for the execution of a ship canal. The one is in the immediate vicinity of Panama; where the many imperfect observations which have hitherto been made, are yet sufficient to leave no doubt that, as the distance is comparatively short, the summit levels are inconsiderable, and the supply of water ample. The other is some

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distance to the northward. The isthmus is there broader, but is in part occupied by the large and deep fresh-water lakes of Nicaragua and Naragua. The lake of Nicaragua communicates with the Atlantic by a copious river, which may either be rendered navigable, or be made the source of supply for a side canal. The space between the two lakes is of inconsiderable extent, and presents no great engineering difficulties. The elevation of the lake of Naragua above the Pacific is inconsiderable; there is no hill range between it and the Gulph of Canchagua; and Captain Sir Edward Belcher carried his surveying ship *Sulphur* sixty miles up the Estero Real, which rises near the lake, and falls into the gulph. The line of the Panama canal presents, as Humboldt remarks, facilities equal to those of the line of the Caledonian canal. The Nicaragua line is not more difficult than that of the canal of Languedoc, a work executed between 1660 and 1682, at a time when the commerce to be expedited by it did not exceed—if it equalled—that which will find its way across the Isthmus; when great part of the maritime country was as thinly inhabited by as poor a population as the Isthmus now is; and when the last subsiding storms of civil war, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV. unsettled men's minds and made person and property insecure.

The cosmopolitan effects of such an undertaking, if prosecuted to a successful close, it is impossible even approximately to estimate. The acceleration it will communicate to the already rapid progress of civilisation in the Pacific is obvious. And no less obvious are the beneficial effects it will have upon the mutual relations of civilised states, seeing that the recognition of the independence and neutrality in times of general war of the canal and the region through which it passes, is indispensable to its establishment.

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We have dwelt principally on the commercial, the economical considerations of the enterprise, for they are what must render it possible. But the friends of Christian missions, and the advocates of Universal Peace among nations, have yet a deeper interest in it. In the words used by Prince Albert at the dinner at the Mansion House respecting the forthcoming great Exhibition of Arts and Industry, 'Nobody who has paid any attention to the particular features of our present era will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end—to which indeed all history points—the realisation of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity, the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities. The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are gradually vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible speed; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirements placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power of lightning.'

Every short cut across the globe brings man in closer communion with his distant brotherhood, and results in concord, prosperity, and peace.

THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.

That little neck of land which lies between the head of the Red Sea and the Gulph of Gaza, in the Mediterranean, is the cause of merchandise circumnavigating the two longest sides of

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the triangular continent of Africa on its way to the East; instead of making the short cut which is available for passengers by what is called the 'overland route.' If a water-way were opened across the Isthmus, the highway for the goods traffic as well for the passenger traffic of Europe, India, China, and Australia, will be along the Mediterranean and Red Seas and the Indian Ocean. And that highway will be so thronged, that the expense of travelling by it will be reduced to a *minimum*, and the accommodations for travellers at intermediate stations raised to a *maximum* of comfort.

This state of affairs—analogous to that which occurs in the intercourse of two towns where there is a round-about road for carts and carriages, and a footpath across the meadows for foot-passengers only—is attended by great inconveniences. Letters relating to mercantile transactions are forwarded by the short cut; the merchandise to which they relate follows tardily by the round-about road. The advantageous bargain concluded now may have a very different aspect when the goods come to be delivered three or four months hence. The seven-league-boot expedition of letters, and the tardy progress of goods, convert all transactions between England and India into a game of chance. This fosters that spirit of gambling speculation already too rife among us.

Again, so long as the route for passengers continues to be something different and apart from the route for merchandise, the travelling charges will be kept higher, and the accommodations for travellers less comfortable than they would otherwise be. Railways, in arranging their tariff of fares, venture to reduce the charge for passengers (in the hope of augmenting their number) when they can rely upon the returns from the goods traffic to make up deficiencies. If merchandise, as well as travellers and

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letters, could be carried by what is called the overland route (of which scarcely two hundred miles are travelled by land,) the passengers' fares would admit of great reduction; and as that route would thus become the great highway, frequented by greater crowds, the accommodation of travellers could be better cared for. Travellers in carriages rarely reflect how much the amount of charges at inns depends upon the landlords having a profitable run of business among less distinguished guests.

As we remarked, when descanting on the Panama route, physical obstacles to the opening of short cuts are of much less consequence than those which originate in financial difficulties. Almost any physical obstacles may be overcome, if money can be profitably invested in the undertaking, and if money can be got for such investment.

Were we projectors of companies, and engaged in preparing an attractive prospectus, we might boldly declare that the obstacles in the construction of a ship canal at Suez are trifling, and that the work would prove amply remunerative. But being only impartial spectators, we are obliged to confess that our information respecting the nature of the country is lamentably defective, and that what we do know does not warrant any sanguine expectation. Public attention has been industriously directed from the true line of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The late Mehemet Ali—peace to his ashes!—was a humbug of the first water, and he knew how to avail himself of the services of kindred spirits. He understood enough of European whims and sentiments to know what tone of language he must adopt in order to persuade Europeans he was subserving their views, while he was, in reality, promoting his own. He talked, therefore, of facilitating the intercourse between India and Europe, but he thought of making that

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intercourse pass through his dominions by the longest route, and in the way which would oblige travellers to leave the greatest possible amount of money behind them; and to attain his ends he retained in his service a motley group of Europeans—the vain, the ignorant, and the jobbing, who did his spiriting after a fashion that bears conclusive testimony to his judgment and tact in selecting them.

What is really wanted for the commerce of Europe and India, is a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, by the shortest and least difficult route. What Mehemet Ali conceded was a land passage through his dominions by the longest possible route. The natural course of a ship canal is, in a straight line, from Suez to the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh: the line of transit conceded by Mehemet Ali is from Alexandria by Cairo to Suez, nearly three times as long. The former line passes across a low and well-watered region: the latter renders necessary an interchange of canal and river navigation, and dry land passage across the desert. The former might be passed in a day without halting: the latter occupies several days, and includes necessary stoppages in the inns of Alexandria and Cairo. But Mehemet Ali and his tools directed attention from the former, and gabbled about railways and other impracticabilities, and the European public was gulled. Egypt can be reached any day by a fortnight's easy and luxurious travel, and yet the country between the eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh and Suez is less accurately known than the Isthmus of Panama.

What we do know, with any degree of certainty about this transit, is briefly as follows:—The navigation of the Red Sea in the vicinity of Suez is rather intricate, abounding in shoals, but there is secure anchorage, and sufficient draft of water for merchant ships of considerable burden. The Mediterranean off the

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eastern extremity of Lake Menzaleh is rather shallow, tolerably sheltered from the west wind, which prevails for a part of the year, but exposed to the north wind. Between Suez and the site of the ruins of Pelusium at the eastern end of the lake, the land is low and level, apparently for a part of the way between the level of both seas. The low land receives in the wet season the drainings of the high land on the east, which is a northern continuation of the mountains between the gulfs of Suez and Akaba. In addition to this, the land to the westward (northward of the Mokattam mountains which terminate near Cairo) has a twofold slope,—the principal northward to the Mediterranean, the secondary eastward to the line of country we are now describing. Originally, there appears to have been a branch of the Nile entering the Mediterranean near where the ruins of Pelusium now are, and those intermediate branches between that and the Damietta branch.

The first mentioned is now closed, the other two very much obstructed; but their waters still find a way to the coast, though diminished by artificial works, and appear to be the cause of the collection of shallow water called Lake Menzaleh. Here, then, we have sixty geographical miles of a low country, with no considerable undulations, towards which the waters of Arabia Petræa flow in their season, and towards which a considerable portion of the waters of the Nile would flow if left to fall on the natural declivity of the country. There is an abundant supply of water for a ship canal. The surface of the ground is in some places covered with drift sand, but not uniformly nor even for the most part. The subsoil is hard, clayey or pebbley. The bent-grasses might be cultivated, as they have been in Holland, to give firmness to the drift sand where it occurs; and this superficial obstacle removed, the subsoil is favourable to the construction of a perma-

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nent water-channel. The great difficulty would be the construction of works by which access to the canal is to be obtained from the Mediterranean. Apparently they would require to be carried far out into the sea; and apparently it would be difficult to prevent their being sanded up by the waves which the north winds drive upon the coast for a great part of the year.

These difficulties, though great, are not insuperable. The advanced state of marine architecture and engineering ought surely to be able to cope with them. By re-opening the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and throwing into it the waters which would naturally find their way into the Tanitic and Mendesian branches, a sufficient stream of water might be thrown into the Mediterranean at Pelusium to keep a passage open by its *scour*. We must speak with diffidence about a locality which has yet been so imperfectly surveyed; but so far as the present state of our knowledge respecting it enables us to judge, there are no serious impediments to the construction of a ship canal from Pelusium to Suez, which would be perfectly accessible and practicable for vessels of from 300 to 350 tons burden; and there is a growing impression among merchants and skippers that this class of vessels is the best for trading purposes.

But the great difficulty remains yet to be noticed; the condition of government and civil security in that country. The Isthmus is close on the borders of civilised Europe, and ample supplies of effective labourers could be procured from Malta, and the Syrian and African coasts. But so long as the country is subject to a Turkish dynasty, could the undertakers count upon fair play and sufficient protection from the local authorities? And are the jealous powers of Europe likely to combine in good faith to afford them a guarantee that they should be enabled to prosecute their enterprise in security?

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The Golden City.

"THE fitful flame of Young Romance," fed by the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Fairy Tales and Heathen Mythologies; the wonderful fables of Genii and Magicians; stories of towns springing up, ready-built, out of deserts; tales of cities paved with gold; the Happy Valley of Rasselas; the territories of Oberon and Titania, Robert Owen's New Harmony, and the land of Cockaigne; Gulliver's Travels, the Adventures of Peter Wilkins, legends of beggars made kings, and mendicants millionaires; Sinbad the Sailor, Baron Munchausen, Law of Lauriston, Major Longbow, Colonel Crockett, the Poyais loan; illimitable exaggeration; undaunted lying; the most rampant schemes of the most rabid speculators; the wildest visions of the maddest poet; the airiest castle of the most Utopian lunatic—any one of these, and all of them put together, do not exceed the wondrous web of realities that is being daily woven around both hemispheres of the globe. Not to mention conversations carried on thousands of miles apart, by means of electricity, and a hundred other marvels that Science has converted into common places, we would now confine ourselves to the latest "wonderful wonder that has ever been wondered at"—the gold region of California; but more especially to its capital, San Francisco.

The story of the magic growth of this city would have defied belief, had it not rapidly grown up literally under the "eyes of Europe." When the returns were made to the United States' authorities in 1831, it contained three hundred and seventy-one

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individuals, and very few more resided in it up to the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, in the Sacramento River. Even in April, 1849, we learn from a credible eye-witness, that there were only from thirty to forty houses in San Francisco; and that the population was so small, that so many as twenty-five persons could never be seen out of doors at one time. There now lie before us two prints; one of San Francisco, taken in November, 1848, soon after the discovery was made, and another exactly a year afterwards. In the first we are able to count twenty-six huts and other dwellings dotted about at uneven distances, and four small ships in the harbour. In the second, the habitations are countless. The hollow, upon which the city partly stands, presents a bird's-eye view of roofs, packed so closely together, that the houses they cover are innumerable; while the sides of the surrounding hills are thickly strewed with tents and temporary dwellings. On every side are buildings of all kinds, begun or half-finished, but the greater part of them mere canvas sheds, open in front, and displaying all sorts of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods are piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets are full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses: Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in *sarapes* and sombreros, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it is impossible to recognise any especial nationality. In the midst is the plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. It lies on the slope of the hill; and, from a high pole in front of a long one-story adobe building used as the Custom House, the American flag is flying. On the lower side is the Parker House

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Hotel. The bay of San Francisco is black with the hulls of ships, and a thick forest of masts intercepts the landscapes of the opposite coast and the islet of Yerba Buena. Flags of all nations flutter in the breeze, and the smoke of three steamers is borne away on its wings in dense wreaths.—The first picture is one of stagnation and poverty, the other presents activity and wealth in glowing colors.

"Verily," says the correspondent of a Boston Paper, "the place was in itself a marvel. To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imported both lumber and houses, and where labor was then ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited, strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll—the next morning, a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping—two or three days afterwards a row of store houses, staring him in the face, intercepts the view."

An intelligent traveller from the United States has recorded his impressions of this marvellous spot, as he saw it in August, 1849:—

"The restless, feverish tide of life in that little spot, and the thought that what I then saw and was yet to see, will hereafter fill one of the most marvellous pages of all history, rendered it singularly impressive. The feeling was not decreased on talking that evening with some of the old residents, (that is of six months' standing,) and hearing their several experiences. Every new-comer in San Francisco is overtaken with a sense of complete

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bewilderment. The mind, however it may be prepared for an astonishing condition of affairs, cannot immediately push aside its old instincts of value and ideas of business, letting all past experiences go for nought and casting all its faculties for action, intercourse with its fellows, or advancement in any path of ambition, into shapes which it never before imagined. As in the turn of the dissolving views, there is a period when it wears neither the old nor the new phase, but the vanishing images of the one and the growing perceptions of the other are blended in painful and misty confusion. One knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream. Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing, satisfactorily to my own senses, the reality of what I saw and heard." *

The same gentleman, after an absence in the interior of four months, gives a notion of the rapidity with which the city grew, in the following terms:

"Of all the marvellous phases of the history of the Present, the growth of San Francisco is the one which will most tax the belief of the Future. Its parallel was never known, and shall never be beheld again. I speak only of what I saw with my own eyes. When I landed there, a little more than four months before, I found a scattering town of tents and canvas houses, with a show of frame buildings on one or two streets, and a population of about six thousand. Now, on my last visit, I saw around me an actual metropolis, displaying street after street of well-built edifices, filled with an active and enterprising people and exhibiting every mark of permanent commercial prosperity. Then,

* "Eldorado," by Bayard Taylor, correspondent of the "Tribune" newspaper.

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the town was limited to the curve of the Bay fronting the anchorage and bottoms of the hills. Now, it stretched to the topmost heights, followed the shore around point after point, and sending back a long arm through a gap in the hills, took hold of the Golden Gate, and was building its warehouses on the open strait and almost fronting the blue horizon of the Pacific. Then the gold-seeking sojourner lodged in muslin rooms and canvas garrets, with a philosophic lack of furniture, and ate his simple though substantial fare from pine boards. Now, lofty hotels, gaudy with verandas and balconies, were met with in all quarters, furnished with home luxury, and aristocratic restaurants presented daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian cuisine. Then, vessels were coming in day after day, to lie deserted and useless at their anchorage. Now scarce a day passed, but some cluster of sails, bound *outward* through the Golden Gate, took their way to all the corners of the Pacific. Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed, and bore fruit before the eyes of his spectators, San Francisco seemed to have accomplished in a day the growth of half a century."

In San Francisco everything is reversed. The operations of trade are exactly opposite to those of older communities. There the rule is scarcity of money and abundance of labour, produce, and manufactures; here cash overflows out of every pocket, and the necessaries of existence will not pour in fast enough. Mr. Taylor tells us, that a "curious result of the extraordinary abundance of gold and the facility with which fortunes were acquired, struck me at the first glance. All business was transacted on so extensive a scale, that the ordinary habits of solicitation and compliance on the one hand, and stubborn cheapening on the other,

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seemed to be entirely forgotten. You enter a shop to buy something; the owner eyes you with perfect indifference, waiting for you to state your want: if you object to the price you are at liberty to leave, for you need not expect to get it cheaper; he evidently cares little whether you buy it or not. One who has been some time in the country will lay down the money without wasting words. The only exception I found to this rule was that of a sharp-faced Down-Easter just opening his stock, who was much distressed when his clerk charged me seventy-five cents for a coil of rope, instead of one dollar. This disregard for all the petty arts of money-making was really a refreshing feature of society. Another equally agreeable trait was the punctuality with which debts were paid, and the general confidence which men were obliged to place, perforce, in each other's honesty. Perhaps this latter fact was owing, in part, to the impossibility of protecting wealth, and consequent dependence on an honourable regard for the rights of others."

While this gentleman was in San Francisco, an instance of the fairy-like manner in which fortunes are accumulated, came under his observation. A citizen of San Francisco died insolvent to the amount of forty-one thousand dollars the previous autumn. His administrators were delayed in settling his affairs, and his real estate advanced so rapidly in value meantime, that after his debts were paid, his heirs derived a yearly income from it of forty thousand dollars!

The fable of a city paved with gold is realised in San Francisco. Mr. Taylor reports:—"Walking through the town, I was quite amazed to find a dozen persons busily employed in the streets before the United States Hotel, digging up the earth with knives and crumbling it in their hands. They were actual gold-

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hunters, who obtained in this way about five dollars a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a piece of white paper. A number of children were engaged in the same business, picking out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin, moistened in their mouths. I was told of a small boy having taken home fourteen dollars as the result of one day's labor. On climbing the hill to the Post Office I observed in places where the wind had swept away the sand, several glittering dots of the real metal, but, like the Irishman who kicked the dollar out of his way, concluded to wait till I should reach the heap. The presence of gold in the streets was probably occasioned by the leakings from the miners' bags and the sweepings of stores; though it may also be, to a slight extent, native in the earth, particles having been found in the clay thrown up from a deep well."

The prices paid for labour were at that time equally *romantic*. The carman of one firm (Messrs. Mellus, Howard, and Co.) drew a salary of twelve hundred a year; and it was no uncommon thing for such persons to be paid from fifteen to twenty dollars, or between three and four pounds sterling per day. Servants were paid from forty to eighty pounds per month. Since this time (August, 1849), however, wages had fallen; the labourers for the rougher kinds of work could—poor fellows—get no more than something above the pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army, or about four hundred per annum. The scarcity of labour is best illustrated by the cost of washing, which was one pound twelve shillings per dozen. It was therefore found cheaper to put out washing to the antipodes; and to this day, San Francisco shirts are washed and "got up" in China and the

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Sandwich Islands. So many hundred dozens of dirty, and so many hundred dozens of washed linen form the part of every outward and inward cargo to and from the Golden City.

The profits upon merchandise about the time we are writing of, may be judged of by one little transaction recorded by Mr. Taylor:—"Many passengers," he writes, "began speculation at the moment of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by a gentleman of New York, who took out fifteen hundred copies of 'The Tribune' and other papers, which he disposed of in two hours, at one dollar a-piece! Hearing of this I bethought me of about a dozen papers which I had used to fill up crevices in packing my valise. There was a newspaper merchant at the corner of the City Hotel, and to him I proposed the sale of them, asking him to name a price. I shall want to make a good profit on the retail price,' said he, 'and can't give more than ten dollars for the lot.' I was satisfied with the wholesale price, which was a gain of just four thousand per cent."

The prices of food are enormous, and, unhappily, so are the appetites; "for two months after my arrival," says a respectable authority, "my sensations were like those of a famished wolf;" yet the first glance at the tariff of a San Francisco bill of fare is calculated to turn the keenest European stomach. "Where shall we dine to-day?" asked Mr. Taylor, during his visit. "The restaurants display their signs invitingly on all sides; we have choice of the United States, Tortoni's, the Alhambra, and many other equally classic resorts, but Delmonico's, like its distinguished original in New York, has the highest prices and the greatest variety of dishes. We go down Kearney Street to a two-story wooden house on the corner of Jackson. The lower story is a market; the walls are garnished with quarters of beef and mut-

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ton; a huge pile of Sandwich Island squashes fills one corner, and several cabbage-heads, valued at two dollars each, show themselves in the window. We enter a little door at the end of the building, ascend a dark, narrow flight of steps and find ourselves in a long, low room, with ceiling and walls of white muslin and a floor covered with oil-cloth. There are about twenty tables disposed in two rows, all of them so well filled that we have some difficulty in finding places. Taking up the written bill of fare, we find such items as the following:—

	Dol.	Cents.
SOUPS.		
Mock Turtle	0	75
St. Julien	1	00
FISH.		
Boiled Salmon, Trout, Anchovy Sauce	1	75
BOILED.		
Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce	1	00
Corned Beef, Cabbage	1	00
Ham and Tongues	0	75
ENTREES.		
Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce	1	75
Veal Cutlets, breaded	1	00
Mutton Chop	1	00
Lobster Salad	2	00
Sirloin of Venison	1	50
Baked Maccaroni	0	75
Beef Tongue, Sauce piquante	1	00

So that, with but a moderate appetite, the dinner will cost us five dollars, if we are at all epicurean in our tastes. There are cries of 'steward!' from all parts of the room—the word 'waiter' is not considered sufficiently respectful, seeing that the waiter may have been a lawyer or a merchant's clerk a few months before. The dishes look very small as they are placed on the table,

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but they are skilfully cooked and are very palatable to men that have ridden in from the diggings."

Lodging was equally extravagant. A bedroom in an hotel, 50*l.* per month, and a sleeping berth or "bunk"—one of fifty in the same apartment—1*l.* 4*s.* per week. Social intercourse is almost unknown. There are no females, and men have no better resource than gambling, which is carried on to an extent, and with a desperate energy, hardly conceivable. "Gambling," says a private correspondent, whose letter, dated April 20, 1850, now lies before us, "is carried on here with a bold and open front, so as to alarm and astonish one. Thousands and thousands change hands nightly. Go in, for instance, to a place called 'Parker House,' which is a splendid mansion, fitted up as well as any hotel in England; step into the front room, and you see five or six Monte, Roulette, and other gaming-tables, each having a bank of nearly half a bushel of gold and silver, piled up in the centre. That the excitement shall not be wholly devoid of diversion, the Muses lend their aid, and a band plays constantly to crowded rooms! Step into the next building, called 'El Dorado,' and there a similar scene is presented, and which is repeated, on a smaller scale, all over the town. The gamblers seem to control the town, but of course their days must be numbered. Fortunes are made or lost daily. People gamble with a freedom and recklessness which you can never dream of. Young men who come here must at all times resist gaming, or it must eventually end in their ruin: the same with drinking, as there is much of it here."

The variety of habits, manners, tastes, and prejudices, occasioned by the confluence in one spot of almost every variety of the human species, is another bar to a speedy deposit of all

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these floating and opposite elements into a compact and well assimilated community. "Here," writes the same gentleman, "we see the character and habits of the English, Irish, Scotch, German, Pole, French, Spaniard, and almost every other nation of Europe. Then you have the South American, the Australian, the Chilian; and finally, the force of this golden mania has dissolved the chain that has hitherto bound China in national solitude, and she has now come forth, like an anchorite from his cell, to join this varied mass of golden speculators. Here we see in miniature just what is done in the large cities of other countries; we have some of our luxuries from the United States and the tropics, butter from Oregon, and for the most part California, Upper or Lower, furnishes us with our beef, &c. The streets are all bustle, as you may imagine, in a place now of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, independent of a small world of floating population."

Not the smallest wonder, however, presented in this region, is the rapid manner in which social order was shaped out of the human chaos. When a new placer or "gulch" was discovered, the first thing done was to elect officers and extend the area of order. The result was, that in a district five hundred miles long, and inhabited by one hundred thousand people—who had neither government, regular laws, rules, military or civil protection, nor even locks or bolts, and a great part of whom possessed wealth enough to tempt the vicious and depraved,—there was as much security to life and property as in any part of the Union, and as small a proportion of crime. The capacity of a people for self-government was never so triumphantly illustrated Never, perhaps, was there a community formed of more unpropitious elements; yet from all this seeming

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chaos grew a harmony beyond what the most sanguine apostles of Progress could have expected. Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable connected with the capital of El Dorado, than the centre point it has become.

The story of Cadmus, who sowed dragons' teeth, and harvested armed men, who became the builders of cities; the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel; and the beautiful allegory of the lion lying down with the lamb; are all types of San Francisco. The first, of its sudden rise; the second, of the varieties of the genus Man it has congregated; and the third, of the extremes of those varieties, which range from the Polynesian savage to the most civilised individuals that Europe can produce. It is a coincidence well worthy of note, that, besides the intense attractions possessed from its gold, Upper or New California is of all other places the best adapted, from its geographical position, to become a rendezvous for all nations of the earth, and that the Bay of San Francisco is one of the best and most convenient for shipping throughout the western margin of the American continent. It is precisely the locality required to make a constant communication across the Pacific Ocean with the coasts of China, Japan, and the Eastern Archipelago commercially practicable. Its situation is that which would have been selected from choice for a concentration of delegates from the uttermost ends of the earth. If the Chinese, the Malay, the Ladrone, or the Sandwich Islander had wished to meet his Saxon or Celtic brother on a matter of mutual business, he would—deciding geographically—have selected California as the spot of assembly. The attractive powers of gold could not, therefore, have struck forth over the world from a better point than in and around San Francisco, both for the interests of commerce and for those of human intercourse.

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The practical question respecting the Golden City remains yet to be touched. Does it offer wholesome inducements for emigration? On this subject we can do no more than quote the opinions of the intelligent and enterprising gentleman, to whose private letter we have already referred:—"This, I should say, is the best country in the world for an active, enterprising, steady young man, provided he can keep his health, as the climate, without due precaution, is not a healthy one. In the summer season, the weather is pleasantly warm from morning till noon, then it is windy till evening, and dusty, and then becomes so cold as to require an over-coat. This weather lasts to October, when the wind gets round to the south-west. It is dry, warm, and pleasant now (April). This and the rainy season are the pleasantest and warmest here. Thousands, on arriving, fall victims to the prevailing disease of dysentery. On the latter account, therefore, I should not advise, or be the indirect means of inducing, any one to make the adventure here, because it is impossible to foresee or calculate whether or not he can stand the climate and inconveniences of this country; and, if so, he is sure to be exposed to a miserable and too often neglected sickness, and ending in a miserable death. I have not been ill myself so far, as my general health has been extremely good, and I never looked so well as now. The climate seems to operate injuriously on bilious habits; but to those who can stand it, it is decidedly pleasanter than England. Fires are never necessary. Out of doors, at night, a great-coat is required, but in the house it is always warm. The whole and only question, with a man making up his mind to locate in California, should be in regard to his health. Business of all descriptions is better here than in any other part of the world, and he who perseveres is sure to succeed.

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"There are various opinions afloat, in regard to the fertility of the soil, some holding that there are productive valleys in the interior which would supply sufficient sustenance for home consumption: others assert the reverse. Certain it is, however, that in many parts in the interior, the climate is delightful, but owing to the long continued dry season, I have doubts as to her ever raising a sufficient supply of vegetable necessaries of life: our market now is supplied from the Sandwich Islands and Oregon.

"As to gold mining, it is altogether a lottery; one man may make a large amount daily, another will but just live. There is an inexhaustible quantity of gold, however, but with many it is inconceivably hard to get, as the operations are so many, and health so very precarious, that it is a mere chance matter if you succeed in getting a large sum speedily. It seems a question whether it would not be advisable for the American Government to work the mines ultimately.

"California must 'go a-head:' the east will pour through the country her immense commerce into the States, and the mines will last for ages. Finally, I would now say to my friends, that, if you are inclined to come to this country, upon this my report of it, you must, to succeed, attend to my warnings as to drinking and gambling, and to my precautions against climate."

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Our Phantom Ship among the Ice.

YONDER is the coast of Norway; we shall soon be at Spitzbergen. The "Phantom" is fitted out for Arctic exploration, with instructions to find her way, by the north-west, to Behring Straits, and take the South Pole on her passage home. Just now, we steer due north, and yonder is the coast of Norway. From that coast parted Hugh Willoughby, three hundred years ago; the first of our countrymen who wrought an ice-bound highway to Cathay. Two years afterwards his ships were found, in the haven of Arzina, in Lapland, by some Russian fishermen; near and about them Willoughby and his companions—seventy dead men. The ships were freighted with their frozen crews, and sailed for England; but, "being unstaunch, as it is supposed, by their two years' wintering in Lapland, sunk, by the way, with their dead, and them also that brought them."

Ice floats about us now, and here is a whale blowing; a whale, too, very near Spitzbergen. When first Spitzbergen was discovered, in the good old times, there were whales here in abundance; then a hundred Dutch ships, in a crowd, might go to work, and boats might jostle with each other, and the only thing deficient would be stowage room for all the produce of the fishery. Now one ship may have the whole field to itself, and travel home with an imperfect cargo. It was fine fun in the good old times; there was no need to cruize. Coppers and boilers were fitted on the island, and little colonies about them, in the fishing season, had nothing to do but tow the whales in, with a boat, as fast as

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they were wanted by the copper. No wonder that so enviable a Tom Tidler's ground was claimed by all who had a love for gold and silver. The English called it theirs, for they first fished; the Dutch said, nay, but the Island was of their discovery; Danes, Hamburghers, Biscayans, Spaniards, and French put in their claims; and at length, it was agreed to make partitions. The numerous bays and harbours which indent the coast were divided among the rival nations; and, to this day, many of them bear, accordingly, such names as English Bay, Danes Bay, and so forth. One bay there is, with graves in it, named Sorrow. For it seemed to the fishers most desirable, if possible, to plant upon this island permanent establishments, and condemned convicts were offered, by the Russians, life and pardon, if they would winter in Spitzbergen. They agreed; but, when they saw the icy mountains and the stormy sea, repented, and went back, to meet a death exempt from torture. The Dutch tempted free men, by high rewards, to try the dangerous experiment. One of their victims left a journal, which describes his suffering and that of his companions. Their mouths, he says, became so sore that, if they had food, they could not eat; their limbs were swollen and disabled with excruciating pain; they died of scurvy. Those who died first were coffined by their dying friends; a row of coffins was found in the spring, each with a man in it; two men uncoffined, side by side, were dead upon the floor. The journal told how once the traces of a bear excited their hopes of fresh meat and amended health; how, with a lantern, two or three had limped upon the track, until the light became extinguished, and they came back in despair to die. We might speak, also, of eight English sailors, left, by accident, upon Spitzbergen, who lived to return and tell their winter's tale; but a

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long journey is before us, and we must not linger on the way. As for our whalers it need scarcely be related that the multitude of whales diminished as the slaughtering went on, until it was no longer possible to keep the coppers full. The whales had to be searched for by the vessels, and thereafter it was not worth while to take the blubber to Spitzbergen to be boiled; and the different nations, having carried home their coppers, left the apparatus of those fishing stations to decay.

Take heed. There is a noise like thunder, and a mountain snaps in two. The upper half comes, crushing, grinding, down into the sea, and loosened streams of water follow it. The sea is displaced before the mighty heap; it boils and scatters up a cloud of spray; it rushes back, and violently beats upon the shore. The mountain rises from its bath, sways to and fro, while water pours along its mighty sides; now it is tolerably quiet, letting crackers off as air escapes out of its cavities. That is an iceberg, and in that way are all icebergs formed. Mountains of ice formed by rain and snow—grand Arctic glaciers, undermined by the sea or by accumulation over-balanced—topple down upon the slightest provocation (moved by a shout, perhaps) and where they float, as this black looking fellow does, they need deep water. This berg in height is about ninety feet, and a due balance requires that a mass nine times as large as the part visible should be submerged. Icebergs are seen about us now which rise two hundred feet above the water's level.

There are above head plenty of aquatic birds; ashore, or on the ice, are bears, foxes, reindeer; and in the sea there are innumerable animals. We shall not see so much life near the North Pole, that is certain. It would be worth while to go ashore upon an islet there, near Vogel Sang, to pay a visit to the eider-ducks.

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Their nests are so abundant that one cannot avoid treading upon them. When the duck is driven by a hungry fox to leave her eggs, she covers them with down, in order that they may not cool during her absence, and, moreover, glues the down into a case with a secretion supplied to her by Nature for that purpose. The deserted eggs are safe, for that secretion has an odour very disagreeable to the intruder's nose.

We still sail northward, among sheets of ice, whose boundaries are not beyond our vision from the mast-head—these are "floes;" between them we find easy way, it is fair "sailing ice." In the clear sky to the north a streak of lucid white light is the reflection from an icy surface; that is "ice-blink," in the language of these seas. The glare from snow is yellow, while open water gives a dark reflection.

Northward still; but now we are in fog; the ice is troublesome; a gale is rising. Now, if our ship had timbers they would crack, and if she had a bell it would be tolling; if we were shouting to each other we should not hear; the sea is in a fury. With wild force its breakers dash against a heaped-up wall of broken ice, that grinds and strains and battles fiercely with the water. This is "the pack," the edge of a great ice-field broken by the swell. It is a perilous and an exciting thing to push through pack ice in a gale.

Now there is ice as far as eye can see, that is "an ice field." Masses are forced up like colossal tombstones on all sides; our sailors call them "hummocks;" here and there the broken ice displays large "holes of water." Shall we go on? Upon this field, in 1827, Parry adventured with his men, to reach the North Pole, if that should be possible. With sledges and portable boats they laboured on, through snow; and over hummocks, launching

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their boats over the larger holes of water. With stout hearts, undaunted by toil or danger, they went boldly on, though by degrees it became clear to the leaders of the expedition, that they were almost like mice upon a tread-mill cage, making a great expenditure of leg for little gain. The ice was floating to the south with them, as they were walking to the north; still they went on. Sleeping by day to avoid the glare, and to get greater warmth during the time of rest, and travelling by night,—watch-makers' days and nights, for it was all one polar day, the men soon were unable to distinguish noon from midnight. The great event of one day on this dreary waste, was the discovery of two flies upon an ice hummock; these, says Parry, became at once a topic of ridiculous importance. Presently, after twenty-three miles walking, they only had gone one mile forward, the ice having industriously floated twenty-two miles in the opposite direction; and then, after walking forward eleven miles, they found themselves to be three miles behind the place from which they started. The party accordingly returned, not having reached the Pole, not having reached the eighty-third parallel, for the attainment of which, there was a reward of a thousand pounds held out by government. They reached the parallel of eighty-two degrees, forty-five minutes, which was, and still is, the most northerly point trodden by the foot of man. From that point they returned. In those high latitudes they met with a phenomenon, common in alpine regions, as well as at the Pole, red snow. The red colour being caused by the abundance of a minute plant, of low development, the last dweller on the borders of the vegetable kingdom. Most interesting to the sailors was a fat she-bear which they killed and devoured with a zeal to be repented of; for on reaching navigable sea, and pushing in their boats to Table Island,

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where some stones were left, they found that the bears had eaten all their bread, whereon the men agreed that "Bruin was now square with them." An Islet next to Table Island—they are both mere rocks—is the most northern land discovered. Therefore, Parry applied to it the name of Lieutenant—now Sir James—Ross. This compliment Sir James Ross has acknowledged in the most emphatic manner, by discovering on his part, at the other pole, the most southern land yet seen, and giving to it the name of Parry: "Parry Mountains."

It very probably would not be difficult under such circumstances, as Sir W. Parry has since recommended, to reach the North Pole along this route. Then (especially if it be true, as many believe, that there is a region of open sea about the Pole itself) we might find it as easy to reach Behring's Straits, by travelling in a straight line over the North Pole, as by threading the strait and bays north of America.

We turn our course until we have in sight a portion of the ice-barred eastern coast of Greenland, Shannon Island. Somewhere about this spot in the seventy-fifth parallel is the most northern part of that coast known to us. Colonel—then Captain—Sabine in the "Griper," was landed there to make magnetic, and other observations; for the same purpose he had previously visited Sierra Leone. That is where we differ from our forefathers. They commissioned hardy seamen to encounter peril for the search of gold ore, or for a near road to Cathay; but our peril is encountered for the gain of knowledge, for the highest kind of service that can now be rendered to the human race.

Before we leave the northern sea, we must not omit to mention the voyage by Spitzbergen northward, in 1818, of Captain Buchan in the "Dorothea," accompanied by Lieutenant Franklin,

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in the "Trent." It was Sir John Franklin's first voyage to the Arctic regions. This trip forms the subject of a delightful book by Captain Beechey.

On our way to the south point of Greenland we pass near Cape North, a point of Iceland. Iceland, we know, is the centre of a volcanic region, whereof Norway and Greenland are at opposite points of the circumference. In connection with this district there is a remarkable fact; that by the agency of subterranean forces, a large portion of Norway and Sweden is being slowly upheaved. While Greenland, on the west coast, as gradually sinks into the sea, Norway rises at the rate of about four feet in a century. In Greenland, the sinking is so well known that the natives never build close to the water's edge, and the Moravian missionaries more than once have had to move farther inland the poles on which their boats are rested.

Our Phantom Ship stands fairly now along the western coast of Greenland into Davis Straits. We observe that upon this western coast there is, by a great deal, less ice than on the eastern. That is a rule generally. Not only the configuration of the straits and bays, but also the earth's rotation from west to east, causes the currents here to set towards the west, and wash the western coasts, while they act very little on the eastern. We steer across Davis Straits, among "an infinite number of great countreys and islands of yce;" there, near the entrance, we find Hudson Strait, which does not now concern us. Islands probably separate this well-known channel from Frobisher Strait to the north of it, yet unexplored. Here let us recall to mind the fleet of fifteen sail, under Sir Martin Frobisher, in 1578, tossing about and parting company among the ice. Let us remember how the crew of the "Anne Frances," in that expedition, built a pinnace

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when their vessel struck upon a rock, although they wanted main timber and nails. How they made a mimic forge, and "for the easier making of nails, were forced to break their tongs, gridiron, and fire-shovel, in pieces." How Master Captain Best, in this frail bark, with its imperfect timbers held together by the metamorphosed gridiron and fire-shovel, continued in his duty, and did "depart up the straights as before was pretended." How a terrific storm arose, and the fleet parted, and the intrepid captain was towed "in his small pinnesse, at the stern of the 'Michael,' thorow the raging seas; for the bark was not able to receive, or relieve half his company." The "tongs, gridyron and fire-shovell," performed their work only for as many minutes as were absolutely necessary, for "the pinnesse came no sooner aboord the ship, and the men entred, but she presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sunke at the ship's stern with all the poor men's furniture."

Now, too, as we sail up the strait, explored a few years after these events by Master John Davis, how proudly we remember him as a right worthy forerunner of those countrymen of his and ours who since have sailed over his track. Nor ought we to pass on without calling to mind the melancholy fate, in 1606, of Master John Knight, driven, in the "Hopewell," among huge masses of ice with a tremendous surf, his rudder knocked away, his ship half full of water, at the entrance to these straits. Hoping to find a harbour, he set forth to explore a large island, and landed, leaving two men to watch the boat, while he, with three men and the mate, set forth and disappeared over a hill. For thirteen hours the watchers kept their post; one had his trumpet with him, for he was a trumpeter, the other had a gun. They trumpeted often and loudly; they fired, but no answer came. They

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watched ashore all night for the return of their captain and his party, "but they came not at all."

The season is advanced. As we sail on, the sea steams like a lime-kiln, "frost-smoke" covers it. The water, cooled less rapidly, is warmer now than the surrounding air, and yields this vapour in consequence. By the time our vessel has reached Baffin's Bay, still coasting along Greenland, in addition to old floes and bergs, the water is beset with "pancake ice." That is the young ice when it first begins to cake upon the surface. Innocent enough it seems, but it is sadly clogging to the ships. It sticks about their sides like treacle on a fly's wing; collecting unequally, it destroys all equilibrium, and impedes the efforts of the steersman. Rocks split on the Greenland coast with loud explosions, and more icebergs fall. Icebergs we soon shall take our leave of; they are only found where there is a coast on which glaciers can form; they are good for nothing but to yield fresh water to the vessels; it will be all field, pack, and salt-water ice presently.

Now we are in Baffin's Bay, explored in the voyages of Bylot and Baffin, 1615-16. When, in 1817, a great movement in the Greenland ice caused many to believe that the northern passages would be found comparatively clear; and when, in consequence of this impression, Sir John Barrow succeeded in setting a-foot that course of modern Arctic exploration, which has been continued to the present day, Sir John Ross was the first man sent to find the north-west passage. Buchan and Parry were commissioned at the same time to attempt the North Sea route. Sir John Ross did little more on that occasion than effect a survey of Baffin's Bay, and prove the accuracy of the ancient pilot. In the extreme north of the bay there is an inlet or a

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channel, called by Baffin, Smith's Sound; this Sir John saw, but did not enter. It never yet has been explored. It may be an inlet only; but it is also very possible that by this channel ships might get into the polar sea and sail by the north shore of Greenland to Spitzbergen. Turning that corner, and descending along the western coast of Baffin's Bay, there is another inlet called Jones' Sound by Baffin, also unexplored. These two inlets, with their very British titles, Smith and Jones, are of exceeding interest. Jones' Sound may lead by a back way to Melville Island. South of Jones' Sound there is a wide break in the shore, a great sound, named by Baffin, Lancaster's, which Sir John Ross, in that first expedition, failed also to explore. Like our transatlantic friends at the South Pole, he laid down a range of clouds as mountains, and considered the way impervious; so he came home. Parry went out next year, as a lieutenant, in command of his first and most successful expedition. He sailed up Lancaster Sound, which was in that year (1819), unusually clear of ice; and he is the discoverer whose track we now follow in our Phantom Ship. The whole ground being new, he had to name the points of country right and left of him. The way was broad and open, due west, a most prosperous beginning for a north-west passage. If this continued, he would soon reach Behring's Strait. A broad channel to the right, directed, that is to say, southward, he entered on the Prince of Wales's birthday, and so called it the "Prince Regent's Inlet." After exploring this for some miles, he turned back to resume his western course, for still there was a broad strait leading westward. This second part of Lancaster Sound, he called after the Secretary of the Admiralty who had so indefatigably laboured to promote the expeditions, Barrow's Strait. Then he came to a

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channel, turning to the right or northward, and he named that Wellington Channel. Then he had on his right hand ice, islands large and small, and intervening channels; on the left, ice, and a cape visible, Cape Walker. At an island, named after the First Lord of Admiralty Melville Island, the great frozen wilderness barred farther progress. There he wintered. On the coast of Melville Island they had passed the latitude of one hundred and ten degrees, and the men had become entitled to a royal bounty of five thousand pounds. This group of islands Parry called North Georgian, but they are usually called by his own name, Parry Islands. This was the first European winter party in the Arctic circle. Its details are familiar enough. How the men cut in three days through ice seven inches thick, a canal two miles and a half long, and so brought the ships into safe harbour. How the genius of Parry equalled the occasion; how there was established a theatre and a "North Georgian Gazette," to cheer the tediousness of a night which continued for two thousand hours. The dreary dazzling waste in which there was that little patch of life, the stars, the fog, the moonlight, the glittering wonder of the northern lights, in which, as Greenlanders believe, souls of the wicked dance tormented, are familiar to us. The she-bear stays at home; but the he-bear hungers, and looks in vain for a stray seal or walrus—woe to the unarmed man who meets him in his hungry mood! Wolves are abroad, and pretty white arctic foxes. The reindeer have sought other pasture-ground. The thermometer runs down to more than sixty degrees below freezing, a temperature tolerable in calm weather, but distressing in a wind. The eye-piece of the telescope must be protected now with leather, for the skin is destroyed that comes in contact with cold metal. The voice at a mile's

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distance can be heard distinctly. Happy the day when first the sun is seen to graze the edge of the horizon; but summer must come, and the heat of a constant day must accumulate, and summer wane, before the ice is melted. Then the ice cracks, like cannons over-charged, and moves with a loud grinding noise. But not yet is escape to be made with safety. After a detention of ten months, Parry got free; but, in escaping, narrowly missed the destruction of both ships, by their being "nipped" between the mighty mass and the unyielding shore. What animals are found on Melville Island, we may judge from the results of sport during ten months' detention. The island exceeds five thousand miles square, and yielded to the gun, three musk oxen, twenty-four deer, sixty-eight hares, fifty-three geese, fifty-nine ducks, and one hundred and forty-four ptarmigans, weighing together three thousand seven hundred and sixty-six pounds—not quite two ounces of meat per day to every man. Lichens, stunted grass, saxifrage, and a feeble willow, are the plants of Melville Island, but in sheltered nooks there are found sorrel, poppy, and a yellow butter-cup. Halos and double suns are very common consequences of refraction in this quarter of the world. Franklin returned from his first and most famous voyage with his men all safe and sound, except the loss of a few fingers, frost-bitten. We sail back only as far as Regent's Inlet, being bound for Behring's Strait. The reputation of Sir John Ross' being clouded by the discontent expressed against his first expedition, Mr. Felix Booth, a rich distiller, provided seventeen thousand pounds to enable his friend to redeem his credit. Sir John accordingly, in 1829, went out in the "Victory," provided with steam machinery that did not answer well. He was accompanied by Sir James Ross, his nephew. He it was who,

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on this occasion, first surveyed Regent's Inlet, down which we are now sailing with our Phantom Ship. The coast on our right hand, westward, which Parry saw, is called North Somerset, but farther south, where the inlet widens, the land is named Boothia Felix. Five years before this, Parry, in his third voyage, had attempted to pass down Regent's Inlet, where, among ice and storm, one of his ships, the "Hecla," had been driven violently ashore, and of necessity, abandoned. The stores had been removed, and Sir John was able now to replenish his own vessel from them. Rounding a point at the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet, we find Felix Harbour, where Sir John Ross wintered. His nephew made from this point scientific explorations; discovered a strait called after him the Strait of James Ross, and on the northern shore of this strait, on the main land of Boothia, planted the British flag on the Northern Magnetic Pole. The ice broke up, so did the "Victory;" after a hairbreadth escape, the party found a searching vessel, and arrived home after an absence of four years and five months, Sir John Ross having lost his ship, and won his reputation. The friend in need was made a baronet for his munificence; Sir John was reimbursed for all his losses, and the crew liberally taken care of. Sir James Ross had a rod and flag signifying "Magnetic Pole," given to him for a new crest, by the Heralds' College, for which he was no doubt greatly the better.

We have sailed northward to get into Hudson Strait, the high road into Hudson Bay. Along the shore are Esquimaux in boats, extremely active, but these filthy creatures we pass by; the Esquimaux in Hudson Strait are like the negroes of the coast, demoralised by intercourse with European traders. These are not true pictures of the loving children of the north. Our

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"Phantom" floats on the wide waters of Hudson Bay—the grave of its discoverer. Familiar as the story is of Henry Hudson's fate, for John King's sake how gladly we repeat it. While sailing on the waters he discovered, in 1611, his men mutinied; the mutiny was aided by Henry Green, a prodigal, whom Hudson had generously shielded from ruin. Hudson, the master, and his son, with six sick or disabled members of the crew, were driven from their cabins, forced into a little shallop, and committed helpless to the water and the ice. But there was one stout man, John King, the carpenter, who stepped into the boat, abjuring his companions, and chose rather to die than even passively be partaker in so foul a crime. John King, we who live after, will remember you.

Here on an island, Charlton Island, near our entrance to the bay, in 1631, wintered poor Captain James with his wrecked crew. This is a point outside the Arctic circle, but quite cold enough. Of nights, with a good fire in the house they built, hoar frost covered their beds, and the cook's water in a metal pan before the fire, was warm on one side and froze on the other. Here "it snowed and froze extremely, at which time we, looking from the shore towards the ship, she appeared a piece of ice in the fashion of a ship, or a ship resembling a piece of ice." Here the gunner, who had lost his leg, besought that "for the little time he had to live, he might drink sack altogether." He died and was buried in the ice far from the vessel, but when afterwards two more were dead of scurvy, and the others, in a miserable state, were working with faint hope about their shattered vessel, the gunner was found to have returned home to the old vessel; his leg had penetrated through a port-hole. They "digged him clear out, and he was as free from noisomeness,"

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the record says, "as when we first committed him to the sea. This alteration had the ice, and water, and time, only wrought on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening we buried him by the others." These worthy souls, laid up with the agonies of scurvy, knew that in action was their only hope; they forced their limbs to labour, among ice and water, every day. They set about the building of a boat, but the hard frozen wood had broken all their axes, so they made shift with the pieces. To fell a tree, it was first requisite to light a fire around it, and the carpenter could only labor with his wood over a fire, or else it was like stone under his tools. Before the boat was made they buried the carpenter. The captain exhorted them to put their trust in God; "His will be done. If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England. They all protested to work to the utmost of their strength, and that they would refuse nothing that I should order them to do to the utmost hazard of their lives. I thanked them all." Truly the North Pole has its triumphs. If we took no account of the fields of trade opened by our Arctic explorers, if we thought nothing of the wants of science in comparison with the lives lost in supplying them, is not the loss of life a gain, which proves and tests the fortitude of noble hearts, and teaches us respect for human nature? All the lives that have been lost among these Polar regions, are less in number than the dead upon a battle-field. The battle-field inflicted shame upon our race—is it with shame that our hearts throb in following these Arctic heroes? March 31st, says Captain James, "was very cold, with snow and hail, which pinched our sick men more than any time this year. This evening, being May eve, we returned late from our work to our house, and made a

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good fire, and chose ladies, and ceremoniously wore their names in our caps, endeavouring to revive ourselves by any means. On the 15th, I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some shortly to eat, for as yet we could see no green thing to comfort us." Those pease saved the party; as they came up the young shoots were boiled and eaten, so their health began to mend, and they recovered from the scurvy. Eventually, after other perils, they succeeded in making their escape.

A strait, called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, leads due north out of Hudson's Bay, being parted by Southampton Island from the strait through which we entered. Its name is quaint, for so was its discoverer, Luke Fox, a worthy man, addicted much to euphuism. Fox sailed from London in the same year in which James sailed from Bristol. They were rivals. Meeting in Davis Straits, Fox dined on board his friendly rival's vessel, which was very unfit for the service upon which it went. The sea washed over them and came into the cabin, so says Fox, "sauce would not have been wanted if there had been roast mutton." Luke Fox being ice-bound and in peril, writes, "God thinks upon our imprisonment with a *supersedeas*;" but he was a good and honourable man as well as euphuist. His "Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome," leads into Fox Channel; our "Phantom Ship" is pushing through the welcome passes on the left-hand Repulse Bay. This portion of the Arctic regions, with Fox Channel, is extremely perilous. Here Captain Lyon, in the "Griper," was thrown anchorless upon the mercy of a stormy sea, ice crashing around him. One island in Fox Channel is called Mill Island, from the incessant grinding of great masses of ice collected there. In the northern part of Fox Channel, on the western shore, is

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Melville Peninsula, where Parry wintered on his second voyage. Here let us go ashore and see a little colony of Esquimaux.

Their huts are built of blocks of snow, and arched, having an ice pane for a window. They construct their arched entrance and their hemispherical roof, on the true principles of architecture. Those wise men, the Egyptians, made their arch by hewing the stones out of shape, the Esquimaux have the true secret. Here they are, with little food in winter and great appetites; devouring a whole walrus when they get it, and taking the chance of hunger for the next eight days—hungry or full, for ever happy in their lot—here are the Esquimaux. They are warmly clothed, each in a double suit of skins sewn neatly together. Some are singing, with good voices, too. Please them, and they straightway dance; activity is good in a cold climate. Play to them on the flute, or if you can sing well, sing, or turn a barrel-organ, they are mute, eager with wonder and delight; their love of music is intense. Give them a pencil, and, like children, they will draw. Teach them and they will learn, oblige them and they will be grateful. "Gentle and loving savages," one of our old worthies called them, and the Portuguese were so much impressed with their teachable and gentle conduct, that a Venetian ambassador writes, "His serene majesty contemplates deriving great advantage from the country, not only on account of the timber of which he has occasion, but of the inhabitants, who are admirably calculated for labour, and are the best I have ever seen." The Esquimaux, of course, will learn vice, and in the region visited by whale ships, vice enough has certainly been taught him. Here are the dogs, who will eat old coats, or anything; and, near the dwellings, here is a snow-bunting,—robin redbreast of the Arctic lands. A party of our sailors once, on landing, took some sticks from a large heap,

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and uncovered the nest of a snow-bunting with young; the bird flew to a little distance, but seeing that the men sat down and harmed her not, continued to seek food and supply her little ones, with full faith in the good intentions of the party. Captain Lyon found a child's grave partly uncovered, and a snow-bunting had built its nest upon the infant's bosom.

Sailing round Melville Peninsula, we come into the Gulf of Akkolee, through Fury and Hecla Straits, discovered by Parry. So we get back to the bottom of Regent's Inlet which we quitted a short time ago, and sailing in the neighbourhood of the magnetic pole, we reach the estuary of Back's River, on the north-east coast of America. We pass then through a strait, discovered in 1839, by Dean and Simpson, still coasting along the northern shore of America, on the Great Stinking Lake, as Indians call this ocean. Boats, ice permitting, and our "Phantom Ship," of course, can coast all the way to Behring's Strait. The whole coast has been explored by Sir John Franklin, Sir John Richardson, and Sir George Back, who have earned their knighthoods through great peril. As we pass Coronation Gulf—the scene of Franklin, Richardson, and Back's first exploration from the Coppermine River—we revert to the romantic story of their journey back, over a land of snow and frost, subsisting upon lichens with companions starved to death, where they plucked wild leaves for tea, and ate their shoes for supper; the tragedy by the river; the murder of poor Hood, with a book of prayers in his hand; Franklin at Fort Enterprise, with two companions at the point of death, himself gaunt, hollow-eyed, feeding on pounded bones, raked from the dunghill; the arrival of Dr. Richardson and the brave sailor; their awful story of the cannibal Michel;—we revert to these things with a shudder. But we must continue on our

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route. The current still flows westward, bearing now large quantities of drift wood, out of the Mackenzie River. At the name of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, also, we might pause, and talk over the bold achievements of another Arctic hero; but we pass on, by a rugged and inhospitable coast, unfit for vessels of large draught,—pass the broad mouth of the Youcon, pass Point Barrow, Icy Cape, and are in Behring's Strait. Had we passed on, we should have found the Russian Arctic coast line, traced out by a series of Russian explorers; of whom the most illustrious —Baron Von Wrangell—states, that beyond a certain distance to the northward, there is always found what he calls the *Polynja* (open water). This is the fact adduced by those who adhere to the old fancy that there is a sea about the pole itself quite free from ice.

We pass through Behring's Straits. Behring, a Dane by birth, but in the Russian service, died here in 1741, upon the scene of his discovery. He and his crew, victims of scurvy, were unable to manage their vessel in a storm; and it was at length wrecked on a barren island, there, where "want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair, were their daily guests." Behring, his lieutenant, and the master died.

Now we must put a girdle round the world, and do it with the speed of Ariel. Here we are already in the heats of the equator. We can do no more than remark, that if air and water are heated at the equator, and frozen at the poles, there will be equilibrium destroyed, and constant currents caused. And so it happens, so we get the prevailing winds, and all the currents of the ocean. Of these, some of the uses, but by no means all, are obvious. We urge our "Phantom" fleetly to the southern pole. Here, over the other hemisphere of the earth, there shines another

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hemisphere of heaven. The stars are changed; the southern cross, the Magellanic clouds, the "coal-sack" in the milky way, attract our notice. Now we are in the southern latitude that corresponds to England in the north; nay, at a greater distance from the pole, we find Kerguelen's Land, emphatically called "The Isle of Desolation." Icebergs float much further into the warm sea on this side of the equator, before they dissolve. The South Pole is evidently a more thorough refrigerator than the North. Why is this? We shall soon see. We push through pack-ice, and through floes and fields, by lofty bergs, by an island or two covered with penguins, until there lies before us a long range of mountains, nine or ten thousand feet in height, and all clad in eternal snow. That is a portion of the Southern Continent. Lieutenant Wilkes, in the American exploring expedition, first discovered this, and mapped out some part of the coast, putting a few clouds in likewise,—a mistake easily made by those who omit to verify every foot of land. Sir James Ross, in his most successful South Pole Expedition, during the years 1839–43, sailed over some of this land and confirmed the rest. The Antarctic, as well as the Arctic honours he secured for England, by turning a corner of the land, and sailing far southward, along an impenetrable icy barrier, to the latitude of seventy-eight degrees, nine minutes. It is an elevated continent, with many lofty ranges. In the extreme southern point reached by the ships, a magnificent volcano was seen spouting fire and smoke out of the everlasting snow. This volcano, twelve thousand four hundred feet high, was named Mount Erebus; for the "Erebus" and "Terror," now sought anxiously among the bays, and sounds, and creeks of the North Pole, then coasted by the solid ice walls of the south. Only as "Phantoms" can we cross this land and

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live. These lofty mountain ranges, cold to the marrow, these vast glaciers and elevated plains of ice, no wonder that they cast a chill about their neighbourhood. Our very ghosts are cold, and the volcanoes only make the frost colder by contrast. We descend upon the other side, take ship again, and float up the Atlantic, through the tropics. We have been round the world now, and among the ice, and have not grown much older since we started.

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My Pearl-Fishing Expedition.

CEYLON has for centuries been famed for the richness and value of its pearls. Its oyster banks are said to have furnished those which the voluptuous Cleopatra quaffed in her wine to the health of Marc Antony. The "Barbaric Pearl" was ever a favourite ornament amongst the Greek and Roman ladies; and it is still as highly prized by the native princes of India. The most costly produce of the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries is carried, by Moorish and Hindoo traders, to the Indian Continent: the least valuable are mostly exported to the countries of Europe.

The reader need hardly be informed that the pearl is a substance found secreted in the flesh of a peculiar species of non-edible oyster, which is met with on the north-west coast of Ceylon, as well as in the Persian Gulf, in the Sooloo Islands, on the coast of Algiers, in the Bay of Panama, and in one or two other places. These oysters are more prettily shaped than the edible oysters of this country. The interior of the shell has a most beautiful mother-o'-pearl appearance. The finest pearls are usually found in the beard of the oyster, whilst the smaller varieties, and those known as *seed pearls*, are met with in the thick part of the flesh. Some have been seen as large as pistol-bullets, and one is on record as having been worth one hundred and ten thousand pounds. The average value, however, of the middling sizes is about three or four pounds; whilst the smaller sizes are to be had for a few shillings.

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Since the possession of Ceylon by the British, the Pearl Fishery has proved a source of considerable revenue to the Government; yielding, occasionally, as much as eighty thousand pounds per annum. The season for fishing is during the month of March; just when the force of the north-east monsoon has passed over, and previous to the first appearance of the south-west winds. The oyster banks are situated off a point of land called Aripo, on the west coast of the island, far to the north of Colombo, and not very distant from "Adam's Bridge;" a ridge of rocks crossing the Samubin Channel, nearly from Ceylon to the most southern point of the Indian Continent. The Banks are numerous and mostly of but a few miles in extent; they are out of sight of land, which is here very low, so that to fish them requires some degree of experience and skill. The exclusive right to this Fishery rests with the Ceylon Government; and this right was, for many years, sold by public auction or by private tenders, to native renters. In more recent times the Government fished the Banks on their own account, disposing of the oysters, as brought on shore, by auction.

On the 25th of February, 1836, I arrived in the Bay of Condaletry, the anchorage of Aripo, a passenger on board the Government barque "Wellington," of whose commander I was the guest. The Inspector of the Pearl Banks was also on board, with his own boat and crew; his lugger was fitted up very comfortably with awnings and cushions, precautions I soon found highly necessary on such service.

Early the next morning I landed with the Inspector at Silawatorre, a small village, distant a few miles from the station at Aripo. This was a most miserable little place, consisting of but a single row of small mud huts, standing in hot and dusty soli-

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tide, with a few lonely parched up palms near them; but far as the eye could reach, inland or coastwise, there was nothing to break the monotony of endless sand-plains, save the distant white walls of the "Doric;" a lofty, stuccoed Government building near Aripo, which glistened and shone so brilliantly in the rays of the morning sun as to make one's eyes blink again. For miles around lay countless heaps of snowy oyster shells, bleached by the suns of many monsoons. Ridge over ridge, heap upon heap, they seemed to have no end; and one might well have imagined that, in years long past, some conflicting armies of oysters had met to do battle on those sea-washed sands, and left their many hecatombs of slain unburied on those wastes.

There were a few dirty women, and thin-faced children on the beach, whose curiosity had for the moment overcome their sloth. Further on under three palms, stood the *Adapanaar* of Aripo, or headman of the district; a fine grey-bearded old man, attended by his deputy the *Maniagar*, and a few seedy looking followers armed to the teeth with paper umbrellas and painted sticks. The inspector adjourned with these strange-looking officials to a thatched open bungalow, by a small flag-staff, where they were soon engrossed in details respecting the approaching fishery. The scene was altogether so desolate and uninteresting, and the sun was becoming so powerful, that I was glad to return to the ship by the first opportunity—a native canoe.

The following morning we stood out for the "Banks," near which the anchor was dropped, and for several days, the Inspector and his boat's crew were occupied in placing buoys with little blue and red flags attached, upon the edges of the several beds which were to be poked. The weather was oppressively hot; the sky was without a cloud to break the intensity of the sun's

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rays; the sea-breeze blew faintly and fitfully, scarcely rippling the surface of the water, which seemed as though it were a sea of some molten metal.

On the 5th of March we returned to our anchorage in Condaletry Bay; but this time closer to the shore. I could not help being amused at the pantomimic change which had, during our absence, come over the dull mud-village and dusty plains on shore. It was as though Harlequin had, with his wand, transformed all those piles of shells I had left on the beach, into living masses of dusky human beings. The Genius of the Wonderful Lamp must have given his vessel an extra rub, and conjured up the inhabitants of some subterranean world to astonish us on our return. The very sands of the plain seemed to be redolent of life. The miserable row of low, dirty huts had either been levelled to the ground, or were hidden from sight by numberless gaily-coloured booths or *Pandals*, of all sorts of shapes and sizes, ornamented with the pale green leaves of the Palmyra and Cocoa Palm, and long stripes of white cloth. There were thousands of natives flocking and struggling down to the beach, as though they expected us to bring on shore all the wealth of the Pearl Banks. Our anchorage-ground was opposite the little flag-staff; and, about us as thick as they could be moored, lay fully two hundred native boats of various sizes, though of one build, being a sort of rakish-looking barge; so sharp and knowing, both forwards and aft, that one might have imagined them to have been bloated and corpulent London wherries. They were each manned by ten oarsmen, a *Tandal* or steersman, and his deputy, besides a cooley for baling out the water; for most of these crafts leak freely. They measure from eight to twelve tons, yet there are very few nails about them; the omnipotent

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cocoa-nut fibre serving to fasten nearly all Cingalese vessels and boats together.

I could not resist the temptation presented by the motley scene on shore. Accordingly, towards the evening, I landed, and mixed amongst the busy, endless throng. It seemed almost incredible that the gay place I then beheld, could have been the same that not many days since I had left so silent and desolate. There was the flag-staff, however, now enclosed by a broken fence, and guarded by a detachment of Malay riflemen. Further off, towering high above the *Pandals* and bazaars, were the dazzling white walls of the Doric. It was with the utmost difficulty that I forced my way through the dense moving mass; the noise, the crowd, the heat, the smell, the motley colours, all served to annoy and perplex, whilst they amused. All these thousands were congregated to share in, or derive some profit from the fishery about to take place. All appeared anxious to learn if the day had been fixed; how many boats would be employed; and for how long. A few of the more respectable traders passed around me, in the hope of gathering some information on these points; but in vain. Wealthy Hindoo merchants; Moormen and Malabar Chettys from the opposite coasts of India; Parawa traders from the Madura shore; Arabs, Banians, and Parsees, from Bombay and Madras; dealers from the Persian Gulf; Tamils, Jews, Chinese, Portuguese, Dutch, half-castes, Cingalese, Malays; all were there, in their many gaily-coloured and varied costumes, making up what might well have been taken for a masquerade in the open air.

Long rows of bazaars stretched as far as the eye could reach; gaudily decorated, and filled to the roof with wares and merchandise of every conceivable kind, as though the swarms of visitors

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were expected to dwell there for a twelvemonth at least. Booths full of sweet-meats, strong liquors, and native drinks, tempted the hungry and the thirsty on all sides. In the middle stood a rather humble sized building, with a white flag flying from one corner of its leafy roof, and strings of little lamps and flowers hung across the doorway. The sound of heavy tom-toms, and shrilly-shrieking pipes, resounded from within, and told plainly enough its sacred character. It was a temple hastily erected by the priests of the shrine of Ramisseram—a famed sanctuary on the Indian shore—where, it is said by Bramin legends, Adam rested ere passing over to Ceylon to end his days. Further on was a Buddhist temple, with its yellow and white flowers, cloths and flags, and its yellow-robed, bald-headed, keen-eyed, old priests. These gentry reap a rich harvest during the fishery by ordinary offerings, the sale of charms for the divers, and lucky "*olaks*" for those who intend to bid for oysters. Besides all these sources of income, the priests lay claim to charity, or temple oysters, a small proportion from each boat-load out of the divers' shares, and which most of the natives are weak and ignorant enough to concede to them.

At one of the large ornamental arrack-booths, a crowd of boatmen and divers was assembled, listening to the lusty harangue from a tall ungainly figure. I could scarcely distinguish amidst so many in the throng. I found out that he was a Shark-Charmer, and reaped no little gain from his vocation. The divers, I learnt, were so persuaded of his mystic powers over the monsters of the deep, that no bribes or threats would induce them to venture into the sea without his presence. This "Charmer" stood quite six feet high, a dark, long-haired Bramin, with bright, cat-like eyes, and heavy, shaggy eyebrows. His black hair was

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matted together with dirt and filth; his skin was marked in many places with mysterious characters in chalk: his brawny neck and arms were ornamented with strings of heavy black beads. It was hardly to be wondered at, that such a character should possess some influence over the benighted Indians—the boatmen and divers; it was not difficult, however, to perceive that most of his excitement was derived from the little squat bottles which graced the dirty shelves of the Arrack Bazaar.

After a lapse of four days, spent by the Inspector, the Magistrate of the District, the Government Agent, and the *Adapanaar*, in various arrangements;—in publishing notices and issuing instructions connected with the fishery—the first diving day was determined on, and the boats, to the number of two hundred, were forthwith put in readiness.

The day previous to the fishery, the "Wellington" once more stood out for the "Banks," with the Inspector and Government Agent on board. The boats, with their respective complements of divers, were to leave precisely at midnight, so as to arrive on the banks before day-light, the wind being at that time off the land and in their favour. In order to see as much as possible of their proceedings, I remained to accompany the fleet with the old *Adapanaar* in his ten-oared cutter. I lay down at dusk in a small shed attached to the temporary military quarters, intending to snatch a few hours' repose. But I soon found sleep was quite out of the question; the noise in the bazaars was greater than ever, and it was with an effort that I made myself heard by the attendants, above the din of voices, tom-toms and pipes. I walked out and found the boatmen and divers, far from attempting any rest previous to their heavy labours, merry-making on the sea beach. Many were dancing, many beating time on

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the tom-tom; hundreds were chaunting their wild songs, and all had been well supplied with toddy and arrack. The night was pitchy dark, and but few stars were visible over the bright glare of many torches. A huge bonfire blazed over the flag-staff, lighting up bazaars, palm-trees, and temples, in one lurid glare, and flinging a few rays on the distant shining walls of the Doric. The Shark-Charmer, too, stood in all his glory, on the summit of one of the vast heaps of blanched oyster shells; he was holding forth to the assembled crowd with shouts and wild gesticulations, and as the glare of the fire shot past him, he appeared to be clothed in flame, while his gaunt arms flung titanic shadows along the distant plain, like those of a monster windmill hard at work in the midnight breeze.

The appointed time drew near; a gong sent forth a few notes of thunder, and with magic suddenness the dancing, singing, and drinking ceased. The Shark-Charmer stole away, no one knew where; some thought to pray, more probably into the Arrack Bazaar; the boatmen, divers, and government Peons, crowding down the beach and through the water, passed to their appointed posts in the boats. More than four thousand human beings packed themselves into those frail-looking craft, and yet they were not so crowded as not to leave room for the oysters. The *Adapanaar* led me to his cutter; we seated ourselves, and he gave orders to the head *Tandal*, or commodore of the fleet, to make all ready. Then arose a low indistinct murmur, which gradually swelled into hollow thunder: the echo of thousands of voices. The boatmen rose up on their benches, flung high their arms, opened their huge mouths and rolled their shining eyes. What could all this mean? Was it a revolt? No,—the Shark-Charmer was missing from his post; without his potent presence not a boat

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of all the fleet would put to sea. A detachment of Peons, and a few Malay riflemen were despatched in search of the "holy" truant. In a few minutes they returned leading the charmer of the deep staggering along in a most mysterious manner, and flinging his arms about him as though possessed. The Peons rolled him very unceremoniously into one of the largest boats, where he fell on the flooring with a heavy crash.

The *Adapanaar* gave the final signal amidst a momentary hush; and a small field-piece was fired from the base of the flag-staff, half-a-dozen rockets shot into the air and scattered themselves in a thousand stars over our heads, and away went the two hundred boats in gallant style! A loud discordant shout was raised on shore, answered lustily by the crews and divers, and then all was still again. The land breeze was fresh; the water smooth as glass; and our fleet made rapid way. The large yellow bamboo masts, pointed high in air, with their enormous, beautifully white transparent sails filling with the breeze, and lit up by the bonfire on shore, seemed as though they were a host of huge winged creatures of the deep, hastening to their sea-homes far away. On the soft cushions of our roomy craft, I laid me down beneath the awning's shade, and slept some quiet hours. I started from my rest on hearing some one near me giving orders in a loud voice. It was still dark, and looking out I perceived a bright small light not very far distant. It was a signal-light at the mast-head of the "Wellington." We were close to the "Banks," and in a few minutes I was on board the vessel. The fleet went astern, and there quietly awaited day-light. By the time we had sipped a cup of hot coffee, and smoked a cheroot, it was broad daylight, and then a move was made. I passed once more to the soft cushions of the cutter, the *Adapanaar* saw all

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ready, and in a few minutes a gun was fired, and off we went as before.

The fishing-grounds lay above half a mile a-head of the bark, and arriving on them, it occupied some time to arrange the many boats in proper order, so as to prevent delay or confusion. The sun had risen, bright and gorgeous, over the land. All eyes were turned towards the "Wellington," awaiting the expected signal to commence operations. Five divers in each boat were mounted on the gunwales, armed with their diving-stones, nets, and ropes; the remaining five stood eagerly watching them. The Inspector was standing on the vessel's poop—the boatswain by his side, with the signal halyards in his hands. Minutes seemed hours. At last there was a move on deck, and the signal-flag rose slowly upwards; the union-jack fluttered in the morning breeze, and just as it touched the mast-head, a thousand divers, with their stones and nets, plunged silently into the sea. I shall not easily forget the sensation I experienced when I saw the crowd of human beings sink, as by magic, in the depths below, leaving but a few bubbles to mark their downward path. I pulled out my watch; a minute elapsed, and not one of all the thousand appeared; a minute and a quarter—a minute and a half—three quarters—two minutes—still not a soul rose to the surface. I dreaded some fearful calamity. Two minutes and a quarter had flown; the drops of perspiration gathered thickly on my forehead; my hands trembled, so that I could scarce hold my watch. I turned to the *Adapanaar* in an agony of anxiety, for he was sitting calm and quiet as an oyster. How gladly my heart beat when I saw first a dozen heads and shoulders, then fifty, then five hundred and more, ascend to the surface, bubbling and spluttering, as well they might after such a submarine excursion. And then

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the bustle and excitement began in good earnest, on all sides. The boatmen helped to pull in the nets full of oysters: the divers, but little fatigued, climbed over the boats' sides, and saw their fish counted into distinct heaps by the Peon in charge of the boat. Each net appeared to have brought up from fifty to seventy oysters. As the last of the divers came over the boats' sides, the five hundred who had quietly waited their turn rose up, and, with their nets and stones, plunged in as their comrades had before them, as rapidly and as silently.

The arrangements for diving are exceedingly simple:—the diving-stone is a piece of granite, conical-shaped, and weighing about ten pounds; through one end of it a double cord of coir is reve, of sufficient length to reach the bottom easily, one end of it being secured to the boat. When about to plunge in, the diver places his right foot on the stone and between the double cord, using it as a stirrup; the weight suffices to hasten his descent, and on arriving at the bottom, the stone is cast away and pulled up by the boatman, so as to be clear of the net-rope: this rope is stouter, and single. The diver seizes the hoop of the net firmly between the toes of his left foot—for the natives use their toes as actively as we do our fingers; and when on the bank below, grasps the net in his left hand, flings himself flat on his face, and sweeps the oysters rapidly into his coir bag with his right hand. When he has secured sufficient fish, he gives his comrades above the signal by jerking the net-rope; they immediately commence hauling it in. To give himself an impetus upwards, the diver lays hold of the net for a second or two, then raises his hands together above his head, and rapidly floats to the surface.

From the commencement of the diving, the old Shark-Charmer had stationed himself on the stern of his boat, which was in

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the centre of the fleet; occasionally he muttered a short prayer or charm, flourishing his long arms about in his accustomed manner; but at intervals he descended to sip something from a cocoa-nut shell bottle, doubtless to aid him in his exorcisms. During one of his potations, and about one hour before mid-day, we were suddenly startled by hearing a shrieking and howling in one of the distant boats, followed by a terrible commotion, and loud cries of—"The Shark! The Shark!" Our boat was immediately pulled to the scene of commotion, and there, sure enough, one of those monsters of the deep had been at work. A poor diver was being pulled into the boat, lacerated, and bleeding profusely, the water all around being deeply tinged with blood. One leg was nearly severed from his body, and the pain had caused him to faint away. The alarm went rapidly round from boat to boat; the divers left the water, and it was soon evident that there would be no more fishing on that day. So effectually did the accident paralyse that mass of people, that all, with one accord, sat gazing vacantly at each other, neither speaking nor moving. After a time, some of the boats, without orders, began to leave the fishing ground, and were soon followed by the rest, making their way to the "Wellington." The Inspector was too well acquainted with native prejudice to attempt any expostulation on this diversion: he, however, sent for the old Shark-Charmer, who attended the summons with the utmost effrontery. In reply to the question, how he dared to permit a shark to injure a diver in the employ of the British Government, he said there were some spirits adverse to the powers he possessed; and that, during the brief time of his taking a little refreshment, one of those antagonists had broken his charm and unloosed the jaws of the shark! All was now vain—no more fish-

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ing; and, although the sea breeze was still lagging lazily behind, the fleet pushed shorewards, the boatmen plying their oars for a few miles. An hour later the breeze came up from the south-west—fitfully at first—then steadily up went the great spider-legged bamboo masts and the wide winged sails and the sharp-nosed boats slipped noiselessly landward.

Our approach to the shore was signalised by a gun; thousands were again on the beach awaiting our coming, and anxious to hear of our success. As we drew near, a long, wild shout rent the air; then a pause. No reply was given from the boats, the spirits of all were depressed by the accident, not so much from sympathy with the poor sufferer, as from a feeling that the accident at so early a stage was a bad omen.

The whole of the fleet having reached the shore, a party of Malay riflemen and Peons cleared an open space between them and the crowd on the beach, so as to allow the unloading of the boats, which was at once commenced. The oysters were divided on the sandy shore, into four equal parts, three of which went to the Government, or the renter, as the case might be; the remaining fourth was shared amongst the boatmen, the divers, the *Tandal* and the boat-owner; the divers receiving twice as much as the boatmen, and the owner rather more than the divers. The Government oysters were carried up in baskets to large bamboo enclosures, called *Cottoos*, where they were kept until sold by auction on the following day. The native shares of the fish were disposed of in a similar way; though sometimes they were retained by their owners on their own account, and the pearls found in them sold afterwards.

I did not go off to the next day's fishing, being desirous of witnessing the oyster auction; the boats, however, went as before,

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the Shark Charmer having woven a spell of extra potency; which, it was said, would astonish the marine monsters, and secure their jaws as effectually as if fastened by Chubb's detector locks. The biddings were carried on with an eagerness almost amounting to frenzy. The oysters were offered in lots of one thousand, taken from the *Cottoos* indiscriminately. Some fine looking fellows went as high as six pounds the thousand; many, however, were knocked down for half that price, and not a few realised no more than fifteen shillings a lot, about the price of ordinary native oysters in England. Had the bidders believed that their admission into Paradise depended on their obtaining a few lots of these oysters, their mad excitement could scarcely have been exceeded. One old man, a Moorman, I particularly noticed. His entire suit of wearing apparel could hardly have been worth one of the oysters he had been bidding for. Avarice was deeply marked in his sharp features; and when he at last succeeded in obtaining one lot, I thought he would have gone wild with joy. He leaped about, danced, laughed, and sung bits of old musty ditties. Nor was he quiet until he had removed his heap to a miserable little shed hard by. There he sat down, close beside his lot of fish, and burying his head between his hands with the elbows resting on his knees, remained contemplating his little fortune, longing, yet half afraid, to open some of them. I left him thus gazing on the oysters, as though each living thing held his own life and immortality within its rocky shell.

There were many wealthy traders there from all parts of India; but many more had with difficulty scraped together sums varying from a dozen pagodas to a dozen dollars; men who had purchased or borrowed the means of bidding at this intoxicating

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auction; men who had left their famished families without the means of obtaining a mouthful of rice; who had torn the gold bangles and ear-rings from their wives and children, and melted them into ingots, to deal in the maddening trade of Aripo. Some returned home rich beyond their expectations; some with little fortunes; but many went back ruined, beggared, and broken-hearted, to repay their loans or pledges; while some fled in terror to strange lands—having lost the means of replacing monies taken by them from sources of trust—being ruined in means and reputation. All this happens at every Pearl Fishery, and is not to be prevented, save by offering the fish in larger lots, which, though it might not prove quite so remunerative to the Government, would save much evil and suffering.

No further accidents from sharks happened whilst I was on the "Banks;" but in truth, at the end of the first week of the fishery, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of returning to Colombo in a Government boat. The novelty of the scene had worn off; one day's operations were precisely those of another. The scenes of drunken riot and dissipated phrenzy were daily becoming more violent and disgusting. Added to this, the intolerable stench from the accumulating myriads of oysters hastening to decomposition, rendered a residence on shore, within a mile or two of the *Cottoos*, quite intolerable to one who did not in any way partake of the excitement of the lottery in pearls.

The oysters are left in heaps for about thirty days, at the end of which time they become perfectly decomposed. In that state they are placed in a large canoe, and well but carefully washed with plenty of water, so as to remove the rotten portion of the fish, leaving the pearls and the shells in the water. Some of the more needy purchasers have not patience to await this process,

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but at once proceed to work by opening the fresh oysters, and so learn their good fortune or their beggary. So eager are all to make money at these auctions, that the *Cottoos*, or bamboo enclosures and the washing-places, are all offered for sale at the expiration of the cleansing processes, and eagerly purchased by those who hope to discover in the sandy ground, some pearls which may have escaped the care of the former occupants. This they often succeed in doing.

Some conception may be formed of the immense masses of oysters which at these times lay putrifying on the burning sands of Aripo, when I mention that each boat will bring on shore, in one trip, from ten to twenty thousand of fish, making a daily total of from two to four millions for the whole fleet. The extremely hazardous results of these auctions may be gathered from the fact, that whilst in some instances as many as a hundred pearls of various weights and value are found in one oyster of large size, one hundred oysters may be opened without finding in them a single pearl.

The natives of India have a singular belief, with regard to the origin of pearls:* it is, that those beautiful concretions are congealed dew-drops, which Buddha, in certain months, showers upon the earth, and are caught by the oysters whilst floating on the waters to breathe. The priests—ever alive to their own interests—keep up the strange belief, and make it the pretext for exacting from the divers and boatmen of their faith what are termed "charity oysters," for the use of Buddha, who, when thus propitiated, according to their showing, will render the fish more rich in pearls in future seasons.

* The true explanation of the formation of pearls in the oyster is to be found in our first Volume, pp. 466-67.

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Our Phantom Ship.

JAPAN.

WE may as well go by the North-west Passage as by any other, on our phantom voyage to Japan. Behring's Straits shall be the door by which we enter the Pacific Ocean. We are soon flitting between islands; from the American peninsula of Aliaska runs a chain of islands, the Aleutian,—which lie sprinkled upon our track, like a train of crumbs dropped by some Tom Thumb among the giants, who may aforetime have been led astray, not in the wood, but on the water. If he landed on Kamtchatka, from the point of that peninsula he made a fresh start, dropping more crumbs,—the Kurile Islands,—till he dropped some larger pieces, and a whole slice for the main land of Japan, before he again reached the continent and landed finally on the Gorea. In sailing by these islands, we have abundant reason to observe that they indicate main lines of volcanic action. From Behring's Strait, in fact, we enter the Pacific, between two great batteries of subterranean fire. Steering for Japan, we pass, on the Kamtchatkan coast, the loftiest volcano in the old world, Kamtchatskaja (fifteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet). Following the course of the volcanic chain of Kurile Islands, of which the most northerly belong to Russia, the southern Kuriles are the first land we encounter subject to Japan. We do not go ashore here, to be sent to prison like Golownin, for we are content, at present, to remember that the natives of these islands are the hairiest among men. We sail on, too polite to outrage Japanese propriety by landing,

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even from a Phantom Ship, on the main island; so we sail to Kiusiu, and run into the bay of Nagasaki. The isles of Japan, calling rocks islands, are in number three thousand eight hundred and fifty. The main island, Nippon, is larger than Ireland, and is important enough to have been justly called the England of the Pacific Ocean.

Only there is a mighty difference between this England, talking about liberty, or cherishing free trade, and that Dai Nippon; in which not a soul does as he pleases, and from which the commerce of the whole world is shut out. Dai (or great) Nippon is the name of the whole state, which the Chinese modify into Jih-pun, and which we have further altered to Japan. On Kiusiu, a large southern island, Nagasaki is the only port into which, on any possible excuse, a foreign vessel is allowed to enter. This port we are now approaching; the dark rocks of the coast line are reflected from a brilliant sea; we pass a mountain island, cultivated to the very summit, terrace above terrace; green hills invite us to our haven, and blue mountains in the distance tempt us to an onward journey. There are white houses shining among cedars; there are pointed temple roofs; boats with their sails up make the water near us lively; surely we shall like Japan. We enter the bay now, and approach Nagasaki, between fruitful hills and temple groves, steeps clothed with evergreen oak, cedars and laurels; picturesque rocks, attacked by man, and wheedled out of practicable ground for corn and cabbages. There is Nagasaki on a hillside, regularly built, every house peeping from its little nest of greens; and there is the Dutch factory, named Dezima. Zima in Japanese means "island," for this factory is built upon an island. No Europeans but the Dutch; no Dutch except these managers of trade who are locked up in Dezima, may traffic with Japan:

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and these may traffic to the extent only of two ships yearly, subject to all manner of restrictions. As for the resident Dutch, they are locked up in Dezima, which is an island made on purpose for them. As if three thousand eight hundred and fifty were not enough, another little island, fan-shaped, was built up out of the sea a few yards from the shore of Nagasaki. There the Dutchmen live; a bridge connects their island with the mainland, but a high gate and a guard of soldiers prevent all unseasonable ramblea. In another part of the town there is a factory allowed to the Chinese. Other strangers entering this port are treated courteously, are supplied gratuitously with such necessaries as they want, but are on no account allowed to see the town, still less to penetrate into the country, and are required to be gone about their business as soon as possible. Strangers attempting entry at any other port belonging to Japan, are without ceremony fired upon as enemies. The admitted Dutch traders are rigorously searched; everything betraying Christianity is locked up; money and arms are removed, and hostages are taken. Every man undergoes personal scrutiny. The Dutch are allowed no money. The Japanese authorities manage all sales for them; pay the minutest items of expenditure, and charge it on the profits of their trade, which are then placed on the return vessel, not in money, but in goods. The Japanese deal justly, even generously, in their way; but it is their way to allow the foreigners no money power. They restrict their exports almost wholly to camphor and copper, and allow no native workmanship to go abroad. Yet among themselves, as between one island and another, commerce is encouraged to the utmost. The Japanese territories range in the temperate zone through a good many degrees, and include all shades of climate between that of Liverpool and that of Constantinople. Between island

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and island, therefore, busy interchange takes place by means of junks, like these which now surround us in the Nagasaki harbour. You can observe how weak they look about the sterns, with rudders insecure. The law compels them to be so; for that is an acute device by which they are prevented from travelling too far: they dare not trust themselves too boldly to the mercy of the sea, and as it is, many wrecked men accuse the prudence of their lawgivers. But life is cheap; the population of Japan is probably near thirty millions,—and who should care for a few dozen mariners?

If you please we will now walk up into Nagasaki, with our phantom cloaks about us. Being in a region visited by earthquakes, of course we find the houses of one story, lightly built; they are built here of wood and clay with chopped straw,—coated over like our town suburban villas, with cement. Paper, instead of glass, for window panes, Venetian blinds, and around each house a verandah, we observe at once. But our attention is attracted from the houses to the people. How very awkardly they slip along! With so much energy and vigour in their faces, how is it that they never thought of putting reasonable shoes upon their feet? They wear instead of shoes mere soles of wood or matting, held to the foot each by a peg which runs between the great toe and its neighbour, through a hole made for that purpose in the sock. These clouts they put away on entering a house, as we should put away umbrellas, and wear only socks in-doors. Nevertheless the people here look handsome in their loose, wide gowns, bound by a girdle round the waist, with long sleeves, of which, by the bye, you may perceive that the dependent ends are Japanese coat-pockets. Thence you see yonder gentleman drawing his nose-paper,—one of the little squares of clean white paper always

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ready in the sleeve-pocket to serve the purpose of our handkerchief. That little square when used is, you see, thrown away; but if the gentleman were in a house he would return it to his pocket, to be got rid of in a more convenient place. The women's robes are like those of the men in form, but richer in material, more various with gold and colour. As to the head equipment, we observe, however, a great difference between the sexes. The men shave their own heads, leaving hair only at the back part, and upon the temples, which they gather forward, and tie up into a tuft. The women keep their entire crop of hair standing, and they make the most of it; they spread it out into a turban, and stick through it not a few pieces of polished tortoiseshell, as big as office-rulers.* Inviting admiration, the young beauty of Japan paints her face red and white, and puts a purple stain upon her lips; but the remaining touches are forbidden to a damsel till her heart is lost. The swain who seeks to marry her, fixes outside her father's house a certain shrub; if this be taken in-doors by the family, his suit he knows to be accepted; and when next he gets a peep at his beloved, he watches with a palpitating heart the movement of her lips, to see whether her teeth be blackened; for by blackened teeth she manifests the reciprocal affection. Only after marriage, however, is the lady glorified with a permission not only to have black teeth, but also to pull out her eyebrows.

Those are not little beggars yonder trotting by that lady who is so magnificently dressed; they are her children. The children of the Japanese are all dressed meanly, upon moral grounds.

* Hats are not used by either sex except in rainy weather, but every Japanese carries a fan; even the beggar yonder holds his fan to that young lady, whereupon she drops her charitable gift.

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Notice those gentlemen who bow to one another; the ends of a scarf worn by each of them exactly meet the ground, yet one bows lower than another, and they go on walking in the bowed position until each has lost the other from his sight. Those scarfs are regulated by the law; each man must bow so that his scarf shall touch the ground, and it is so made long or short, that he may humble himself more or less profoundly in exact accordance with his rank.

Of rank there are eight classes after the Mikado and the Ziogoon, whom we shall come to visit in our travels presently. There are, one, the princes; two, the nobles, who owe feudal service to the prince, or the empire; three, the priests; and four, the soldiers; these four form the higher orders, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and petticoat trousers. Class five counts as respectable; inferior officials and doctors constitute this class, and wear one sword with the trousers. Merchants and respectable tradesmen form class six, whose legs may not pollute the trousers, though, by entering themselves as domestics to a man of rank, they may enjoy the privilege of carrying one sword. These are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated. Class seven—artists, artisans, and petty shopkeepers. Class eight—day labourers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, &c., are excluded from classification. They are defiled, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own, so thoroughly unrecognised, that Japanese authority, in measuring the miles along a road, breaks off at the entrance of a currier's village, leaving it excluded from his measurement, which is resumed upon the other side. So, if we travel post, we get through leather-sellers' villages for nothing.

These houses in Nagasaki, which at a distance looked so much

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like mansions, are the store-rooms wherein tradesmen keep their valuable stock, and families their valuable furniture. For desolating fires are common in the towns and cities of Japan; so common that almost every house is prudently provided with a fire-proof store-room, having copper shutters to the windows, and the walls covered a foot thick with clay. Attached to each is a large vessel of liquid mud, with which the whole building is smeared on an alarm of fire; and this method of fire-insurance is exceedingly effective, where there is nothing like a Sun or Atlas Company to fall upon, and the most abstemious of fires eats up, at any rate, a street.

That door is open, and there is no horse-shoe over it—there's not an iron horse-shoe in Japan,—so two ghosts slip into the house unperceived. First, here is a portico for palanquins, shoes, and umbrellas; into this the kitchens open. In the back apartments we shall find the family. We walk into the drawing-room, and there the master sits. It is most fortunate that we are now invisible; for, did we visit in the flesh, we should be teased by the necessities of Japanese civility. That gentleman would sit upon his heels before us; we should sit on our heels before him; we should then all bow our heads as low as possible. Then we should make compliments to one another, the answer to each being, "*He, he, he!*" Then pipes and tea would be brought in; after this we might begin to talk. Before we left we should receive sweetmeats on a sheet of white paper, in which it would be our duty to fold up whatever we did not eat, and put it in our pockets. Eat what you like, and pocket what remains, is Japanese good-breeding. At a dinner party the servant of each guest brings baskets, that he may take away his master's portion of the feast. This master, however, is unconscious of our sha-

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dowy appearance, and continues busy with his book. It is Laplace, translated into Japanese, through Dutch. The Japanese are thoroughly alive to the advanced state of European science, and on those fixed occasions when the Dutchmen from the factory visit the capital, the Dutch physician is invariably visited by the native physicians, naturalists, and astronomers, who display on their own parts wonderful acumen, and most dexterously pump for European knowledge. Scientific books in the Dutch language they translate and publish into Japanese. The country has not been shut up out of contempt for foreigners, and native men of science have so diligently profited by opportunities afforded from without, that they construct by their own artificers, barometers, telescopes, make their own almanacks, and calculate their own eclipses. Hovering about this gentleman, our eyes detect at once that the impression on his page is taken from a wood-cut imitation of hand-writing; moveable types are not yet introduced into Japan. The writing, like Chinese, is up and down the page, and not across it. Three or four different characters seem to be used indiscriminately, and some of them are certainly Chinese. The good folks of Dai Nippon are indebted to the Chinese for the first strong impulse to their civilisation; not being themselves of Chinese origin, but a distinct branch of the Mongolian family. Their language is quite different, and has exceedingly long words, instead of being built up, like Chinese, of monosyllables. Japanese written in Chinese character is understood by any Chinaman; but so would English be, since Chinese writing represents ideas. So, if a Spaniard writes five, an Englishman reads it as "five," and understands correctly, yet the Spaniard would tell you that he wrote not "five," but "cinco."

Hovering still about this gentleman, and beguiled, by the

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strangeness of all things we see, into a curiosity like that of children, we admire his sword. The hilt is very beautiful, composed of various metals blended into a fine enamel. This enamel is used in Japan where Europeans would use jewels, because the art of cutting precious stones is not known to the Japanese. For the blade of this sword it is not impossible that a sum has been given not unlike a hundred pounds; the tempering of steel is carried to perfection in Japan, where gentlemen are connoisseurs in sword-blades. Young nobles lend their maiden swords to the executioner (who is always chosen from the defiled leather-selling race) that they may be tried upon real flesh and blood; as executions in Japan are generally cruel, and some criminals are hacked to death, rather than killed outright, the swords on such occasions are refreshed with a fair taste of blood. The mats upon the floor are the next things we notice; a thick matting of straw forms a substratum, over which are spread the fine mats, elegantly fringed. To see that lackered work inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which we familiarly call Japan, in its perfection, we must evidently visit it at home. Anything of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as this little table, is not to be found in Europe. Whatever trinkets pass out of these islands into Europe, do so *nayboen*,—that is, with secret connivance,—but the first-rate manufactures are in no way suffered to come to us. Without *nayboen*, life would be insupportable in a minute wilderness of rules and customs. People even die *nayboen;* that is, a man lies unburied, and is said to be alive, when his death otherwise would lead to disagreeable results. Here, as elsewhere, when rules are made intolerably strict, evasion is habitual. The amount that cannot be evaded is astonishing enough, as we shall see ere we return to England; now we are in the house of this

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gentleman at Nagasaki. His wife enters, and by their mutual behaviour, it is evident that ladies in Japan are to their husbands very much what ladies are in England. This lady passes to the garden; the room ends with a projecting angle open to the garden on each side, a sort of bay, which every house has; and if there be no more ground than just the supplementary triangles on each side to complete the square, still there is always that; and that is always quite enough, for want of more. It is enough to spend a fortune upon, in dwarf trees and vegetable curiosities. The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Meylan saw growing, a fir, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste? O dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves, in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put. One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large

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book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every case. It is the Japanese "Use of the globes" to ladies' schools. To boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good-breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the harakiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honour of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practise all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appear inevitable, he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connections, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before shame came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from that participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent. Now we must leave this house, in which we have spent perhaps a little too much time: yet in the whole time we did not once hear the squalling of a baby, though a baby was there certainly. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Meek, he is informed that in Japan, children, until they are three years old, are not allowed to wear anything tight about their persons.

Now we are once more in the streets of Nagasaki, and observe,

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that for a gentleman to turn his back upon a friend, is true politeness, in this most original of lands. It signifies that he who so turns is unworthy to behold the face, &c. A bridal procession passes us; the bride in her long white veil. There is a touch of poetry connected with that veil; it literally is the shroud in which she will be buried.

We are out of town now, and delighting in the open country. Exquisite views of hill, and dale, and wood, and water, tempt the sight. Rice fields, of course, we pass; rice is a staple article of diet to the Japanese, as to so many other millions of the human race. It is the vegetable food that finds its way into more mouths than any other. There is wheat, also, in Japan, used chiefly for making cakes and soy; barley for feeding cattle. The cattle being used as beasts of draught and burden, it is thought improper to kill them, or to deprive the young calves of their milk; the Japanese, therefore, refrain from milk and beef. They eat great quantities of fish, poultry, and venison. In the country gardens we see quinces, pears, plumbs, cherries, peaches, oranges, and citrons too; bean-fields abound, and farms, of which the hedges are all tea. Where soil and climate favour, many a hill-side, in Japan, is cultivated as a tea plantation; but beyond this, the tea plant is used by the farmers generally as a hedge, from which they gather their own leaves, and dry tea for home use, just as our farmers brew their own October beer. Now we are flitting under cedar groves, now under firs, now under mulberry plantations for the silk-worm; every good point in the landscape is occupied by a temple, which is composed of one large edifice and many little ones; the little ones are used by pleasure parties. There is a snake, and there you see in the tree a long-tailed monkey (*Inuus speciosus*); there is no other kind of monkey in

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these islands, and the snakes are all of species found nowhere else. The tree frog and the eatable frog live in the north of Nippon. Here we have squirrels. There are no lions and tigers; there is not a single animal of the cat tribe known upon these islands; you can meet with nothing worse than a wild boar. Great pains are taken to destroy the foxes. Here are pheasants without game-laws, and the peacock yonder looks as if he felt himself at home. Several palanquins have passed us on the road, varying much in shape and minor details. The shape of the palanquin, the length of the poles, their position, the way in which they are held, and the number of holders, are all fixed so as to accord precisely with the rank of the good gentleman inside. The number of attendants in the train, even of an inconsiderable man, is startling; and as for a prince, he might be setting out to conquer China. The roads are good, and there is no lack of horsemen, but we have not seen draught carriages; perhaps these hills are an impediment to travelling by such conveyance; roads over hills and mountains being simply flights of steps.

Hollo! What couple scampers by in such a hurry? 'Tis the post; the greatest princes must put by their etiquette, and get out of its way. One man runs with the letters, and another keeps pace with him to supply his place in case of illness or accident; if both posts fail, the nearest man, whatever be his dignity, must do their work for them. These posts are never housed; but each pair, at the conclusion of a stage, finds the next couple waiting to catch the important bundle thrown to them, and set off instantly, before the spent runners have reached the spot where they may halt and get their wind again. Goods are conveyed on pack-horses or oxen over land; but water transit by lakes, rivers, or canals, is much more common. The roads are well swept, for the

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farmers on each side diligently scrape up all manure: and as men with brooms clear the way before a traveller of rank, the highway is kept in a very neat condition. Men selling straw clouts for travellers, and straw shoes for the horses, which require, of course, frequent renewal, pick up a living by the roadside, and we pass them frequently. Observe that mighty camphor-tree, which every traveller has mentioned. To Kæmpfer it was venerable for its age in the year 1691: still it is healthy, and so large that fifteen men can stand within its hollow. Hot springs, of course, we pass in a volcanic country. There is a coal-mine also here, though charcoal is the fuel usually burned.

We have now crossed Kiusiu, and reached the seaport of Kokura, where we find our Phantom Ship in readiness to take us through a sea covered with islets, to the large island of Nippon. We shall disembark, and travel very rapidly through Ohosaka to Miyako, where the divine Mikado holds his court. We pass some strange-looking men covered with matting, each of whom has in his hand a long wooden spoon. The spoon is their cockle-shell, for they are pilgrims travelling in the most pious form, as beggars, to the shrine of their own goddess. This pilgrimage is made by all good Japanese—the oftener the better, especially as they grow old, because they get each time full absolution from the priests for their past sins.

The sun goddess and the Mikado are allied together; and as we now are journeying towards a seat of government, we can do nothing better than discuss the Japanese religion. It begins with an Oriental "once upon a time," of gods who reigned for a few millions of years apiece, above whom there was, and is, and ever will be, one supreme God, free from care. The last of seven royal gods said to his wife one day, "There's earth some-

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where, I'm sure!" and so he poked about with his spear in the water, feeling for it. Drops falling from his spear-point made the islands of Japan. Then this god made eight millions of other gods, and also created the ten thousand things. Having ordered matters to his satisfaction, he made a present of his Japanese earth to his pet daughter, the sun goddess. The sun goddess reigned only two hundred and fifty thousand years, and her four successors filled the next two million; the last of the four, being the great-great-grandson of the sun goddess, fancied a mortal life, and left a mortal boy, who reigned on earth, and was the first Mikado; from him all Mikados are descended. This is the native Japanese religion, called Sintoo; worshipping the sun goddess, and *Kami*, which are minor gods, or saints. The Sintoos bow before no images, but put as emblems in their temples a sheet of white paper and a mirror, to denote the soul pure and incapable of stain. The worshipper kneels, gazes at the mirror, offers sacrifice of fruit or rice, deposits money, and retires. Upon this creed Buddhism has been grafted; but the religion of the learned Japanese is Sintoo—a philosophic moral doctrine which they cherish secretly, while outwardly observing rites prescribed by custom.

But *revenons à nos Mikados:* the first Mikado, though of fabulous descent, is an historical person, Zin-mu-ten-woo, and with him Japanese history begins—at a period from whence we date rational annals in some other countries, about 660 B. C. We will note those points of history that are essential to a comprehension of the present government. Mikados followed each other, sole rulers, and powerful, until they fell into a trick of abdicating in favour of their children, and then doing the duty without being annoyed by the ceremonies of their office. That had its inconvenient results, for presently came one Mikado who

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married the daughter of a powerful papa; and when the time came for retirement, and he had abdicated in favour of a son three years old, the powerful papa thrust him aside into a prison, and usurped the regency. A civil war was the result of this; Yoritomo leaped up as champion of the imprisoned man, so recently a king, released him, and restored him to the regency over his infant son. For this essential service good Yoritomo was made a sort of field-marshal, or Ziogoon. The ex-Mikado dying, left Yoritomo the guardian of his son; and so for twenty years the Ziogoon was regent. Infant Mikados still continuing to be the fashion, regency became hereditary to the Ziogoons; and these last being men, it eventually came to pass that the Mikado was stripped of all power, and converted into a magnificent doll, while the real court was transferred to Jéddo, where the Ziogoons reside. Retributive justice we shall meet with in a little while, but we have now reached Miyako, the Mikado's residence, and nominally still the capital of Nippon.

Poor Mikado, what a miserable honour he must think it is to be divine! He represents the sun goddess on earth, and is required to sit upon his throne quite still, and without moving his head for several hours every day, lest the whole earth should be unsteady. When not sitting, he must leave his crown upon the throne to keep watch in his absence. Being so very holy, he is deprived of all use of his legs; earth is not worthy of his tread. His nails and hair are never cut—for who may mutilate a god? Every article of dress that he puts on must be bran new; his plates, and cups, and dishes, everything he touches at a meal—even the kitchen utensils used in cooking for him—must not be used twice, and of course no profane man may employ what has been sanctified by the Mikado's use. Whatever clothes he puts

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off are immediately burned; his pots and vessels are destroyed. This hourly waste being a heavy pull on the finances of the Ziogoon, the divine victim gets only the coarsest slops to dress in, and eats off the cheapest crockery. No wonder that he still keeps up the fashion of resigning. His palace is circumscribed with palisades, and an officer residing without the gate spies all his actions, and reports them to the Ziogoon. Still the poor fellow is divine. The gods, it is believed, all spend a month at his place, during which month they are not at home in their own temples, and worship is accordingly suspended. The Mikado grants religious titles, fixes feasts and fasts, and settles doctrinal disputes. Thus there arose once schism in Japan about the colour of the devil. Four factions respectively declared him to be black, white, red, and green. The theologic knot was given to the Mikado that day to unravel, who, knowing the obstinacy of theologians well, declared all parties to be right; and so the devil of Japan remains to this day a four-coloured monster. Offices of state in the Mikado's court—the Dairi it is called—are above all in honour, objects of ambition even to the Ziogoon. The dwellers in the Dairi with the holy prisoner, both male and female, are the most refined and cultivated Japanese. From their ranks are supplied the poets of the land, who sing the beauties of the rapid Oyewaga, or legends of the snow-capped Foesi.

Miyako is the classic ground, the Athens, of Japan. But we must go on to the Japanese London, Jeddo, the real capital, a grand metropolis, with about one million, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course there is a wilderness of suburb; there are endless streets; there is a river through the town which flows into the bay, from which this capital is not far distant. There are bridges; there is a vast multitude of people thronging to and

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fro; there are shops, signs, inscriptions. We will walk into a theatre; for here, as in the days of Æschylus, performances take place by day. There is a pit, and there are tiers of elegant seats, which answer to our boxes; the scenery and dresses are handsome, only in scene-painting there is no perspective. As in the early European drama, the subjects illustrated are the deeds of gods and heros: not more than two speakers occupy the scene at once; boys act the female characters. Several pieces are performed, each piece divided into acts, and the plan is to give after Act I. of the first play, Act I. of the second, and then to begin the third, before taking the series of second acts. As each actor in each piece plays also several parts, one might consider this arrangement to be rather puzzling. Gentlemen go out after the act of any piece they wish to hear, and attend to other matters till the next act of the same piece shall come on; but ladies sit with pleasure through the whole. Dear souls! they steal a march upon our feminine box ornaments; for they bring with them a collection of dresses to the play, slip out during each pause to change their clothes, and reappear, to catch the admiration of beholders, every time in a new costume.

The palace of the Ziogoon covers much ground, being in fact a rural scene—a palace and a park, locked up within the town. As for the Ziogoon, he also is locked up within his trenches. To understand how he is fettered, and, at the same time, how all the people of Japan have come to be locked up, we must pursue our little thread of history. Yoritomo established, as we said, the power of the Ziogoons, which flourished for a long time. Kublah Khan endeavoured to make Nippon subject to him; but without success, winds and waves fighting with the Japanese. Mongolians were forbidden then to touch Japanese ground, but a

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century later friendly relations were restored with China. In 1543, two Portuguese, Antonia Mota and Francesco Zeimoto, landed in Japan, exciting great interest among a mercantile people, trading at that time, it is said, with sixteen foreign nations. The Portuguese taught new arts, they brought new wares, and they were welcomed eagerly; some of them settled, and were married in Japan. The Jesuits came, too, with Christianity, and their preaching was abundantly successful. Now, it so happened, that about the same time, when the Portuguese first arrived, a civil war was waged between two brothers, for the dignity of Ziogoon. Both brothers perished in this war, and then the vassal princes fought over the fallen bone. Nobunaga, the most powerful of these, was aided by a person of obscure birth, named Hide-yosi. Nobunaga became Ziogoon, favoured the Christians, and invested Hide-yosi with high military rank. An usurper murdered Nobunaga, was then himself murdered, and left vacant a seat which Hide-yosi was now strong enough to seize. He took the name of Tayko, and is the great hero of the annals of Japan. He it was who continued the robbery of the Mikado's power, and secured himself against revolt by establishing a system of check over the princes, which prevails to this day. He left a son bearing the name of Hide-yosi, six years old, and to secure his power, married him to the daughter of Jyeyas, a strong papa. Jyeyas played the usurper, of course, and a large faction supported the young Hide-yosi, whom he had sworn to guard. The boy was Christian at heart; his cause, also, was just; the Jesuits, therefore, and the great body of the Christians, warmly took his part. Had he maintained his right successfully, Christianity would have become the state religion in Japan. Jyeyas conquered, and the Christians, persecuted, afterwards re-

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belling, they were rooted out—regarded as a sect politically hostile. Their rebellion broke loose in the principality of Arima; the Prince of Arima drove the insurgents, seventy thousand in number, to the peninsula of Simabara, where they stood at bay. Since they were not to be dislodged, the Dutch, then settled at Firato, were desired to aid the government; accordingly they sent a man-of-war, which fired upon the Christians and sealed their fate. To this service the Dutch were indebted for their permission to retain one factory. All other Christians were destroyed or expelled, and since those days every stranger has been required, exempting the Dutch factory, to trample on an image of the Saviour, as an evidence of his not being a Christian interloper.

To finish our history, we must record that Jyeyas, having established his own usurpation, completed the reduction of the Mikado to a state of helplessness; completed the fettering of the princes, and the protective system of espial; and being deified, on death, under the name of Gongen, was the founder of the Gongen dynasty of Ziogoons, which still rules in Japan, and still adheres to the protective system. But in course of time the power of the Ziogoons has waned: the Ziogoon himself is now a puppet to his council, which is governed by a president, who by no means is able to do what he likes.

Let us now see how all the Japanese are tied and bound, and kept in profound peace. In the first place, nearly half the population are officials in pay, and the whole empire is sprinkled thickly with spies, some public and official, who may intrude where they please, others concealed and not acknowledged, although paid, by government. Furthermore, every householder is required to watch the actions of his five intermediate neighbours, and to keep

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a sharp eye upon movements opposite. Every prince is assisted in his government by two secretaries, whom the court appoints, one to reside with him, and the other to reside at Jeddo. These take every act of government out of his hands. The secretary, who lives with him, watches him, and acts upon instructions from the secretary who resides at Jeddo, who again is prompted by the council. Not only does the prince live surrounded by a mob of unknown spies, but he is obliged, every alternate year, to leave his principality and to reside at Jeddo; his wife and family are always kept at Jeddo in the character of hostages. Furthermore, pains are taken to prevent a prince from being rich. He is required at Jeddo to impoverish himself by displays of pomp; and if his purse be long, the Ziogoon invites himself to dinner with him; an honour great enough to ruin any noble in Japan. Similar checks are upon all governors of towns and all officials. Any neglect reported by a spy, any infraction of a rule, threatens disgrace, and makes it necessary to perform the act of suicide before described. So it was not without cause that they were taught at school the hara-kiri. Perhaps you think the council is omnipotent. Far from it. The council may, indeed, make any law, which will be submitted by the president for sanction to the Ziogoon. Then, should the Ziogoon refuse his signature, and differ in opinion from the council, if he blame the law, the question is submitted to the Ziogoon's three next of kin, and they are umpires. If these decide against the Ziogoon, he is deposed immediately; if they decide againt the council, then its president and members must rip themselves up.

Yet still this tyranny of custom, which would seem to be so burdensome to all, goes on, because all are so bound that none can begin to stir. The Japanese, as we have partly been able

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to see, are an acute race—they have original and thinking minds; with a dash of Asiatic fierceness, they are generous, joyous, sympathetic. They love picnic parties and music, with a buffoon; who first encourages them to throw off restraint, to laugh and riot in good-nature; and, assuming then his second office, draws himself up demurely, to give all a lesson in politeness. The buffoons who go for hire to promote mirth with a pleasure-party, go also as masters of the ceremonies. The treatment of Golownin, as a prisoner, will also illustrate the nature of the Japanese. In moving from one prison to another, he walked, bound so tightly with thin cords that they cut wounds into his flesh. These wounds the soldiers dressed every evening, but did not slacken any string; they said that he was fettered in the customary way. Yet these men willingly would take him on their backs, to carry him, when he was foot-sore; people in the villages were gladly suffered to show sympathy by feeding him with pleasant things as he passed through; and when he had made efforts to escape, which, if successful, would have entailed hara-kiri on his guards, they still showed no abatement of good-nature.

Under the main bridge of Jeddo lies our Phantom Ship, and from the heart of that great city of the East we float out to the sea. It does not take us long to get to Tower Stairs;—and now a Phantom Cab will take you home.

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Short Trip into Bosnia.

BOSNIA has, for a long time, been the most unsettled part of the Turkish Empire. Inhabited as it is by a majority of Greek Christian serfs, and a minority of the most arrogant and violent Moslemin, the war of oppression has been carried on ever since the former was called into a disputed political existence, by the decrees of the late reforming Sultans. Since that time, the immunities granted to the Rajahs were contested by the Turkish gentry, and petty insurrections of the Rajahs against their oppressors, or of the Moslemin chiefs against the Sultan's authority, have unceasingly disturbed the peace of the East, and courted the interference of meddling neighbours. The disaffection and confusion of conflicting interests in the Bosna Vilajet, has become proverbial amongst the Turks. It has defied the cunning of their diplomatists and the courage of their generals. The last Viziers, in particular, were mere tools in the hands of the reactionary Bosnian aristocracy; but when it was found that the Porte insisted on extending its liberal reforms to the Bosnian Rajahs, the chiefs of the province rose in arms, by the connivance, and all but the protection, of the Sultan's lieutenant. Ali Redir, a Bosnian landholder, is the most active and talented among the insurgents; and, thanks for his intrigues, the cities, and among them Pridor and Banjaluka, declared for the insurrection. Attacked by the Sultan's general, Omer Pasha, the Bosnian chief has suffered severe defeats; and there is a likelihood of his being put *hors de combat* for a time, but they have been temporary. Other chiefs

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have started up, and at the time we write, the insurgents are again in arms. It is about the commencement of the struggle that our trip took place.

The night was dark, and not too calm. Staniza, an old, unbaptised, obstinate Servian, who had brought me to the very borders of the Turkish frontier, sat with me by the fire, while Richard, my friend and travelling companion, slept on a bed of straw by our side. The storm, which shook the light Servian cottage in which we sat, blew into Bosnia; it was but natural that our conversation should follow it. My curiosity was great, and so was Staniza's desire to recount the wonders of the country "on the other side;" and while I questioned him, and while he talked, he smoked his pipe with that concentrated gravity which marks a true believer; he said, at length, "Would you like to go across?"

"I should; but I have no money."

"True! Your Swabian* bits of paper—your *notes*—are of no use when you leave these territories."

"How can I then go to Sarajewo?"

"Have you not a friend on the other side?"

"Ahmed Beg?"

"Yes; that's the man! He will lend you *silver*. I will find you in horses and food."

When Richard awoke, I recounted our project; and after some persuasion he consented to accompany us. Staniza brought three horses, and various good-sized packages. We mounted, and set off in high spirits, although without passports or money.

A short ride brought us to Ahmed Beg's village, where we were received by a large party of dogs, which escorted us, yelling

* In Servia and Bosnia everything Austrian is known as *Swabian*.

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and barking, to my friend's house. Some boys, who were playing at the door, raised a shout which effectually scared the dogs; but they, in their turn, surrounded us, yelling, and laughing, and expressing by unmistakeable signs, their astonishment and disgust at the spectacles which adorned my face. Staniza collared one of the shrieking imps, and asked for Ahmed Beg.

"He is gone to Bijelastjena," said the boy, sullenly.

This was bad news; for we looked to Ahmed Beg for everything we wanted; for protection, advice, and money. Staniza, however, seemed by no means inclined to sympathise with our despondency. "When did Ahmed go?" said he.

"Yesterday."

"And when will he come back?"

"This evening."

"I thought as much" said Staniza; "for Bijelastjena is hardly more than half a day's ride from this place."

We dismounted, and introduced our horses into Ahmed Beg's Konak, or house, where we found half-a-dozen men and women servants and others, walking and sitting about. None of them spoke to us. They neither welcomed us, nor did they condescend to ask where we came from, and on what business? At length the urchin to whom we had spoken before made his appearance, and told us to tie the horses to a post, and take a seat in Ahmed Beg's parlour. He led the way into a dark apartment, lighted the fire on the hearth-stone, and a torch of firewood in the centre of the room; and having performed these domestic functions, he retired, silent as a dumb-waiter.

We were now at leisure to examine the place. The room was clean and airy. It had an old discoloured piece of carpet by way of hearth-rug, and a heap of clean straw and blankets in a corner

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A small cask of exquisite tobacco, and a choice collection of chibuks, or pipes, completed the list of the rest of the furniture.

"This air of Bosnia," said I, "has Turkified us. Here we sit staring and moping, and why? We are not prisoners, surely, and if it so pleases us, we can go back."

"I say, Swaby," said Staniza, "methinks thou art afraid."

"Afraid!" cried Richard, to whom this soft impeachment was applied; "what is there to be afraid of?"

"Never mind, *dragi*, (my dear), I know you. You are bold-spoken, but—"

"The Swabçad is not a nation of cowards," said I to Staniza, "and my friend is less afraid than disgusted. The Swabe travel with great comfort, and—"

"I know all about it, Doctor. They have coaches and plenty of money."

"Just so. Now we have no coaches and no money." Staniza nodded. In another moment Ahmed Beg entered with a hearty *Selamun aleikümün*. His presence changed the aspect of the place. Coffee was brought in. We sat and smoked the most precious tobacco, and drank solid hot mokka from the smallest cups imaginable. While we smoked and drank, we were grave, thoughtful, and silent, in the true Oriental fashion.

At length I spoke. I informed Ahmed Beg of our intentions, and asked him for funds. He said neither yes nor no; but told us of his journey to Bijelastjena, where he had transacted some business with the Kadija.

Early in the morning Ahmed Beg stepped up to us, and, with a kind nod, he handed me a large bag.

"Here," he said, "is your money. It's the whole of a

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Kesa,* and here is a Teskera,† if you should stand in need of it."

I gave him my best thanks, and asked when he would require me to return the money.

"If it were mine own," replied Ahmed Beg, "I would say, give it back when most convenient. But I have just borrowed it from my neighbour, Sefir-Aga, and he will want it in autumn."

I held out my hand. He took it, and the affair was concluded in the true Turkish manner, without bond, or indeed a single scratch of the pen.

We had breakfast, and a deal of information and advice. Thus prepared for the journey, we took leave of our host, and with a large crowd of little Turks yelling and shouting at our heels, we proceeded in the direction of Jasenica.

We passed over a forest-covered plain, broken here and there by fine meadows, and fields of maize. Hares and rabbits crossed our road; the bushes were alive. The air was so pure, and the greenwood so fresh, melodious, and merry, that, recollecting the nursery tales of Turks and Pagans, and their doings, I could not, for the life of me, believe that we were really and truly on Turkish ground. Besides, we saw no human biped who might have recalled me to a sense of my situation. After a hard ride of six hours, we crossed the Irna, a small river, but full of falls and rapids; on the opposite bank we dismounted, and turned the horses away to graze in the forest. A gigantic oak was selected as the most convenient place for our bivouack, and Staniza produced our provisions from the gaudy-coloured Bisago. A capital

* Purse. † Passport.

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caterer he proved himself to be, this unchristened Staniza. There was a ham, a lamb roasted whole, a large cake, and a *cutura* filled with black Dalmatian wine. A six hours' ride over Turkish plains and through forests, and the fresh, racy spring air, is the very thing to prepare one for such a repast. We enjoyed our pic-nic amazingly. We ate, and joked, and drank, until, suddenly turning round, I remarked a Turk squatted down at my elbow. I stared at the new comer, who scarcely returned the compliment. He smoked his pipe with exemplary gravity; until, noticing the remains of our dinner, he dropped his chibuk, drew his knife, and coolly helped himself to a slice of roast lamb.

"Do you like it, komiga?"—that is to say, neighbour—said I. "Your bread is good."

"Take another piece, then."

He took another piece, and another; and, having finished his repast, he said "Horala!"—thanks!

There was a lengthened pause. Question and answer is, indeed, essential in Turkish conversational etiquette.

"Whither are you going?" said our new friend, at length.

"To Jasenica."

"Hm!"

There was another long pause.

"You cannot reach it this day. It is late now, and there is no moonlight."

"Hm! This is bad."

"Hm!"

Another pause.

"Have you met men who were journeying towards Krupa?"

"No!"

"Hm!"

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In this instance there was a remarkably long pause.

"Ele Jusuf!" said Staniza at last, "methinks *you* are going to Krupa!"

"No, Stara lisice" (old fox), replied Jusuf, "for once you are in the wrong. I saw you, and came down from my Konak."

Staniza laughed.

"You honour us much!" said he. "I did not think you would stir for our sakes."

Jusuf smiled.

"Listen, old giour!" said he, "wilt thou swear on thy book to give an honest answer to an honest question?"

"Boga mi!—my answer shall be as honest as thy question."

"Elvala!" said the Turk. "Tell me, from whence did you come this day?"

"From Jarak."

"Hm!—Did you see Ahmed Beg?"

"We slept in his house."

"Hm!"

"Did he give you orders for the Capitan of Jasenica?"

"No!"

"Did he give you a Teskera?"

This question was uttered with peculiar emphasis, and accompanied by a very searching glance.

"He did," said Staniza. "Shall I show thee the Teskera?"

"Hm! No! Ahmed Beg is of our party. Why should I see it?"

"Show it him!" said Staniza, and I produced the paper, with its crabbed Turkish characters.

"It is well!" said the Turk. "I will go with you to Jasenica; I can confide in you."

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"Where is thy horse!"

"It is at home. Your way lies past my Konak."

Saying which he rose and disappeared in the forest.

"He has confidence in us," said I, "but I am not quite sure whether we can return him the compliment."

"Sveta ti Vjera, covjece!" replied Staniza. "Why should not one man be trusted by three? Think you a Turk has two tongues in one mouth like a Swaba! Are we not armed? Whom *I* trust, you may surely confide in. Saddle your horses and let us be gone!"

We proceeded on our road, and were soon afterwards overtaken by Jusuf. Staniza and Richard led the way, and I followed with Jusuf, partly for the purpose of watching him, and partly because my horse, on which Staniza had been pleased to pack all our luggage, seemed almost unequal to the double burden. Neither of the party spoke for some hours. All of a sudden—bang! went the report of a musket, and close to my side too. Staniza taking a pistol from his belt, turned upon the Turk; who, as I now saw, had dismounted, and discharged his piece at an enormous eagle, which sat on a tree by the road-side. He had evidently hit it, for the feathers were flying about. Seeing this, Staniza fired at the bird, which came down with a plaintive cry, flapping the ground with its enormous wings in so furious a manner, that Staniza and Jusuf thought it proper to keep at a respectful distance. But Richard, a keen sportsman, intended evidently to deal with the eagle as he would have done with a partridge, or black cock. He stooped to take it up, but the very next moment he measured his length on the ground. The eagle had hit him in the face.

"Ludi Kriste!" (Stupid christian!) said Jusuf to my discom-

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fited friend. "I was not afraid; and now thou knowest why I stood aloof from the bird."

The wounded eagle had meanwhile breathed its last. Jusuf and Staniza plucked the largest feathers, and fastened them to their bridles.

"Do you know, Ture," said Staniza, "whom I thought of shooting with my pistol?"

"I saw it," said the Turk.

"The eagle's feathers which flew about my face, saved you. Had it not been for them, even your Prophet would not have saved your life."

The Turk was silent.

"Didst thou mistake it for a signal?" said he, after a while.

"I did."

"Ludi Kucko," said Jusuf with great scorn. "Dost think me a Christian?"

"Never mind, Ture, don't I know you?"

And we moved on, until the darkness of the night, and the dense impenetrable underwood in our way, convinced us of the uselessness of our effort to reach Jasenica in the course of that night. So we stopped and looked out for a resting-place in the forest.

Staniza secured the horses, and Jusuf lighted a fire, round which we squatted, smoking and despatching the remains of our dinner. The evening passed very much as an evening in the woods may be expected to pass, whether it be in Pagan countries or in Christendom, and as the night grew dark and the fire burned with a low and flickering flame, the chibuks dropped from their mouths, and leaning our heads in our knees, we were fast in meditation—or sleep.

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The neighing of our horses roused us. I took my pistols, and Richard, with all the head-strongness of somnolency, insisted on being told what was the matter! Staniza, too, got up.

"I hear the sound of hoofs!" said he.

"Be quiet! They will be down upon us in a minute."

He was right. Almost immediately afterwards we were surrounded by a troop of armed horsemen.

"What are you doing here?" said a young Turk, in the Padisha's coat.

"We are on our road to Jasenica," replied Jusuf dogmatically, "and it is here we pass the night."

At this juncture another Turk joined the conversation.

"Ah!" said he, "this is Staniza, the old fox. Tell us, why didst thou creep from thy cave?"

"Did you not hear it?" said Staniza. "We are going to Jasenica. It's nothing to *you*, I hope."

"And who are these fellows?" said the young soldier, with a significant look at Richard and myself.

"They are men, just the same as you and I," replied Staniza.

"Take care, old fellow! I will make you howl for your impertinence."

"You threaten because you fear!"

Saying which, Staniza grasped the handle of his handjar.

Some of the new comers had, meanwhile, dismounted. They interfered.

"Leave him alone, Mehmed," said they. "We know old Staniza; he is one of ours."

Their conciliatory efforts produced a temporary suspension of hostilities. A fresh supply of dry wood was thrown on the fire, and the Turks squatted round it. The chibuks were lighted.

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"What is your business in Jasenica?" asked one of the horsemen after a long pause.

"We are going to Sarajevo."

"Hm! Have you a Teskera?"

"Most certainly."

"Show it."

The paper was produced, and carefully examined by the young officer, who did not, however, appear much edified by its contents. At length he said:—

"This will not help you on. It is not from the Porte, it is the Teskera of the insurgents."

All the Turks started to their feet.

"What!" cried they, "are these rogues of the insurgents' camp!"

"Ludi covjece! You fool!" shouted Staniza in his turn. "Is not this Teskera signed by Ahmed Beg, of Jarak? And was Ahmed Beg ever known to stand by the insurgents?"

"Who is Ahmed Beg?" said the officer.

"It is he who, some days ago, gained Bijelastjena for our party. It was he who expelled the old Disdar from Vranogra."

"Hm! But who knows whether it was he who signed this Teskera?" said the officer.

"Ama!" cried all the Turks, "thou art right, who knows whether Ahmed Beg ever saw this Teskera?"

"So be it! Who knows whether these rogues did not mean to impose upon us?"

"Ama! who knows it!"

Upon this the officer whispered to his neighbour, and the latter nodded his head.

"Yes!" said the fellow, "they want to impose upon us!"

"Ama! so they do," roared the whole troop in chorus.

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One of the captors had long fixed an intent and earnest gaze upon my friend's watchguard. He now stretched out his hand, and coolly helped himself to Richard's watch and chain.

"Ah!" said the officer. "That's it, is it? They are Swabe and spies. Seize them!"

"They are Swabe!"

"Let us seize them!"

"What can they want?"

"Down with the dogs!"

And in an instant we were overpowered and disarmed. Resistance was quite out of the question, for we were three against seventeen.

"Let them go!" said Jusuf. "They are indeed Swabe, but they are peaceable men, and never did *you* any harm."

"They are Swabe. What an enormity! What can they want here?"

"Mussa!" said Staniza, addressing one of the Turks. "I know you well enough, and you know that I am quite as good a Turk as you are."

"Is he a Turk?"

"Ama! I have known him these many years; he is," replied Mussa.

"So much the worse for him," said the officer. "He is one of the insurgents, and he shall suffer for it."

"Ama, let him suffer for it; why should he not? Let us take him to Jasenica, and let the Capitan deal with him as he pleases."

"Jok, by no means!" said the officer. "Jok, tie him up on the spot."

Staniza remained calm and collected. He knew the men he

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had to deal with. Protests, threats, prayers, and entreaties were alike lost upon them.

"Very well," said he; "tie me up. I die because such is my fate. But let my friends go their ways."

Never mind them," said Mehmed. "I'll hang them by thy side."

This was not a comfortable assurance. The Turks were serious and determined; they wanted our money. And this desire of theirs seemed to seal our doom. Still I tried to imitate Staniza's equanimity. I looked at him.

"Let me say a word to that little Swaba," said Staniza to the Turk who held him, and coming up to me, he asked me to purchase my own life and Richard's, from the Turks. As for himself, he said, if it was his doom, he was prepared to die. The old man's generosity touched me to the heart, and with something like a choking sensation in my throat, I said I would do my best.

I went up to the officer.

"Listen, Turk! We have some money with us. Let us go away, and it is yours."

"Hm!"

"I will give you all we have—the money and the watches. Do you understand me?"

"Hm! How much have you got?"

"I hardly know. But you shall have all as a ransom for us four."

"I believe you. But why shouldst thou give me what is mine already?"

"I see," said I. "Your right is as good as any other robber's. Take it, and let us go."

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"No, I cannot do that."

"Evalah! then take me to Jasenica."

"Why to Jasenica?"

"Because there I can give you ten purses more, which I lent to Captain Sulejman Effendi, when he was at the Rastell, and—"

"Listen, old man!" said the officer, addressing Staniza. "What man is this Swabo?"

"A Doctur."

"A Doctur? We want a Doctur!" cried all the Turks.

"Ama!" said the officer, who had already become enamoured of the ten purses. "Let us give the dog his life and take him with us."

"I'll go," said I, "wherever you like; but my friends must go along with me."

The officer threw a quick glance at his men. His cupidity had now fairly overcome his discretion.

"Hm! Why should it matter?" said he. "We are not afraid of four men."

"Evalah!—we fear them not!"

"Well!—we take these four men to Jasenica."

Staniza and I lighted our pipes, and the officers rifled all our pockets. Day was just breaking when the troops formed, and we, surrounded by our captors, proceeded on our way to Jasenica.

"If the Captain hears of this night's proceedings, know," said the officer, showing me his pistols, "that all the Sultan's treasures shall not avail to redeem thy life. Dost thou understand me?"

"Perfectly!" said I.

We reached Jasenica early in the afternoon, and were some-

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what displeased with its appearance. To speak plainly, the place is an abomination of filth and misery; and the fortress, or castellated hovel, which bears that pompous title, has the wretched tumble-down appearance which struck me as the chief characteristic of all Bosnian architecture. With the exception of those eternal dogs, which haunt all Turkish places, there was not a single living being visible in the one street of the city. We were taken to the Captain's Kula, and my honest friend, the officer, dismounted and entered it. I was afflicted with an uncomfortable sensation, when I thought of the Captain, Sulejman Effendi, whom I had never seen, though I had heard his name mentioned; and to whom I had never lent, and much less given, those ten purses, the offer of which had saved my life. Saved it? A fine saving indeed! In a few moments Mehmed must learn that I had imposed upon his credulity; and he ——

"May the Lord have mercy upon us!" ejaculated I, as Mehmed reappeared with the blackest looks imaginable even for a Turk.

"Confound you, Swaba!" said he, "Sulejman Effendi is gone to Prido. He went yesterday!"

"Hm! did I send him?" said I breathing more freely.

He collared me, and dragged me up the steep stairs. Jusuf, Staniza, and Richard were left to follow, without his kind assistance.

The Bimbasha, who officiated in the Capitan's absence, sat in the centre of the room on his crossed legs, smoking. He was a gloomy-looking old man; and his eyes, as they fed on us, expressed vexation and distrust.

"What crime have they committed?" said he at last, looking at the officer.

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"None, sir," said I; "none whatever. We were on our road to Sarajewo, and last night, in the forest, these people came and offered——"

Here honest Mehmed interrupted me.

"We captured them because they are of the Insurgent party!"

"Mashallah!" cried I; "this is not true. Have I not a Teskera from Ahmed Beg?—and did not Ahmed Beg expel the Dijdar of Vranograc from Bijelastjena?"

"Show me the Teskera!" said the Bimbasha. I handed it to him, and he examined it carefully.

"It is our own Teskera!" said he. "Let them go! Peace be with them!"

Mehmed looked daggers at me, but I defied him: and, turning to the Bimbasha, I thanked him, in Turkish, having at once understood, from his peculiar accent, that he was not Bosnian born. The sounds of his own language caused him to brighten up, and he called for coffee and chibuks.

"Valah!" said he. "This is the first time I hear Turkish from a Swaba. Who could have thought it!"

"Valah!" replied I, with rather a strong tinge of conceit, "I understand Turkish and Arabic."

"Can you read the Citab?"*

"Certainly."

He mused for a time; and then, as if struck with a very bright idea, started up, and ordered one of the soldiers to run for the Hodza, or teacher. "Tell him," added he, "to bring the Book."

It was not long before the Hodza made his appearance. He stooped low before the Bimbasha.

* That is to say, the Coran.

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"Ama!" said that potentate; "hand the book to the little giour; he will sing to us."

The pious man, looking at me with a curious mixture of hatred, scorn, and envy, protested that no unbeliever dared to touch the sacred volume. But the Bimbasha insisted on the book being given into my hands; "For," said he, "you must show me how you can sing the Citab."

I submitted to my fate, and opening the book after I had duly applied my lips to it, I fell to singing the "Bismillah errahman errahim," in pure orthodox Turkish fashion. It so happened that I had lighted on a chapter, which I had read over and over again in the course of my Arabic studies; and I, consequently, acquitted myself to perfection. The old Turk was amused, and the Hodza admitted that my singing was as good as that of the truest believer.

"I wish that little giour would embrace the true faith!" said the Bimbasha; "I would gladly keep him here as Hekim Effendi!" and turning full upon me, he said, in a louder but a most alarmingly insinuating tone:

"Art thou a horseman?"

"Yes!"

"And a smoker of chibubs and a drinker of coffee?"

"Most certainly."

"Behold, these shall be thy labours. Stay with me! Thou shalt live in my own kula, eat at THY MASTER'S table, and ride about with me. Thou shalt have plenty of money and horses; and if thy heart be set upon wedlock, thou mayest marry girls as many as thou pleasest. What canst thou want more?"

I listened with astonishment to this oration—for so it was for a Turk—and, in reply, begged to decline the Bimbasha's generous

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offer with my warmest thanks, adding:—"I have a house and a wife in my own country, nor must I leave them behind; and I acknowledge no master except God and his law."

"Hm!—I understand you: you would be your own master. Such things may be in your own country; but *here*," added the Bimbasha energetically—"here there is no master except me and the Sultan."

All the Turks in the room crossed their arms and bowed; while we thought it time to make our adieux. Mehmed and our escort seemed inclined to see us off, but a peremptory order from the Bimbasha kept them back.

In another moment we were on horseback, dashing, at a mad gallop, down the single street of the famous city of Jasenica.

"Allah küvvet versün!—May the Lord give us strength!"—prayed Jusuf, as he spurred his lean horse in advance of the fugitive party. A retreat is the severest trial of human courage; and ours, I grieve to say, was found signally wanting. Each of us urged the others on by the furious speed into which he lashed his own horse, and in this manner, panting, foaming, and all but exhausted, we reached Jusuf's house at nightfall. Early next morning, we proceeded to Jarak, and recounted our adventures and sufferings to the patient ears of Ahmed Beg.

"It is what I expected," said he. "But I thought you had considered the danger, and as my advice was not asked for, I did not give it."

Thus terminated my first and last trip into Bosnia.

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A Peep at the "Peraharra."

OF the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient Kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of *Saman*, rivals in attractions the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly-jewelled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. *Saman* was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To Saman was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country, at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a deity, as a slight token of their regard.

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The Ratnapoora festival is the more attractive by reason of its being made the occasion of a large traffic in precious stones, with which the neighbourhood abounds. In this way the great part of the Buddhists manage to combine commerce with devotion.

The road to the Saffragam district was, in the time at which I travelled it, a very barbarous and dangerous affair, differing widely from the excellent traces which existed through most of the maritime provinces of Ceylon. It was then, in fact, little more than a mere bullock-track, or bridle-path, with no bridges to aid in crossing the streams which intersect it. The journey from Colombo to Ratnapoora may now be easily performed in one day; at that time it required a good nag and careful diligence to accomplish it in two.

Day dawned as I got clear of the Pettah, or Black town of Colombo, and crossed a small stream which led me to the jungle, or village road I was to follow. In England, we should call such a muddy lane; but here one knows little between the good high roads and the bullock track. Strange as it may sound to home travellers, one is often glad to see the sun rise, and feel it warm the heavy, damp air in the tropics. Before me lay a long straggling line of low jungle, indicating the road; far away in the distance rose the high, bluff hill and rocks towering over the once royal domain of *Avishawella*. Around, on every side, was water, completely hiding the fields from view, and only allowing a bush, or a tree, or a hut-top, to be seen peeping up through the aqueous veil, dotting the wide expanse like daisies in a field. The rains had flooded the whole of the low country, which, inundated by many mountain torrents, could not discharge the mass of streams nearly so fast as it received them. Over and across all this watery wilderness huge masses of misty vapor came rolling and tumbling along, as

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though shrouding some titanic water-sprites who had been keeping it up rather late the night before, and were not quite sure of the way home. One might have imagined, indeed, that it was some universal washing-day, and that the great lid of the national copper had just been lifted up.

As the sun rose above the line of black rocks in the distance, its rays lit up those misty monsters of the flood, imparting to them life-like tints, which gave them beauty, and forms they had not known before. As these sun-lit fogs rolled on, a thousand shapes moved fitfully amongst them: troops of wild horsemen; crystal palaces with gilded gates; grim figures playing at bo-peep; hills, towns, and castles; with many a ship at sea, and lovely cottages in quiet sunny glades; all these, and more, seemed there. With the sea-breeze, all that array of cloudy creatures departed, leaving the air hot and stifling from the reflection of the sun's rays in the endless flood above me. But where were the poor Singalese villagers, their families, and their goods, amidst all this wreck? As I jogged along, the cry of a child, the crowing of a cock, the bark of a dog, floated across the ocean of mist, but whence came they? I looked to the right and to the left. I strained my eyes straightforward, but not a soul, or a feather, or a snout, was to be seen. Presently the fog cleared away, and I could see overhead into the trees. There, chairs, tables, chatties, paddy-pounders, boxes of clothes, children in cots, men, women, cats, dogs, all were there in one strange medley, curiously ensconced amongst the wide-spreading branches of the trees. Over their heads, and on each side, mats and cocoa-nut leaves were hung to keep off rain and damp fogs, whilst against each side of the tree was placed a thick notched stick, which served as a ladder for the whole party. Here and there canoes were to be seen paddled

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across the fields to keep up communication between the different villages. It was a strange but desolate spectacle, and I was glad to find myself, at last, free from the watery neighbourhood, and once more riding on *terra firma.*

During the heat of the next day I turned aside to a shady green lane. A mile along this quiet pathway I was tempted to rest myself at the mouth of a dark-looking cave, by the side of a running stream of beautiful water. Tying my poney to a bush, I entered at the low archway, and found myself at once in utter darkness; but after a short time I began to distinguish objects, and then saw, close to me, one whom I should have least looked for in that strange, desolate spot. It was a Chinese, tail and all. My first idea was, as I looked at the figure through the dim light of the cave, that it was nothing more than a large China jar, or, perhaps a huge tea-chest, left there by some traveller; but, when the great, round face relaxed into a grin, and the little pea-like eyes winked, and the tail moved, and the thick lips uttered broken English, I took a proper view of the matter, and wished my cavern acquaintance "good morning." I soon gathered the occupation of See Chee in this strange place; the cave we were then in was one of the many in that neighbourhood, in which a particular kind of swallow builds the edible nests so highly prized by the Chinese and Japanese for conversion into soups, stews, and, for aught we know, into tarts. The Chinaman told me, what I was scarcely prepared to learn, that he rented from the Ceylon Government the privilege to seek these birds' nests in this district, for which he paid the yearly sum of one hundred dollars, or seven pounds, ten shillings. Procuring a *chule*, or native torch, the Chinese nest-hunter showed me long ledges of shelving rock at the top of the cavern, whereon whole legions of curious

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little gummy-like excrescences were suspended; some were perfect nests, others were in course of formation, and these latter I learnt were the most valued; those which had had the young birds reared in them being indifferently thought of, and were only bought by the lower orders of soup-makers. Having rested myself and pony, I once more pushed on for Ratnapoora, where I arrived, heated, jaded, and dusty, by high noon.

A Chattie bath seldom fails to refresh the Indian traveller, and fit him for the enjoyment of his meal. In the cool of the evening I strolled out to watch the preparations for the nightly festivities. These continue for about a fortnight, chiefly after sunset, though devotees may be seen laying their simple offerings at the foot of the shrine during most part of the afternoon. The little bazaar of the town was alive with business; all vestiges of its wonted filth and wretchedness were hidden beneath long strips of white linen, and garlands of cocoa-nut leaves and flowers hung around by bands of bright red cloth. Piles of tempting wares were there; beads, bangles, and scarfs to decorate; rice, jaggery, and sweatmeats to eat, and innumerable liquors to drink, were placed in profuse array. The streets and lanes poured forth long strings of human beings, heated with the sun, flushed with drink, and bedizened with trumpery jewellery and mock finery. Poor tillers of the soil; beggarly fishermen; mendicant cinnamon peelers; half-starved coolies; lean, sickly women, and poor immature children, passed onwards in the motley throng, burying their every-day misery beneath the savage mirth of a night or two at the Paraharra.

Following the living, dark stream, as closely as the heat, dust, and strange odours would allow me, I arrived, at length, near to the Temple of Saman. The edifice, of which I caught a distant

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glimpse, was half concealed beneath the heavy luxuriant foliage of cocoa-nut topes, arekas, plantains, and banyan trees. An ocean of human heads filled up the space around the building, from which proceeded the well-known sounds of the reed and the tom-tom. Gay flags fluttered from the four corners, and the lofty pinnacle in the centre; wreaths of flowers, plaited leaves and ribbons of many colours, waved jauntily from roof to door; whilst round the pillars of the walls and door-posts clustered rich bunches of most tempting fruit.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers, consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded anything I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass-ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvellous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimblets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a

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sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden, with a vigour which would inevitably have cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.

Near the temple, all was noise and confusion, and it was with some difficulty that I forced my way through the dense crowd, and reached the steps of the venerated shrine. The priest stationed at the entrance made a way in for me as well as he could, but the pressure inside was intense. Hundreds of men and women pressed eagerly forward to reach the flight of huge stone stairs which led up to the sacred depository. It was as bad as a crush to get into the Crystal Palace. My passage was so slow that I had time to examine and admire the fine antique carved work on the pillars and ceiling of the entrance-hall, as well as on the tall pilasters which lined the ample stair-case. There was a beauty of style and a high degree of finish about this work that could not be attained in Ceylon in the present day. Arrived, at length, at the inner temple or sacred shrine above, I passed with the rest, between a richly-brocaded curtain which hung in folds across the entrance at the top of the stairs, and stood before the famed relic

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of Buddha, or rather the jewelled casket which contained it. I felt disappointment at the spectacle here, arising, perhaps, from my taking no interest in the exhibition as a religious ceremony, and looking at it merely as an empty show, not far removed from the status of Bartholomew Fair. The strong glare of a hundred lights, the heat and crowd of so many in so small a place, the sickly perfume of the piles of Buddha flowers heaped before the shrine by the pilgrims, the deafening discordant din of a score of tom-toms, and vile screeching pipes, made me glad enough to descend the stairs, and, flinging a rupee into the poor-box of the god, to escape once more into the open fresh air.

From the votaries of Saman I entered another crowd, assembled round a gaily decorated building, which I at once perceived was a Hindoo temple. Here, to the sound of much music, and by the light of many lamps, a group of young dancing girls were delighting the motley crowd. There were but three of them, one a finely-made, tall, sylph-like creature with really graceful movements; the others younger, stouter and far less pleasing. A good deal of pains had evidently been taken with their dress, which sparkled at all points with what I was assured were precious stones. I have heard that it is not uncommon for these Nautch girls to have jewellery about their dress to the value of twenty thousand pounds. The graceful little jacket which the chief dancer wore over her flowing white robes sparkled and glistened with something which was quite new to me as articles of ornament: along the edge of her pure white garment, shone a whole host of fire-flies, which by some ingenious arrangement had been secured to the dress, and gave a strange and pleasing novelty to the appearance of her attire, as she swept gracefully around in slow and measured steps. The music to which these

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people dance is anything but pleasing to an English ear: indeed, there is scarcely a trace of rhythm in it; yet they contrive to measure their mazy and difficult dance by its notes with admirable precision. Long custom has so attached them to their empty meaningless music that they can appreciate no other. I am certain that M. Jullien's band would scarcely be listened to by the Singalese if there were a few tom-toms within hearing. It is a curious fact that in the districts in which these Nautch girls are brought up, education is so rare, that these dancers are generally the only lay persons within many days' journey who can either read or write. The priests can all read, if not write, and they take care to instruct the temple girls, in order to enable them to learn the various songs and legends for recital at their periodic festivals. The rest of the population they keep in the densest ignorance.

Leaving the dancers and priests, I strolled towards the river Kaloo-ganga, whose quiet, palm-shaded banks stood out in sweetest contrast to the noisy revelry I had just beheld. The moon was near the full, and rising high above the many rich green topes of palms, and gorgeous plantains, lit up the peaceful scene with radiance not of earth. It is hardly possible to conceive the magic beauty of moonlight in the tropics: those who have witnessed it can never forget their feelings under its influence. The master hand of our finest painters might attempt to depict it, but the affair would be a dead failure; and did it succeed, strangers to these climes would pronounce it an unnatural painting. Even in its reality, it bears the impress of something half unearthly, and it requires the testimony of the huge fingery leaves, as they wave to the breeze, to assure one that the whole scene is not imaginary. Fully as bright and radiating, though softer in its

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hue, than the broad sunshine, the moon poured down in living streams its gifts of ether-light. The monster palms, the slender arekas, the feathery bamboos and tamarinds, revelled in the harmony and glow of radiant moonlight, which leaping down in phosphorescent waves, sprang on from leaf to flower, from bud to herb, and streaming through the waving seas of giant, emerald grass, died sparkling at its feet.

Some of the topes along this gentle river grew so thickly that not the faintest ray of light found its soft way amongst them: the deepest shade was there, and only in one of these could I trace any vestiges of living beings. A little hut was burned far away in the inmost recesses of a tope—all bright above, all gloom below. The door was open, and from it shone a faintly glimmering light; so tiny was the ray amidst that heavy shade, so distant did it seem, that it defied all conception of space, and made my eyes ache to gaze at it. I, at length, distinguished faint sounds proceeding from it. They were those of a regular harmony. Strolling nearer, I heard that they proceeded from cultivated voices. What a sensation! The music was that of the "Evening Hymn!" and it came upon me with the echoes of the uncouth Babel of Heathenism I had just left still ringing in my ears, like the sunlight on a surging sea. When I recovered from the delightful surprise, I found that the singers were the family of a native missionary who had embraced Christianity.

The next day the bazaar was crowded with dealers in and diggers for precious stones. Hundreds of Moormen, Chitties, Arabs, Parsees, and Singalese were busily employed in barter; and a most noisy operation it was. In the neighbourhood of Ratnapoora exist many tracts of clayey and gravelly land, rich in rubies, sapphires, garnets, turquoise, and cat's-eyes. For the

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privilege of digging for these, or of sifting them from the sands of some of the rivers, the natives pay heavy rents to Government; often sub-letting the ground, at large profits, to needy speculators. Their harvest is usually offered for sale during the Peraharra; and, be their gains what they may, they are generally rid of the whole amount before the end of the festival. The existence of this source of wealth is, unfortunately, a bane, rather than a blessing, to the district; for whole villages flock to the ruby-grounds, delving and sifting for weeks together, utterly neglecting their rice-fields and gardens. Arrack taverns have multiplied, intemperance has increased, long tracts of fertile land have ceased to be sown with paddy, and the country-people now buy their food from strangers, in place of growing it, as formerly. It will be a happy time for Saffragam when its stores of precious stones shall be exhausted; for not till then will peaceful industry be once more sought.

Struggling and forcing a way through the busy crowd were to be seen one or two Hindoo fakeers, most repulsive objects depending for subsistence on the alms of pilgrims and others. One of these wretched creatures, in the fulfilment of a vow, or as an act of fancied righteousness, had held his left arm for so many years erect above his head, that it could not now be moved—and grew transfixed, emaciated, and bony. It seemed more like a dry, withered stick tied to the body than a part of itself. The other fakeer had closed his hands so long that the finger-nails had grown quite through the palms, and projected at the back of them: these miserable-looking objects appeared to reap a tolerable harvest, and seemed to be then in no pain.

Under the shade of a banyan tree, a grave-looking Moorman was amusing a crowd of boys and women with the recital of

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some wonderful or silly legend. The trade of story-telling, in the East, is still a profitable one, if I might judge from the comfortable appearance of this well-clad talker.

When I left Ratnapoora crowds were still flocking into the town, for on the morrow the huge temple elephants were expected to march in procession through the place, decked out in all sorts of finery, and bearing the casket and relic; but it was a wearisome spectacle, and I was heartily glad to find myself once more on my pony, quietly winding through green paddy-fields and under shady topes.

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Student Life in Paris.

THE first impression of the Student of Students in Paris is one of curiosity. "When do the students find time to study?" is the natural inquiry. The next impression solves the mystery, by leading to the satisfactory conclusion, that the students do *not* find time to study. To be sure, eminent physicians, great painters, and acute lawyers, do occasionally throw sufficient light upon society to render its intellectual darkness visible. And the probabilities are that these physicians are not born with diplomas, as children are, occasionally, with cauls; nor the painters sent into the world with their pencils at their fingers' ends; nor the lawyers launched into existence sitting upon innate woolsacks. The inference, then, is, that education has done something towards their advancement, and that they, necessarily, have done something towards their education.

But the lives of great men are the lives of individuals, not of masses. And with these I have nothing now to do. It is possible that the Quartier Latin contains at the present moment more than one "mute inglorious" Molière, or Paul de Kock, guiltless, as yet, of his readers' demoralisation. Many a young man who now astonishes the Hôtel Corneille, less by his brains than his billiards, may one day work hard at a barricade, and harder still, subsequently, at the galleys! But how are we to know that these young fellows, with their long legs, short coats, and faces patched over with undecided beards, are geniuses, unless, as our excellent friend, the English plebeian, has it, they "behave as

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such?" Let us hope, at any rate, that, like glow-worms, they appear mean and contemptible in the glare of society, only to exhibit their shining qualities in the gloom of their working hours.

It is only, then, with the outward life of the students that I have to deal. With this, one may become acquainted without a very long residence in the Quartier Latin—that happy quarter where everything is subservient to the student's taste, and accommodated to the student's pocket—where amusement is even cheaper than knowledge—where braces are unrespected, and blushes unknown—where gloves are not enforced, and respectability has no representative.

If the student be opulent—that is to say, if he have two hundred francs a month (a magnificent sum in the quarter) he lives where he pleases—probably in the Hôtel Corneille; if he be poor, and is compelled to vegetate, as many are, upon little more than a quarter of that amount, he lives where he can—no one knows where, and very few know how. It is principally from among this class, who are generally the sons of peasants or *ouvriers*, that France derives her great painters, lawyers, and physicians. They study more than their richer comrades; not only because they have no money to spend upon amusement, but because they have, commonly, greater energy and higher talents. Indeed, without these qualities they would not have been able to emancipate themselves from the ignoble occupations to which they were probably born; unlike the other class of students, with whom the choice of a profession is guided by very different considerations.

It is a curious sight to a man fresh from Oxford or Cambridge to observe these poor students sunning themselves at midday, in the gardens of the Luxembourg—with their sallow, bearded faces,

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bright eyes, and long hooded cloaks, which, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, "circumstances" have not yet enabled them to discard. Without stopping to inquire whether there really be anything "new under the sun," it may be certainly assumed that the garments in question could not be included in the category. If, however, they are heavy, their owners' hearts are light, and their laughter merry enough—even to their last pipe of tobacco. After the last pipe of tobacco, but not till then, comes despair.

The more opulent students resemble their poorer brethren in one respect:—they are early risers. Some breakfast as early as seven o'clock; others betake themselves by six to their *atéliers*, or lectures—or pretend to do so—returning, in two or three hours, to a later meal. This is of a substantial character, consisting of two or three courses, with the eternal *vin ordinaire*. When living in a hôtel, the student breakfasts in the midst of those congenial delights;—the buzz of conversation, the fumes of tobacco, and the click of the billiard-balls. By means of these amusements, and sundry *demi tasses* and *petits verres*, he contrives to kill the first two or three hours after breakfast. Cards and dominoes are also in great request from an early hour, and present to an Englishman a curious contrast with his own national customs. In England he is accustomed to find card-playing in the morning patronised only by the most reckless; in France it is the commonest thing in the world to see a pair of gentlemen with grey hairs and every attribute of respectability, employed, at nine o'clock, upon a game of *écarté*, enlivened by little glasses of brandy and the never-failing pipe. If a young Englishman in London, instead of an old Frenchman in Paris, was to addict himself to such untimely recreations, he would probably be cut off with a shilling.

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When the heat and smoke of the *café* become too much even for French students, they drop off by twos and threes, and seek the fresh air. The Luxembourg Gardens are close by, and here they principally congregate. Amusing figures they look, too, in their present style of costume, which is a burlesque upon that of the Champs Elysées, which is a burlesque upon that of Hyde Park. The favourite covering for the head is a very large white hat, with very long nap; which I believe it is proper to brush the wrong way. The coat is of the paletôt description, perfectly straight, without shape or make, and reaching as little below the hips as the wearer can persuade himself is not utterly absurd. The remainder of the costume is of various shades of eccentricity, according to the degree of madness employed upon its manufacture. As for the beard and moustaches, their arrangement is quite a matter of fancy: there are not two persons alike in this respect in the whole quarter: it may be remarked, however, that shaving is decidedly on the increase.

The Luxembourg Garden is principally remarkable for its statues without fingers, almond trees without almonds, and *grisettes* without number. Its groves of horse-chestnuts would be very beautiful if, in their cropped condition, they did not remind the unprejudiced observer—who is, of course, English—of the poodle dogs, who in their turn are cropped, it would seem, to imitate the trees. The queens of France, too, who look down upon you from the pedestals at every turn, were evidently the work of some secret republican; and the lions that flank the terraces on either side, are apparently intended as a satire upon Britain. However, if one could wish these animals somewhat less sweet and smiling, one could scarcely wish the surrounding scene more so than it is, with its blooming shrubs and scarcely less

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blooming damsels, gaily decorated parterres, and gaily attired loungers, the occasional crash of a military band, and the continual recurrence of military manœuvres.

Just outside the gates, near the groves of tall trees leading to the Barrière d'Enfer, there is always something "going on"—more soldiers, of course, whom it is impossible to avoid in Paris, besides various public exhibitions, all cheap and some gratuitous. On one side, you are attracted by that most irresistible of attractions—a crowd. Edging your way through it, as a late arrival always does, you find yourself, with the body of students whom you followed from the hôtel, "assisting" at the exhibition of a wonderful dog, who is doing nothing, under the direction of his master, in general a most repulsive-looking rascal, bearded and bloused as if hot for a barricade. The dog, by doing nothing, is not obeying orders;—on the contrary, he is proving himself a most sagacious animal by having his own way in defiance of all authority. This the master attributes, not to the stupidity of the dog, but to the absence of contributions from the spectators. A few sous are showered down upon this hint; which proceeding, perhaps, brings out the dog's talents to a slight extent; that is to say, he is induced to lie down and pretend to be asleep; but it is doubtful, at the same time, whether his compliance is attributable to the coppers of his audience, or the kicks of his spirited proprietor. This is probably the only performance of this wonderful animal; for it is remarkable that whatever the sum thrown into the circle, it is never sufficient, according to the exhibitor, to induce him to show off his grand tricks, so high a value does he place upon his own talents.

Who, among a different class of the animal creation, does not know what is called a "genius," who sets even a higher

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value upon his talents, who is equally capricious, and who certainly has never yet been persuaded to show off his "grand trick!"

You are probably next attracted by a crowd at a short distance, surrounding an exhibition, dear to every English heart—that of "Punch." The same familiar sentry-box, hung with the same green baize, hides the same mysteries which are known to everybody. But the part of "Hamlet"—that is to say "Punch"—though not exactly omitted, is certainly not "first business." His hunch has lost its fulness; his nose, its rubicundity; and his profligacy, its point. He is a feeble wag when translated into French, and has a successful rival in the person of one Nicolet—who, by the way, gives its name to the theatre—and who is chiefly remarkable for a wonderful white hat, and a head wooden enough, even for a low comedian.

Nicolet is supposed to be a fast man. His enemies are not policemen and magistrates, as in the case of "Punch," but husbands—for the reason that his friends are among the wives. This seems to be the "leading idea" of the drama of Nicolet, in common, indeed, with that of every other French piece on record. If it were not considered impertinent in the present day to draw morals, I might suggest that something more than amusement is to be gained by contemplating the young children among the crowd, who enjoy the delinquencies of this *Faublas* for the million, with most precocious sagacity. It is delightful, in fact, to see the gusto with which they anticipate inuendos, and meet improprieties half way, with all the well-bred composure of the most fashionable audience.

It is not customary amongst the students to wait for the end of Nicolet's performances. The fashionable hour for departure

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varies; but is generally about the period when the manager's wife begins to take round the hat.

Any one who accompanies a party of students in their morning rambles, will most probably find himself, before long, in the "Closerie des Lilacs," which is close by the same spot. The "Closerie" is associated in name with lilacs, probably from the fact that it contains fewer flowers of that description than any other place in the neighbourhood. It is a garden somewhat resembling Vauxhall; and at dusk there is an attempt made at lighting it up, especially on certain evenings in the week which are devoted to balls. These balls do not vary materially from any other temporary dances, either in London or Paris; but as a morning lounge, the place is not without attractions. One of them, is the fact that there is no charge for admission, the proprietor merely expecting his guests to *convenue* something—a regulation which is generally obeyed without much objection.

Throughout the whole day may here be seen numerous specimens of the two great classes of the quarter—students and grisettes; some smoking, and drinking beer and brandy in pretty little bosquets, others disporting themselves on a very high swing, which would seem to have been expressly constructed for the purpose of breaking somebody's neck, and to have failed in its object, somehow, like many other great inventions. *Ecarté* is also very popular; but the fact that its practice requires some little exertion of the intelligence, so very inconvenient to some persons, will always prevent it from attaining entire supremacy in a place so polite as Paris. To meet this objection, however, some ingenious person has invented an entirely different style of game; an alteration for which the Parisians appear deeply grateful. A small toad, constructed of bronze, is placed upon a stand, and into

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its open mouth the player throws little leaden dumps, with the privilege of scoring some high number if he succeeds, and of hitting the legs of the spectators if he fails. At this exciting game a party of embryo doctors and lawyers will amuse themselves at the "Closerie" for hours, and moreover exhibit indications of a most lively interest. The great recommendation of the amusement, I believe, is, that the players *might* be doing something worse; a philosophical system of reasoning, which will apply to most diversions—from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter.

A few hours of this amusement is scarcely necessary to give the student that sometimes inconvenient instinct—an appetite. Accordingly, at about five he begins to think about dining; or, rather, he begins to perform that operation, for he has been thinking about it for some time.

Dining, in the weak imagination of conventional persons, usually induces visions of Vefour, and is suggestive of Provençal fraternity. But the student of the Quartier Latin, if he indulges in any such visions, or is visited by any such suggestions, finds their end about as substantial as their beginning. His dreamy dinners have, alas! no possibility of realisation. Truffles to him are tasteless, and his "trifles" are literally "light as air." Provence provides him, unfortunately, with more songs than suppers, and the fraternal associations with which he is best acquainted are those of the Cuisiniers in the Rue Racine or Rue des Mathurins.

It is, very probably, with one of these "*Associations Fraternelles des Cuisiniers*" that the student proceeds to dine. These societies, which are fast multiplying in every quarter of Paris, are patronised principally by Republicans who are red, and by Monarchists who are poor. The former are attracted by sympathy, the latter are driven by necessity. Indeed, a *plat* at six

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sous, which is the usual price at these establishments, is a very appropriate reward for the one, or refuge for the other. At these establishments—which had no existence before the last revolution—everybody is equal; there are no masters, and there are no servants. The *garçons* who wait upon the guests are the proprietors, and the guests themselves are not recognised as having any superior social position. The guest who addresses the waiter as "*garçon*" is very probably insulted, and the *garçon* who addresses a guest as "*monsieur*" is liable to be expelled from the society. In each case "*citoyen*" is the current form of courtesy, and any person who objects to the term is free to dine elsewhere. Even the dishes have a republican savour. "*Macaroni à la République*," "*Fricandeau à la Robespierre*," or "*Filet à la Charrier*," are as dear to republican hearts as they are cheap to republican pockets.

A dinner of this kind costs the student little more than a franc. If he is more ostentatious, or epicurean, he dines at Risbec's, in the Place de l'Odéon. Here, for one franc, sixty centimes, he has an entertainment consisting of four courses and a dessert, inclusive of half a bottle of *vin ordinaire*. If he is a sensible man, he prefers this to the Associated Cooks, who, it must be confessed, even by republicans of taste, are not quite what might be expected, considering the advancing principles they profess.

After dinner, the student, if the Prado or some equally congenial establishment is not open, usually addicts himself to the theatre. His favourite resort is, not the Odéon, as might be supposed, from its superior importance and equal cheapness, but the "Théâtre du Luxembourg," familiarly called by its frequenters—why, is a mystery—"Bobineau's." Here the student is in his element. He talks to his acquaintances across the house; in-

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dulges in comic demonstrations of extasy whenever Mademoiselle Hermance appears on the scene, and, in short, makes himself as ridiculous and contented as can be. Mademoiselle Hermance, it is necessary to add, is the goddess of the quarter, and has nightly no end of worshippers. The theatre itself is everything that could be desired by any gentleman of advanced principles, who spurns propriety, and inclines himself towards oranges.

After the theatre the student probably goes home, and there I will leave him safely. My object has been merely to indicate the general characteristics of his ordinary life, from which he seldom deviates, unless tempted by an unexpected remittance to indulge in more costly recreations, afforded by the Bal Mabille or the Château Rouge.

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Tahiti.

MADAME IDA PFEIFFER, of Vienna, a lady, favourably known to the reading public of Germany as the pleasant narrator of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and of various Tours in different parts of Europe, has recently published an account of her travels round the World. In her preface, she states that an uncontrollable desire to travel, and to see distant and little known regions, impelled her to undertake the bold enterprise, the details of which are now recorded in three little volumes, entitled "A Lady's Travels round the World."* In the course of so extensive a circuit, much that is curious and interesting must have presented itself to an intelligent observer like Madame Pfeiffer. We subjoin, with some abridgment, her account of Tahiti and its inhabitants.

It may be well to premise, that until lately Tahiti was under the protection of England, but it is now transferred to France. The island was long an object of dispute between the Governments of both nations; but in November, 1846, peace was concluded. Queen Pomare, who, during the interval of contention, fled to another island, had returned to Papeiti, one of the chief cities, a few weeks before Madame Pfeiffer arrived there. Her abode was a small house containing only four rooms, and she dined every day at the residence of the Governor. A suitable abode is now being built for the Queen, by the French Govern-

* Frauenfahrt um die Welt.

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ment, from which Her Majesty receives a pension of twenty-five thousand francs per annum.

Papeiti, the port, is surrounded by coral-reefs, which defend it like the outworks of a fortress, and render its entrance at once difficult and dangerous. Between the rocks, against which the billows break with frightful force, a very narrow opening barely affords sufficient room for the passage of ships. On our approach, says Madame Pfeiffer, a pilot came out to us, and, in spite of a very adverse wind, we succeeded in working our way safely into the harbour. After we had landed, we were congratulated on our lucky escape; the people who were anxiously watching our entrance assured us that at one moment we nearly struck on a coral bank—an accident which had a short time previously befallen a French vessel.

Before we cast anchor, we observed some half-dozen Pirogues making towards us; and in the space of a few minutes our deck was thronged with Indians, who nimbly climbed up the ship's sides to offer us fruit and shell-fish. But these luxuries are not now, as they were in Captain Cook's time, obtained in exchange for glass beads and bits of red cloth. They are to be had for money only; and our Tahitian visitors showed us that they knew how to drive bargains and extort high prices as well as the most practised hucksters of Europe. I presented to one of the Indians a ring made of some kind of gilt metal. He took it; and after smelling it, shook his head, giving me to understand that he knew it was not made of gold. Observing a ring on my finger, he took my hand, and whilst he smelt the ring, a pleasant smile that lighted up his features seemed expressive of a request that I would give it to him.

We found Papeiti (on the 25th of April, 1847,) full of French

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troops, and several French ships were lying in the harbour. The town, which contains between three and four thousand inhabitants, consists briefly of a range of wooden houses with gardens extending along the shore. A noble forest, crowning a range of hills, forms the background of the scene, and here and there on the upland are scattered many small huts.

The only buildings of any commodious size, are the Governor's house, the French magazine, the military bakehouse (whence the barracks are supplied with bread), and the Queen's residence, not yet completed. Many little wooden houses, containing only one room, had been hastily constructed, to supply the demand for dwelling places, which, when I was there, were so scarce, that French officers of rank were glad to take up their quarters in wretched Indian huts.

I looked about in vain for a lodging. Nowhere could I find a single room to let; and at length I was fain to content myself with part of a room—in short, literally a corner. This accommodation I found in a hut, occupied by a carpenter, his wife, and two children. A space about six feet in length, and four in width, was allotted to me behind the door. The floor was not boarded, and the walls were formed of staccadoes or palisades. There was neither bedstead nor chair; and yet, for this lodging I was obliged to pay very exorbitantly.

The hut of a Tahitian Indian frequently has no walls, and consists merely of a roofing of palm-leaves supported on poles. Even those better sort of huts, which have palisadoed walls, are not divided into compartments; all comprise only one room, the dimensions of which usually vary from twenty to fifty feet in length, and from ten to thirty in breadth. The whole furniture consists of mats of plaited straw, some coverings for beds, a few wooden

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chests, and possibly one or two jointed stools; the latter, however, rank among superfluities. Of cooking utensils or apparatus, the Indians possess none. Their food is all baked in stone ovens. The stones are heated, and the meat is put into the oven without any dish. At table, one knife suffices for a whole party; and a cocoa-nut shell serves as a basin to contain water for their drink.

The missionaries who have successively resided here during the last fifty years, have wrought a change in the dress of the natives, especially those in the neighbourhood of Papeiti. Still, however, their costume is sufficiently characteristic of savage life. Both men and women wear a garment called the *pareo;* it is a sort of petticoat made of coloured cloth and fastened round the waist by a band. By the women it is worn long enough to descend to the ankles; but the men have it much shorter, reaching only to the knee. The men wear a short shirt of coloured cotton over the *pareo*, and under it they frequently have loose trousers. The upper garment of the women is a sort of long full blouse. Both sexes wear flowers in their ears instead of ear-rings, the hole in the lobe of the ear being bored sufficiently large to admit of flower stalks being easily drawn through it. The Tahitian women, old as well as young, adorn themselves profusely with flowers and foliage, of which they form very tasteful wreaths and bouquets. I also frequently saw men wearing wreaths round their heads. On holidays and other festive occasions, they wear, in addition to their ordinary dress, an upper garment called the *tiputa*. This is made of a material of their own manufacture, prepared from the bark of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees. The bark, when newly stripped from the tree, is beat and pressed with stones until it becomes as thin as paper; after which it is coloured yellow and brown.

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I visited a little wooden building used as a place of worship. It was thronged by Indians, all of whom had been converted to Christianity. They called themselves Protestants; but, of the faith they professed they knew nothing but the name. Before entering the house of prayer they all divested themselves of their floral ornaments, with which they again decorated themselves on departing. Some of the women wore black satin blouses; others, who were resolved on being particularly fine, appeared in bonnets —gay creations of Parisian millinery, of a fashion which has been obsolete for at least half-a-dozen years. It is impossible to conceive the ludicrous effect produced by the broad, flat faces of these Tahitian belles, under their fantastically shaped bonnets.

Whilst the psalms were being sung, an air of devotion pervaded the congregation, many of whom joined in the singing with tolerable correctness; but during the delivery of the sermon, the clergyman was listened to with the utmost indifference. The children were engaged in playing, quarrelling, and eating; and of the grown-up portion of the assembly, those who were not gossipping were sound asleep. I was assured that most of the natives are able to read, and that many of them can write; but, during worship in the church, I saw only two individuals (aged men) make use of their bibles.

The Tahitians are tall in stature, and strongly made. Men of six feet high are by no means uncommon. The women are likewise tall, and, in general, very stout. The men are decidedly handsomer than the women. Both sexes are alike remarkable for beautiful white teeth, and fine dark eyes; all have very large mouths, thick lips, and broad, flat noses; the latter are so highly admired, that, as soon as an infant is born, it is customary to press down the cartilages of the nose, in order to give to the

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feature the broad, flat form which is an indispensable condition of Tahitian beauty. Both men and women have long black hair, which hangs down their backs in one or two thick plaits. The complexion of these islanders is copper colour. Nearly all of them are tattooed on the lower limbs; but the hands, feet, and all other parts of the body are free of these ornaments. The figures employed in this tattooing, chiefly arabesques, are frequently executed with much artistic taste.

The Governor of Tahiti, M. Bruat, made arrangements for some grand public festivities on the first of May, in honour of the *fête* of Louis Philippe. In the forenoon, a sham sea-fight was got up under the superintendence of the sailors belonging to the French ships in the port. This being ended, the spectators adjourned to a meadow to witness feats of agility, exhibited by some of the natives in climbing a Maypole. At the summit of this pole coloured handkerchiefs and other trifles were the prizes won, to those who were lucky enough to reach them. At noon the principal native chiefs were invited to a grand feast prepared for them on the lawn fronting the Governor's house. The banquet consisted of salt meat, bacon, bread, roasted pigs, and fruits of various kinds. But the guests, instead of sitting down, as was expected they would, to partake of the delicacies provided for them, divided the whole into portions, and each carried his share home with him. In the evening there were fire-works, illuminations, and a ball.

I was present at this ball, and was vastly amused and interested. The assembled company exhibited the most ludicrous contrasts of art and nature. Elegant Parisian ladies were seated, side by side, with coarse, swarthy, native females; and French staff officers, in full uniform, might be seen holding conversation with

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half-naked Indians. Several of the natives, desirous of making a particularly elegant appearance on this occasion, wore loose white trousers; others had no other clothing than the *pareo* and the loose shirt over it. One of the chiefs, arrayed in this costume, was a most pitiable object; he was perfectly crippled by *elephantiasis.*

On the occasion of this ball I saw Queen Pomare for the first time. Her figure is tall and stout, but very well formed. She is thirty-six years of age, but fresh and blooming; and I have observed that the women of Tahiti retain their youthful appearance to a more advanced period of life than the women of other warm climates. The countenance of Queen Pomare is pleasing, and is almost continually animated by a good-humoured smile. She wore a robe of azure-blue satin, made very full, and somewhat in the form of a blouse. It was trimmed with rich black blonde, set on in double rows. In her ears she wore sprigs of jasmin, and a profusion of flowers were wreathed in her hair. In her hand she held a beautifully-worked cambric handkerchief, trimmed with very rich broad lace. On that evening she wore stockings and shoes; but Her Majesty, on ordinary occasions, goes bare-footed. I was informed that the dress worn by Queen Pomare at this ball was a present from King Louis Philippe.

The Queen's Consort, who is somewhat younger than herself, is exceedingly handsome. The French have surnamed him "*Prince Albert of Tahiti,*" not only on account of his good looks, but because, like Prince Albert in England, he is not the King regnant. At the ball he appeared in the uniform of a French General Officer, and wore it with tolerable grace.

Besides Queen Pomare and her Consort, there was another

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royal personage in the company. This was King Otoume, the sovereign of one of the neighbouring islands. He was dressed in the most comical style imaginable. He wore a pair of white trousers very wide and short. Over his other garments was a kind of surtout, made of cotton of a bright canary colour. It had evidently been made in imitation of a European coat; but its shape and style of fitting proclaimed it to be a production of native genius, rather than the handiwork of a Parisian tailor. The King was bare-footed.

The Queen's ladies in waiting, four in number, were dressed in blouses of white muslin. They also had flowers for ear ornaments, and wreaths in their hair. Their manners and deportment were not devoid of grace. These young ladies danced quadrilles with some of the French officers; but it was painful to see them dance with their bare feet; and I was continually apprehensive that their toes would be trodden on by their partners' boots. Except the Queen and her Consort, none of the natives had shoes or stockings. A few of the more elderly females wore faded old-fashioned bonnets for head dresses; and several young mothers were accompanied by their children—even infants in arms.

A short time before supper was announced, the Queen withdrew into an adjoining apartment to smoke a cigar; and whilst her Majesty was thus engaged, her consort amused himself by a game at billiards.

At supper, I had the honour of sitting between Prince Albert of Tahiti and the canary-coloured King of Otoume. Both were sufficiently initiated in the rules of good breeding to show me such ordinary marks of attention as filling my glass with water or with wine, helping me to the dishes near them. It was evident that they took vast pains to imitate European manners.

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Nevertheless, some of the guests now and then committed themselves, by doing the most extraordinary things. The Queen herself, having desired an attendant to bring her a plate, placed upon it a large assortment of sweatmeats and dainties, which her Majesty selected for the purpose of carrying them home with her. It was also found necessary to check several of her company in their too copious libations of champagne; but, on the whole, the party, though exceedingly merry, was tolerably decorous.

I subsequently dined several times with the Royal Family at the residence of the Governor. On those occasions, the Queen, as well as her husband, appeared in the national costume—the colored *pareo*, and the loose upper garment; both were barefooted. The heir to the throne, a boy of nine years of age, is already betrothed to the daughter of a neighbouring king. The future bride, who is two or three years older than the prince, resides at the court of Queen Pomare. She has been brought up in the Christian religion, and has been taught the English language.

Tati, the principal native chief of the Island, who had come to the port to be present at the festivities on the first of May, was now about to return, with his family, to his residence at Papara: and a French officer, who was to escort the chief, proposed that I should join the party. To this proposition I very readily acceded; and on the 4th of May we embarked in a sailing-boat to proceed along the coast of Papara, a distance of thirty-six nautical miles. Tati, the chief, a venerable old man, ninety years of age, perfectly well remembered the landing of Captain Cook. His father, at that time first chief of the island, formed a close friendship with Cook; and, in conformity with a custom then prevalent in Tahiti, he changed names with the English navigator.

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Tati receives from the French Government an annual pension of six thousand francs, which, at his death, will revert to his eldest son. He had with him his wife, a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, and five of his children, the offspring of a previous marriage. The lady who travelled with us was his fifth wife.

We passed several interesting points as we sailed along the coast. Nor was the sea itself less interesting than the romantic scenery on shore. Our little skiff glided over shallows, where, through the clear crystal current, every pebble,—nay, almost every grain of sand was perceptible. Looking down through the translucent waves, I beheld groups of coral and madrepore, presenting such exquisite masses of form and colour, that I readily could have lent faith to the fanciful superstition which supposes the existence of fairy gardens at the bottom of the sea. In the wide-spreading ramifications of marine vegetation might be pictured miniature groves and arabesque parterres, interspersed here and there with hillocks of sponge. Multitudes of little transparent fishes darted to and fro, revelling in colour and radiance, the variegated hues of the butterfly, and the brightness of the glow-worm. These tiny fishes were scarcely an inch in length. For splendour of colouring, I scarcely ever beheld anything to equal them. Some were of clear azure blue, some bright yellow, and others, nearly transparent, exhibited richly shaded tints of brown and green.

We had left Papeiti about noon; and at six o'clock, when the sun was setting, it was resolved that we should not pursue our course further that evening, as the numerous rugged cliffs which fringe that part of the coast render the passage somewhat unsafe, after dark. We therefore landed at Paya (a place situated about

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twenty-two miles from Papeiti) of which the sixth son of Tati is the ruling chief.

In honour of his father's visit, the young chief ordered a supper to be prepared. A pig was accordingly killed, and cooked in the Tahitian fashion. A hollow dug in the ground contained a number of stones, round which a fierce fire was kindled. Meanwhile bread-tree fruits were skinned and divided into halves by a sharp wooden hatchet. When the fire burned up, and the stones were sufficiently heated, the pig and the bread-fruits were put into the oven, and heated stones laid over them. The whole was then covered over with leaves, branches of trees, and finally with a layer of earth.

Whilst the supper was being cooked by this process, the table was laid out. A straw mat having been spread on the ground, large leaves, intended to serve as plates, were placed upon it. As a drinking-cup, each guest was furnished with a cocoa-nut shell; half filled with a sort of acid beverage, called *Miti*.

In about an hour-and-a-half supper was announced to be ready; and though the pig was not prepared in the most tempting style, yet it was consumed with inconceivable rapidity. By the help of a single knife the pig was divided into as many portions as there were individuals to partake of it; and each one was helped to his or her share, together with half a bread-fruit, placed on a leaf. Excepting the French officer, old Tati, his wife, and myself, no one sat down at the rustic table; it being inconsistent with the customs of the country for the host to eat with his guests, or a child with his parent.

On our arrival at Papara, we were informed of the death of one of Tati's sons. The event had taken place a few days previously, but the funeral was deferred until the arrival of the aged

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chief. I visited the hut, and the attendants gave me a new pocket handkerchief, directing me to offer it as a present to the departed. This custom of offering presents to the dead, is still kept up by the Tahitians—even those among them who have become converts to Christianity. The body lay in a coffin, resting on a low bier; both coffin and bier were overspread with a sort of white paint or lacker. Before the bier two straw mats were spread. On one of these mats were placed all the clothes, drinking-cups, knives, &c., which had belonged to the deceased. On the other lay a vast collection of presents, consisting of shirts, pareos, handkerchiefs, bits of cloth, &c.

I attended the ceremony of the interment. The priest delivered a short oration over the grave, and when the coffin was lowered, the mats, the straw hat, and the clothes of the deceased, together with some of the presents, were thrown into the grave. In the vicinity of the place of interment there were some ancient Indian tombs called *Murais*. They were quadrangular spaces surrounded by stone walls four or five feet high. Within the *Murai* or quadrangle, the corpse used to be laid, resting on a wooden framework. There it was left until nothing remained but the skeleton, which was afterwards buried in some sequestered spot.

After my return from Papara, I made a visit to Venus Point, a little tongue of land, on which Captain Cook stationed himself to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disk. The stone on which his telescope was fixed is still on the spot where it then was.

One of my most interesting excursions was to Fontana and the Diadem. Fontana is a point which the Tahitians considered to be impregnable, and where, nevertheless, they sustained the most

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signal defeat by the French during the last war. Governor Brouat obligingly lent me his horse to make this excursion, and he sent with me as a guide a sub-officer, who had been engaged in the action, and who explained to me the positions and movements of the hostile forces.

For the space of six miles I rode through thick forests and deep ravines, intersected by mountain torrents. In many parts of these ravines, extremely narrow passes are flanked on either side by steep and inaccessible mountains; so that here, as in ancient Thermopylæ, a small band of brave warriors were enabled to keep at bay a strong and numerous army. The defiles of Fontana may be said to be the key to the whole island. During the late war Fontana was the principal stronghold of the Tahitians, and the only mode by which the French could hope to carry the important position was by climbing up an almost perpendicular precipice, and thereby reaching a narrow ridge near the summit. General Brouat announced his wish that this dangerous enterprise should be entrusted only to volnnteers; and sixty-two men were selected from the very considerable number who eagerly offered themselves. After twelve hours of difficult and perilous exertion, the gallant adventurers at length gained the summit. As soon as they appeared in sight, the dismayed Indians threw down their arms, exclaiming, "These are not men, for that steep acclivity is inaccessible to mortal footsteps. They must be spirits; therefore let us surrender, for it is needless to attempt defence."

At Fontana, a little fort, surmounted by a watch-tower, has been built. It is reached by a footpath running along a narrow mountain ridge, beneath which yawns a chasm of unfathomable depth. For persons liable to vertigo, it would be dangerous to attempt to walk along this path, which, however, commands a

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magnificent prospect over the surrounding country. Mountains, valleys, ravines, and waterfalls diversify the romantic scene; and high above every other object in the landscape towers the Diadem. I reached that colossal mass of rock after a three hours' ride along a very difficult road. The prospect from the Diadem is still grander than that from the fort, extending in two directions, far beyond the boundaries of the island, and to some distance over the sea.

This was my last excursion in the lovely island of Tahiti.

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Old Cairo and its Mosque.

ONE of the most agreeable places in Egypt is old Cairo, either to pass through, or to reside in. After jogging through a mile or two of narrow bustling streets, with tall houses and balconies jealously excluding the sun, and leaving the sacred precincts of Sitti Zeyneb behind, you emerge suddenly behind rubbish-mounds and villages into full view of the great aqueduct, winding down on your left to the river's edge. The sun beats, and the wind blows clouds of dust; donkeys laden with burseem, camels, and—such is the progress of civilisation—water-carts, pour along in unbroken succession; women scream, and men roar, and beggars importune. Luckily the navigation is short. You go round the head of the aqueduct, and suddenly find yourself in the nicest little street you can imagine, the entrance shaded by trees, and the distant vista prolonged by trees—the houses small and quiet-looking, with flowers in the windows and pretty faces at the doors—nothing but the costume to tell you that you are not in a tranquil village in England.

A little farther the scene changes—you are almost out in the country again; and the breaks between the houses and the trees on the right, show the rapid narrow channel of the Nile, that runs between you and Rhoda Island, where a succession of palm-groves and white palaces, with romantic-looking landing stairs, shaded by some drooping sycamore, strongly remind one of many scenes in the "Arabian Nights." In the other direction, the gigantic

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tapering minarets of the new Mosque on the citadel constantly reappear as you ride along.

But the street closes in again, and assumes a different character. Large walled gardens, within which one can occasionally distinguish corners or pinnacles of mysterious-looking houses embowered in trees; court-yards devoted to business, and containing huge mountains of grain or of chopped straw; boat builders' stations, and all the signs of a commercial place, soon begin to appear. And then you get into a bazaar or street of shops; and then into the market place, from near which the ferry-boats start for Gizeh and the Pyramids; and then into another bazaar, and to the neighbourhood of the Custom-house, where first this huge by-street makes a bend, and after going through a neighbourhood principally devoted to private houses and gardens, becomes at length a country road, leading out to the Attar-En-Nebbi or Prophets' Footstep.

What I have thus endeavored to describe, is almost the only aspect of old Cairo which visitors usually witness; and indeed there are many parts of the place which it is not easy to see, unless you go with a very positive determination to do so. If you turn off from the great street in any other direction but the real bazaar, you are instantly assailed by the information, generally vouchsafed by old women and children, that there is no thoroughfare; you turn, and twist, and wind, and generally come back to the place from which you started, after having passed through a variety of narrow lanes, and ventured into twenty blind alleys. The town, in fact, is divided into quarters, each with its separate gate, and each inhabited, no doubt, by a kind of class of people—the relics, probably, of the original population that settled here in the time of Amer-ibn-el-As, some twelve hundred years ago. It is

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impossible to imagine anything more quiet than these quarters, without being dismal. For, although the light of the sun is generally shut out, yet here and there a few bright beams find their way down upon some carved projecting window, or into some little square, where perhaps a single palm-tree bends gracefully over, and throws a small patch of shadow upon some snug corner, where two or three children gracefully sit, and look in unfeigned astonishment at the intruder in another costume and of another faith.

The bazaar is in itself tolerably well stocked, although many shops are closed. A certain bustle prevails, because boatmen and country people often come there to buy; but the manners of the place seem a century behind those of Cairo. The dealers are more grave, and more impressed with the importance of their social position, and, without being in the slightest degree rude, evidently regard a Frank as an object of curiosity. There they sit, pipe in hand, calmly waiting for customers, generally in silence, sometimes talking with neighbours over the way; but all with a decent gravity quite delightful to behold.

There are a good many other things to see and notice in and about the strange old decayed city, as the fortified convent where the Chamber of the Virgin is shown; but the most curious object is the Mosque of Amer, that stands on the eastern side. I went one day to visit it, in company with a devout Arab. It stands almost alone amidst dusty mounds, and a few hovels. There is nothing very remarkable in its exterior appearance, which presents nothing but long, littering, dead walls. On entering the narrow gate, however, it is impossible not to be struck with the effect of an immense square court, surrounded by vast colonnades, with

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plain round arches of simple grandeur. An octagonal building in the centre, containing a well, improves the general effect. We were first conducted to the Pillar of Purity—that is to say, two marble columns, placed so close together that only a spare man can squeeze through. In old times it was esteemed that none but good and true Moslems—and yet all of these—could pass between. When such a standard was chosen, not very long after the Prophet had promulgated his faith—few indeed, must have been the specimens of bulky orthodoxy, such as we have so often met with parading the streets, fluttering in their ample silk robes. At present, it is believed the columns are still a test of remarkable purity; and my corpulent companion sighed as he acknowledged the absolute impossibility of his succeeding in an attempt which was easy to me. A hideous old lady, who played the part of cicerone, repeatedly excited him to prove his freedom from sin; but even to ascend the steps would have been to him a difficult operation; and he sadly renounced all claim to be considered one of the "very righteous."

The old lady was a capital and original guide—not original, however, in her eagerness to hurry us from one point of interest to the other. She led us along the vast colonnades, telling us, with rare faith, that the true believers would be trampled under foot by the heathen whenever the most sacred Mosque fell into decay; and it really requires some such persuasion to excuse the tasteless reparations which have recently been made at various points. After permitting us to peep into a small cell containing the tomb of the founder of the Mosque, she took us through a perfect forest of columns to one particular one, up to which she ran, and, slapping it triumphantly, cried, "Look there!" She had evidently reached what, to her, was the most interesting spot

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of the whole. I could at first see nothing at all remarkable; but, at closer examination, found that the column was slightly depressed, and stained with a greenish colour, and that there was a crack across it. I learned that the impression was caused by a slap from the hand of the Prophet himself; and the crack by a blow from his *Koorbash*. My companion, to whom I observed, that, as far as I knew, Mohammed had never been in Egypt, was a little puzzled and shaken in his faith, and he admitted that there were many suppositious relics; but, on reflection, his doubts were satisfied. "See," quoth he, "here is the proof you require; all the genuine marks of the Prophet are of a green colour; this stone is green; therefore—" The conclusion was irresistible; and I was told that the Great Rasail's Footstep in the Mosque to the south of Old Cairo is also green.

I have seen it somewhere remarked, that Moslems do not look with reverence upon antique monuments of their faith. This, however, is not so. I have never known greater respect paid to ancient buildings than is paid to their mosques by the Egyptians. It is true they despise every thing else that is old; and feel a pleasure in demolishing the relics of the unblessed Kafrs, who preceded them. In breaking them, they seem to feel all the pleasures of a contest with supernatural power; for they firmly believe that the huge stones with which the ancient piles that we respect are built, were not raised with human arms, but by the influence of spells and talismans. When, in spite of an opportunity, they refrain from destruction, it is in the belief that they may bring down the vengeance of accursed spirits upon themselves. It is another article of their faith, that the ruins contain hidden treasures, and so firm is their conviction, that every relic of ancient

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times would have been long swept away, were there not a counteracting superstition that these treasures are protected by evil spirits. Near Shabour, on the Rosetta branch, I am told there is a huge stone, covering the entrance of a cave, supposed to contain incalculable riches; and that every night a magic cock is supposed to come out and chant, to draw attention to the fact; but it is also supposed that any one who should venture to remove the stone, would have his heart pecked out by the imaginary cock that protects the imaginary treasure. The wild fancy of the Arabs has adorned nearly every spot in their country with similar legends. Even the Mosque of Amer itself was once believed to contain immense wealth—or rather, *is* believed; for the disappointment of the searches is said to be the work of genii.

But, as I was saying, the Moslems do respect their ancient mosques; and, indeed, one of the chief features in the conversation of the devout, is the emission of various opinions on the ages of their places of public worship. Some of the fanciful, forgetting the recent existence of the Prophet, heap thousands on thousands of years with complacent fervour; but, generally speaking, the information current seems to be tolerably exact—more so than one would expect to be the case. I found that donkey-boys and boatmen agreed to give the Mosque of Amer twelve hundred and odd years (it was built in A. D. 639), and that the knowledge of the particular incidents connected with its foundation was not very incorrect. The old lady cicerone told us some long stories about the period at which various additions were made, and the generosity of people who gave up their houses to make room for the expanding Mosque. Among other things, she said that a Jewish lady of extraordinary beauty, built a house close to the

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northern side, leaving only a narrow passage between. It was determined to throw back the colonnades in that direction, such room being wanted for the increasing crowd of worshippers; and, accordingly (property being held, it appears, on a different tenure then to what it is now), application was made to the lady to sell her house. She refused, and the improvement was delayed for a year, when its urgency increasing, a new demand produced a new and decided refusal. Then the Governor of Egypt, in a moment of passion ordered the house to be forcibly entered, and its owner expelled. She would not give up the point, but travelled all the way to Bagdad to lay her complaint before the Caliph. A simple statement was sufficient, and an order was immediately issued that the property should not only be restored, but a heavy indemnity paid. But the heart of the Jewish lady was touched by the eloquence of the Lord of the Faithful, or by divine interposition, and she suddenly, not only declared herself willing to give the house in dispute as a present, but embraced Islam, and—so the story goes—became one of the favorite wives of the Caliph himself. In the midst of much extravagance, there is often a hidden purpose in these Arab tales; and I am inclined to think this one was a correct mode of satirising the manner in which, of late years, Government has interfered with private property.

I went away much pleased with this my first visit to the Mosque of Old Cairo, and was glad to find that, in accordance with former experience in other places, every one about was quite tolerant in demeanour, and that the usual present, instead of being exacted with rudeness, was gently solicited, and received with gratitude. It must not be supposed, however, that we paid for admission to the Mosque. There the door stood open for us and

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the winds to enter; but we made a voluntary donation, in accordance with the custom of a country in which charity degrades neither the giver nor the receiver. I tried to avoid drawing mental comparison with home; but could not help thinking that, at least in Egypt, places of public worship were *not* put on a level with theatres.

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The "Mouth" of China.

TILL lately, the only entrance to the Celestial Empire vouchsafed to us Western barbarians, was the "Bogue," or mouth of the Canton river. Macao, Hong-Kong, and Canton were the only places Europeans were allowed to profane with their presence. The ship in which Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose Voyage round the World we have before mentioned, was conveyed from Tahiti to this place, not being a Phantom Ship, only introduced her to those places. On the 9th of July, 1847, she cast anchor in the roads of Macao. A throng of Chinese, she tells us, speedily made their appearance on the deck of our ship, whilst others, without quitting their boats, offered for sale, fruit, cakes, and other articles—all very prettily arranged; in short, we were speedily surrounded by a sort of floating fair.

The captain ordered a boat to be got ready, and we eagerly went ashore. Each individual, on landing, was required to pay half a dollar to the mandarin—an exaction which I was informed would speedily be abolished. We proceeded to the house of the Portuguese merchants resident in Macao; and on our road thither, we passed through a great part of the town. Europeans, women as well as men, may freely travel the streets of Macao without fear of being stoned—a danger to which they are not unfrequently exposed in other Chinese towns. Those streets exclusively inhabited by Chinese, presented a very animated aspect. Groups of men, seated out of doors, were engaged in

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playing at dominoes, whilst the occupants of the shops, carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers, were working, gossiping, or taking their meals. I saw but few women, and those few belonged to the lower class. I was greatly amused by the mode of eating practised by the Chinese. They use two pieces of stick, by the help of which they raise the food to their mouths, with extraordinary dexterity. When eating rice, the vessel containing it is raised to the widely-expanded mouth, into which the rice is thrown by help of one of the little sticks above mentioned. When partaking of dishes of a more fluid kind, they use round spoons made of porcelain.

The houses present nothing remarkable as to style of building. They are usually fronted by a court-yard or garden. I visited the Grotto in which the celebrated Camoens wrote some portion of his "Lusiad." The umbrage created by the satirical poem entitled "Disparates na India," caused Camoens to be banished to Macao, where he remained in exile for several years. The Grotto is built on a little eminence at a short distance from the town.

Our captain finding that he could not transact the business he expected to do in Macao, proposed to sail on the following morning; and he kindly invited me to make the trip to Hong-Kong, though I had engaged my passage only as far as Macao. I very gladly accepted his invitation.

On the morning of the 10th of July, we sailed for Hong-Kong, which is about sixty nautical miles from Macao. The voyage from the one place to the other is varied and interesting. We were continually in sight of picturesque bays and groups of islands. Hong-Kong was ceded to the English by the Chinese after the peace in 1842. The sea-port town, called Victoria, built by the English, contains many handsome stone edifices.

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The Europeans, of whom there are only a few hundreds here, are somewhat dissatisfied, trade not being so prosperous as was at first expected. The English Government gratuitously gives portions of land to merchants, on condition of their building houses. Many have erected on these grants of land large houses, which they would willingly sell for half the price they have cost. Victoria is surrounded by barren hills, or not very pleasingly situated. The town has altogether a European character; and, but for the Chinese porters, labourers, hucksters, &c., seen in the streets and in shops, it would be difficult to imagine one's-self on Chinese ground. I was a little surprised at not seeing any native women in the streets; from which circumstance it might have been inferred that a European female could not safely have ventured out of doors alone. However, I never met with the least insult or annoyance on the part of the Chinese; even their curiosity was not offensively manifested.

In Victoria I had the pleasure of being introduced to the celebrated Gutzlaff. Four other German missionaries were also residing there. They were dressed in the Chinese style; had their heads shaved, and the back hair plaited in long tails, in the style worn by the natives. These missionaries were studying the Chinese language, which is exceedingly difficult, both to speak and to write. The written language consists of characters, of which there are upwards of four thousand; and the spoken language is composed of pure monosyllabic sounds. The Chinese write with pencils dipped in Indian ink; their lines run from right to left, and from the top of the paper downward.

After the lapse of a few days, I met with an opportunity of going to Canton on board of a Chinese junk. Mr. P., a merchant residing at Victoria, who had received me very kindly,

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recommended me not to venture in the junk alone, as he assured me the Chinese people were not to be trusted. He advised me either to take a boat for myself, or to engage a berth on board one of the steamers; but these modes of travelling were too expensive for the limited means at my disposal. A place in the steamer, or a hired boat, would have cost twelve dollars; whilst the fare by the junk was only three. However, I must confess that I saw nothing either in the looks or conduct of the Chinese to excite alarm. "I put my pistols in order—(continues the fearless lady)—and, on the 12th of July, I went on board the junk."

As evening drew in, heavy rain obliged me to return to the covered part of the vessel, where I amused myself by observing my Chinese companions.

The party on board the junk, though not the most select, was nevertheless perfectly decorous in demeanor. Some of the men were seated at dominoes, others were listening to the performance of a musician, who drew forth doleful strains from a sort of mandoline with three strings. A few were gossiping; a great many smoking; and all, by turns, drank unsugared tea. Of this beverage, which was served in small cups, I was civilly invited to partake. The Chinese of all ranks and classes, rich and poor, drink neither pure water nor fermented liquors. Weak tea, without sugar, is their constant beverage.

Late in the evening I retired to my cabin, where, to my discomfort, I found the rain dripping through the roof. The captain, on being apprised of this fact, immediately accommodated me with another berth, where I found myself in company with two Chinese women. When I entered the cabin they were completely enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which they were puffing from small pipes, no larger than thimbles.

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My companions, observing that I was unprovided with the head-stool, which in China is used instead of a pillow, kindly offered me one of theirs; and the offer was so urgently pressed that I felt myself obliged to accept it. These head-stools are made of bamboo, or of a very thick kind of pasteboard. They are about eight inches high, and from one to three feet long, rounded at top, and have no stuffing. The head rests more comfortably than might be expected on one of these stools.

Early next morning I hurried on deck to see the entrance to the mouth of the Si-kiang or Tiger River; but we had advanced so far up, that no trace of the mouth was discernible. I, however, saw it subsequently, when I returned from Canton to Hong-Kong. The Si-kiang is one of the largest rivers in China. At a very short distance from the point at which it falls into the sea, it is nearly eight nautical miles in width; but at its mouth it is so contracted by rocks that it is only about half that breadth. The views along the banks are pleasing; and some fortifications erected on the heights give a romantic character to the scenery.

At Hoo-man (which place also bears the name of Whampoa) the river branches into several separate streams. One which flows up to Canton is called the Pearl River. Its banks are lined with extensive rice plantations, amidst which bananas and other trees are planted, in rows; the intervening spaces forming pleasant avenues. But these trees are intended less for ornament than for use. Rice requires a very damp soil, and the trees are planted with the view of giving the earth a certain degree of consistency, and preventing the rice from being washed away by the copious irrigation which the soil demands. Neat little Chinese country houses, with pointed and notched roofs, and walls profusely adorned with coloured tiles and clay ornaments, are

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seen nestling amid groups of shady trees; and pagodas—or *tas*, as they are called by the Chinese—varying from three to nine stories in height, stand on hills in the vicinity of the villages, and from a vast distance attract the eye of the traveller. The river is defended along its banks by numerous fortified posts.

Some miles below Canton, we passed a succession of poor looking villages, for the most part consisting of huts built on piles driven into the bed of the river; numerous boats floating in the stream, also served as habitations for their owners.

As we drew near to Canton, the aspect of the river became more and more animated, and the number of boats of every description augmented. There were vessels of the most extraordinary forms. Some of the junks, two tiers above water at the stern, looked like houses with high balconied windows. Many of these junks are exceedingly large, and they are not unfrequently of a thousand tons burthen. I saw several Chinese ships of war, of a flat and long build, and carrying from twenty to thirty guns. The mandarins' boats, with doors and windows painted on the outside, are like neat little houses decorated with silk flags. But above all, I admired the flower-boats, with their upper galleries adorned with garlands, arabesques, and other ornaments. The windows and doors of these flower-boats are somewhat in the gothic style; the doors lead to the interior of the boat, which consists of one large saloon, and a few small cabins. Mirrors and silken tapestry adorn the walls; crystal lustres, and coloured paper lamps, between which are suspended pretty little baskets filled with fresh flowers, serve to complete a picture which, to European eyes, presents an almost magical effect.

These flower-boats, which constantly lie at anchor in the river, are places of entertainment to which the Chinese resort both by

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day and by night. The amusements consist of dramatic performances, jugglery, and dancing. No females, save those of a depraved class, visit these places. Europeans are not prohibited from entering them; yet, the present hostile state of feeling on the part of the Chinese, exposes them to the chance of insult, and, possibly, of ill-treatment.

The bustle and movement on the river is still further augmented by thousands of very small boats, called shampans; some lying at anchor, and others floating about among the large vessels and flower-boats. Meanwhile, fishermen are seen in all directions casting their nets; and children and grown persons are bathing and swimming. It is frightful to see the young children in the small shampans. They are suffered to play and swing on the edges of these boats and they are every moment in danger of falling overboard. Careful parents adopt the precaution of fastening hollow gourds, or bladders inflated with air, on the shoulders of very young children, to save them from immediately sinking when they fall into the water—an accident of continual occurrence.

In short, the varied objects and strange manners; the active life and movement observable on the Pearl River, altogether make up a picture of the singularity of which description can convey no adequate idea.

During the last few years, European women have been permitted to enter the factories of Canton, and even to reside within them. I consequently left the junk without hesitation; but having landed, I had to find my way to the residence of Mr. Agassiz, to whom I had been directed, and as I could not speak a word of Chinese, I was obliged to have recourse to signs. I made the captain of the junk understand that I had no money with me, and that he must conduct me to the factory, where I

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would pay him. He readily understood me, and escorted me to the place I wished to go to. When Mr. Agassiz saw me and learned how I had travelled,—above all, when he was informed that I had walked from the junk to his house, he was very much astonished that I had escaped so fortunately. I now, for the first time, became aware that it is very hazardous for a woman to walk through the streets of Canton unaccompanied by any one but a Chinese guide. It is quite an unheard-of thing: and I was assured that I might consider myself very lucky in having escaped being insulted, and even stoned, by the people. On my way from the junk to the factory, I observed the people staring at me, calling after me; and, by degrees, they ran out of the shops and houses, thus forming a crowd which followed us. However, I walked on fearlessly; and possibly my safety was due to the fact of my having manifested no symptoms of alarm. I was not disposed to stay very long in Canton; for since the last war between the English and the Chinese, the place has become more than ever insecure to Europeans. To European women especially, a strong dislike is manifested; because, according to a Chinese prophesy, the Celestial Empire will one day or other be conquered by a woman. The plan I had laid down was to direct my course to the north of China, to the port of Tschang-hai, where I was assured I might, with comparative ease, enter into communion with the people.

I was, however, induced to change my plan. By good fortune, I formed acquaintance with Herr Von Carlowitz, a German, who had resided for many years in Canton. He kindly offered to act the part of my Mentor; and to his courtesy I am indebted for having seen more of China than any other European woman ever saw.

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Our first excursion was to the famous Temple of Honan, accounted the most beautiful in China. The temple and its surrounding gardens are enclosed by a lofty wall. We first entered a spacious outer court, at the further end of which a colossal portal led into an inner court. Beneath the arch of this portal there were two figures of War-Gods, each eighteen feet in height, and exceedingly fierce in attitude and aspect. Their presence is supposed to guard the entrance against evil spirits. A second portal of the same kind, beneath which were figures of the four Celestial Kings, leads to the third, or innermost, court, in which the Grand Temple is situated. The interior of this temple is about a hundred feet square. The flat roof, whence are suspended a multitude of glass lustres, lamps, artificial flowers, and coloured silk flags, is supported by a range of wooden pillars. Numerous images, altars, vessels filled with flowers and incense, candelabra, wax-tapers, &c., give to the decorations of this temple some resemblance to those of a Catholic church. Near the entrance there are three altars, and behind them three statues, representing the god Buddha in three different ways; allegorically personifying the Past, the Present, and the Future. The figures are of colossal proportions, and in sitting attitudes.

It happened that service was being performed in the Temple, at the moment when we entered. It was a sort of mass for the dead, which a mandarin had commanded for his deceased wives. At the two side altars there were officiating priests, whose garments, as well as the ceremonies they were performing, resembled those of the Catholic Church. At the centre altar was the mandarin devoutly engaged in prayer, whilst two attendants were fanning him. He frequently kissed the ground, and every time he performed this ceremony, three perfumed tapers were pre-

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sented to him. Holding these in his hands, he raised them up as high as he could reach, and then gave them to a priest, who placed them before one of the statues of Buddha, but without lighting them. The musical part of the service was performed by three men; one strummed on a stringed instrument, another struck a metal ball, and the third played a sort of flute.

Besides this principal temple, there are several minor temples and halls, all decorated with images of gods. One of the smaller temples is held in especial veneration. It contains twenty-four images of the deity who is supposed to preside over mercy. Some of these images have six and others eight arms. All the gods, Buddha included, are carved in wood, gilt, and painted in a variety of tawdry colours.

Our guide next conducted us to the sanctuary of the Holy Swine—for the animal which the Mahomedan holds in utter detestation, the Chinese deifies. The interior chiefly consists of a handsome stone hall; and though some care is taken to keep it clean, it does not smell much more agreeably than pigstyes in general. The holy swine are so watchfully tended and abundantly fed, that they are usually killed with kindness and die a premature death. At the time of my visit, the sanctuary contained only one happy pair; and I was informed that there are seldom more than six of the animals living at a time.

Adjoining the Temple of the Sacred Swine was the dwelling-place of one of the Bonzes or priests. It consisted of a sitting-room and sleeping apartment, very neatly fitted up. The walls of the sitting-room were ornamented with wood carving, and the furniture was very elegant and curious. In the dwelling of the Bonze we saw an opium-smoker. He was lying on the ground stretched on a mat, and beside him he had a cup of tea, some

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fruit, a lamp, and several very small pipes, through one of which he was inhaling the inebriating vapour. Not being in a state of total unconsciousness when we entered, he arose slowly, laid aside his pipe, and crawled to a seat. His eyes were fixed, and a death-like pallor pervaded his countenance. He was altogether a most miserable-looking creature.

We were next conducted to the garden in which the remains of the Bonzes are burned after death—an honour accorded exclusively to them, the remains of other persons being merely buried. Our attention was directed to a simple mausoleum, about thirty feet square, in which the bones of the Bonzes are preserved after the rest of their bodies has been consumed by fire. At a little distance from the mausoleum stands a tower built of stone, about eight feet in diameter, and eighteen in height. On the floor within the tower there is a small hollow, in which a fire is kindled, and the body of the dead Bonze, dressed in full costume, and seated in an arm-chair, is placed over this fire to be burned. Round about it are laid wood and dry rice, and when the whole begins to blaze up, the door of the Tower is closed. After the lapse of an hour, it is again opened, when the ashes are scattered round the Tower. The bones of the Bonze are left undisturbed for a year, after which time they are collected and deposited in the mausoleum. Another remarkable object in this garden is the beautiful water-rose, or Lotus flower (*Nymphœa Nelumbo*,) which properly claims China as its native land. The Chinese are so fond of this flower, that for the sake of rearing it, they have a pond in almost every garden. The flower measures about six inches in diameter. It is white, but sometimes, though very seldom, of a pale pink hue. The seeds resemble in size and taste those of the hazel-nut; the roots, when cooked, are said to have

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the flavour of artichokes. Upwards of a hundred Bonzes live in the Temple of Honan. Their ordinary dress differs in no way from that worn by other Chinese, from whom they are distinguished only by having their heads completely shaved.

I made a visit to the Half-Way Pagoda, so named by the English because it is situated half-way between Canton and Whampoa. We went by a boat up the Pearl River. The Pagoda stands on a mound of earth, in the vicinity of a village, and is surrounded by immense rice fields. It has nine stories, and is one hundred and seventy feet high. Its circumference is not very considerable, and does not materially diminish from the lower part upwards. This pagoda is one of the most celebrated in China; but it has long ceased to be used. The interior was totally dismantled; no trace of images or any other ornaments remaining. There is no flooring between the different stories, so that when looking upwards from the ground in the interior, the eye uninterruptedly scans the pointed summit of the structure. On the outside, each story is marked by a small gallery without balustrades. These galleries are reached by steep flights of steps, and are extremely difficult of access. They are curiously inlaid with coloured tiles, placed lozenge-wise, one over another, the point of each tile projecting about four inches beyond the one below it. When viewed from a distance, this appears like some kind of open work; and from the brilliant hues and delicate fabric of the tiles the whole might be mistaken for a mass of porcelain.

Whilst we were viewing the pagoda, some of the people from the neighbouring village collected around us, and, as they seemed to be very harmless and peaceable, we thought we might venture to take a peep at them in their own little settlement. Accord-

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ingly, we wended our way to the village. It consisted of a cluster of small houses, or rather huts, built of brick, and externally presenting no peculiarity except their flat roofs. The rooms had no ceiling—the external roof of the house serving for that purpose; the flooring was of stamped earth, and bamboo mats formed the partition walls between the rooms. These houses contained but few articles of furniture, and were exceedingly dirty. In the middle of the village there were several small temples, and before the image of the principal deity dingy lamps were lighted. I was much struck by the vast quantity of poultry collected in front of all the huts. The chickens were so numerous that it was difficult to avoid trampling on them as we passed along. Here, as in Egypt, hatching is effected by artificial heat.

I had long been desirous of seeing the celebrated wall of the city of Canton, and, by good luck, I was enabled to surmount the obstacles which seemed to render the gratification of this wish impossible. Herr Von Carlowitz engaged a missionary to accompany us on this expedition. Missionaries, I may mention, are the best possible escorts and guides for travellers in China. They speak the language of the country, make friendly acquaintance with the people, and, in consequence, enjoy the privilege of going about without danger or interruption. The good missionary whom Herr Von Carlowitz had engaged, expressed his readiness to escort us on the wished-for excursion, on condition that I would disguise myself in male attire. Hitherto, no woman had ventured on the expedition, and I was assured that even I, who had ventured so much, could not undertake it with safety. I speedily provided myself with the requisite disguise, and thus equipped, set out early one morning.

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We walked a long way through narrow streets, paved with broad stones. In front of every house we observed a niche, within which there was a little altar two or three feet in height; and as it was not yet broad day, the night lamps were still alight. This lamp-burning rite of the Chinese religion must occasion an inconceivable consumption of oil. Gradually the shops began to be opened. They were merely little square rooms, without front walls. The goods were displayed partly in open drawers, and partly on tables, behind which the shopkeepers usually sat, engaged at their work. From one corner of the shop a narrow flight of steps leads to the upper part of the house, which is the dwelling-place of the family.

Here, as in the cities of Turkey, particular streets are appropriated to particular trades and professions; one is occupied exclusively by glass-venders, another by silk-mercers, and so on. In one of the streets of Canton, in which all the doctors reside, the only shops are those of apothecaries; for in China the functions of physician and apothecary are exercised by one and the same individual. The shops in which provisions are sold are very elegantly arranged; and these are all in one street. Between the houses there are frequently small temples, which no way differ in style from the adjoining buildings. The gods are confined to the lower stories of these temples; and all the space above is appropriated to the use of mortals.

As the day advanced, I found the streets exceedingly crowded and busy, especially those containing the shops in which provisions were sold. Women and young girls of the lower class were hurrying to and fro, making their marketings, much in the same way as in the cities of Europe. They were all unveiled, and many of them waddled like ducks; for the practice of crip-

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pling female feet is not exclusively confined to the higher ranks of society. The crowd and confusion were not a little augmented by men carrying on their shoulders large baskets filled with provisions; in loud voices, they alternately crying the articles they offered for sale; and shouting to the people who thronged the streets. Every now and then a palanquin, bearing one of the wealthy Chinese traders to his place of business, would work its way into a narrow lane, checking the course of the living tide that poured through it, and completely blocking up the thoroughfare.

All these narrow streets or lanes are situated close to the city wall, upon which many of them abut. Along the wall there are many little doors or gates leading into the interior of the city. These gates are closed in the evening, and at all times foreigners are strictly prohibited from passing through them. If, as it frequently happens, an unlucky foreign sailor, in the course of an idle stroll, unwittingly passes through one of these forbidden gates, a volley of stones, directed upon him from all quarters, is the first intimation he receives of his mistake.

After we had walked about two miles through the labyrinth of narrow streets, we came in sight of the celebrated wall: It is about sixty feet high, and in most parts covered with grass, moss, creeping plants, and other kinds of vegetation; so that it has the appearance of a garden wall. From the summit of a little neighbouring hill, we obtained a fine view over the city. It was a mere chaos of small houses, between most of which stood a single tree. We discerned no fine streets or squares; no temples, or handsome buildings of any kind. A single pagoda, five stories high, was the only object that reminded us we were surveying a Chinese city.

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Our homeward course lay across fertile uplands, and well-cultivated meadows and fields. Many of the hills are cemeteries, and are thickly scattered over with graves, marked by little heaps of earth, and tombstones about two feet high. Some of these stones were nearly covered with inscriptions. Here and there were family tombs, consisting of large graves surrounded by walls in the form of a horse-shoe. The Chinese do not inter all their dead. They have another very peculiar mode of burial, which consists in depositing the corpse in tombs of masonry. These tombs have two walls and a roof, the unwalled sides being left open. They contain two or three, and sometimes as many as four coffins, which rest on wooden benches. The coffins are made of trunks of trees hollowed out.

The little villages or hamlets through which we passed were marked by poverty and dirtiness. In all of them I observed vast numbers of poultry and pigs; but in the course of the whole excursion I saw only two horses and a buffalo. These animals were of a very small species.

When near our journey's end, we met a funeral. Its approach was announced by strains of dismal music; and we had scarcely time to look about us and to get out of the way, when the procession advanced almost at a running pace. First came the musicians, followed by a few Chinese (probably relatives of the deceased); next were two empty palanquins, followed by the coffin, formed of the hollowed stem of a tree. It was slung on a pole, and carried by bearers. The procession was closed by a few priests and a long train of people, who followed from mere idle curiosity.

The high priest wore a white head-dress, with a triple point, looking not unlike three fool's caps fastened together. The

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mourners (who are all men) wore a piece of white cloth, either tied round the arm or wound round the head. White is the colour worn by the Chinese for mourning. They are particularly sensitive respecting death, and direct allusion to it in conversation is considered highly indecorous. When they speak of a funeral, they call it a "white affair."

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Lost in London.

THE following are extracts from the manuscript of a German gentleman of education, who fled from hopeless poverty, occasioned by political persecution at home, to endure poverty, with hope of better days, in London. He landed at Blackwall on a cold morning, in December, 1846, with a small spare body, a nearly empty purse, and a carpet bag. His hope was that he might earn bread by translating German works, and he had a fancy that he would begin with Hegel; he was prepared also to labor in original composition as an English writer. That he can write English well, our extracts from his autobiographical sketch testify.

In the waiting-room at the Custom House he was abashed by a party of neat gentlemen and ladies. Their clothes were clean, he says, and mine had not felt a brush since I got into the railway train at Cologne. Their hair was very short, wiry, and prim, while mine was long and dishevelled. Their cravats were as stiff as they were high, and I had the assurance to wear my shirt-collar turned down. There was something exceedingly painful to me in the sneering curiosity with which I was surveyed. I left the room.

I had scarcely gone out on the quay, when a dirty man, with large whiskers, came shuffling up, and addressed me in German. He asked me whether I had come with the boat from Rotterdam? and on my saying, "No," he wished to be informed what hotel I had fixed upon. I knew of the touters for the low inns, who lie

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in ambush about the London wharfs to entice strangers, and particularly foreigners, into their lairs. But what had I to fear? I was no prey for thieves. My falling in with a touter was somewhat fortunate. A home was at once recommeded to me, of which my whiskered countryman, with the dirty face, informed me he was the proprietor. He called it "fatherland in the midst of London."

After a short palaver, we agreed to his proposal, that I should pay him for my board and lodging at the rate of half-a-crown per diem. This, he said, was the usual sum; but I found afterwards that I paid a shilling more than he was in the habit of receiving. I was, however, well pleased with my bargain. As for him, he seemed in such conceit with his new customer, that he would not leave me for a single moment alone, for fear I should make my escape or lose my way.

I was very cold and felt feverishly impatient to change my dress, wash my face, and brush my hair. I looked, consequently, with great eagerness towards the "fatherland in the heart of London." Besides I had not yet breakfasted; and when Mr. Wernstuk (such was the whiskered man's name) proposed to go to a public-house on the wharf, I readily accompanied him, and was forthwith led into a large room, where an enormous fire was drying the smock-frocks of above a hundred coalheavers, draymen, and porters, who sat on black benches, drinking ale, and eating cheese. They all smoked clay pipes, and seemed greatly to enjoy their bad tobacco. My landlord dragged me to a table at the further end of the room, where he told me to sit down by the side of a pale woman, whose dress and long braids, escaping from under a skullcap embroidered with beads, plainly bespoke her as one of my fair countrywomen. While the landlord, who appeared

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an *habitué* of the place, bustled off to get some refreshment at the bar, I entered into a conversation with the poor woman, who seemed quite bewildered by the surrounding uproar. She said she and her husband had but that morning arrived from Rotterdam, and that they had been at once secured and carried off by Mr. Wernstuk. The last-named person returning with a dish of cold beef, and sundry pots and glasses, put the beef before me, and bade me take especial care of the blunt knife and iron fork which he placed into my hands—for he had become bail for them at the bar. While I was engaged in conquering the toughness of the meat, I understood that knives and forks being continually stolen by the hunters of this place, every guest was bound to go to the bar and return those articles when done with.

The noise and the smell of the room were too powerful; and declaring my intention to se out by myself on a voyage of discovery for Mr. Wernstuk's hotel, I returned the knife and fork to that gentleman, who loudly predicted I was sure of falling into the jaws of other sharks, and who seemed half-agonised at the idea of a certain rival house in Leman Street, which he told me was worse than a murderer's den. But neither his curses nor his prayers could prevail with me. I merely stayed to inquire for the situation and number of his house in Wellclose Square, took my carpet-bag, and a few moments afterwards I alighted at the Fenchurch Street Station of the Blackwall Railway.

The men whom I saw in Rosemary Lane, as I passed through it on my way to Wellclose Square, seemed to be almost all Jews, anxious to sell me coats, or buy my carpet-bag; and the women, many of whom peered out from little windows that were almost on a level with the pavement, were gross in their language, and licentious in their manners. Some of them were assembled in

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small knots in the streets, so that I found difficulty in passing along. But soon I found an object of a more formidable nature in my way in the shape of a woman, whose size and evident strength of limb, joined to a certain swaggering deportment, bespoke her a heroine of rows. This woman, who had watched my progress up the street, separated from some of her companions, and placed herself in my way. There was something in her manner which made me sure she would speak to me, and be angry at any answer I might give; but, for all that, I could not avoid her. I might have crossed the road, but that would have betrayed the fear which I confess I felt; and I therefore walked boldly up to her, and in a polite tone addressing her as "Madam," asked her for the direct way to Wellclose Square.

My stratagem succeeded. The woman was not accustomed to politeness; she seemed half confused, and immediately began to describe the route I was to take. There was evidently some better feeling in her, which made her feel flattered at being mistaken for what she was not, but perhaps had been. She accompanied me almost to the end of the lane. In the course of my progress through this neighbourhood, I remarked that all the inhabitants looked squalid. The very air seemed full of pestilential matter; I felt cold shudders, and my breath came short. I thought of the "cittá dolente" of Dante. Wellclose Square appeared very quiet; no human being met my eye, when I first entered it; no face appeared at the windows. It was indeed the quiet of a churchyard.

My knock at the door of Mr. Wernstuk's house, to which I had been directed, was speedily answered by a rakish-looking young man, in shirt-sleeves, wirh a scarlet Calpac on his head. Evidently astonished at the appearance of a guest whose deportment

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differed from what he was accustomed to see in this place, he seemed unable to comprehend my request for accommodation. It was not until I showed him the card which the landlord had given me, that he opened the door and led me into the parlor. The room was dirty, cold, and damp. A low fire burned in a desolate looking grate; the hearth was full of cinders, and the leavings of a late and disorderly breakfast stood upon the table. Music, wearing apparel, and sundry stone bottles, strewed the floor. A powerful, square-built fellow, in a Flushing jacket with brass buttons, forced an unmelodious twang from the three remaining strings of an old guitar.

There was no one else in the room; but on the violent shouts of the man in the Calpac, a negligently-dressed woman ascended from some place below. Her features were haggard, and bore an expression of habitual ill-humour; such as bad health, fatigue, and hopelessness stamp on the face. The sharp cough which accompanied the first words she spoke, told her history at once. She was fast sinking under the attacks of consumption.

Surveying me with an air in which kindness struggled with vexation, she said, after a few explanatory remarks from my introducer, "Did my husband indeed send you here, mein Herr?" And when I said, "Yes;" she continued, "I think Wernstuk is mad. He brags about his house, and his hotel, and his accommodation; whereas you may now see with your own eyes whether a place like this is fit for such as you. Wernstuk is mad!"

"Not so mad as you think, my good woman," said I. "At least not in the present case. What his accommodation is, I know not; but his prices suit me excellently. Therefore, let the door be shut, and stir the fire, for it is very cold."

"Ja, ja, mein Herr!" said the man in the Flushing coat with

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a broad Westphalian accent; and he betook himself eagerly to obey my commands, while his companion—whom the landlady called Tillmans—placed a chair close to the fender, and asked me to sit down on it. "Since you insist on remaining here," added he, "we will at least do all we can to make you comfortable."

But I asked to be forthwith shown to a room where I might wash and dress. The man in the Flushing coat looked astonished, and the pale features of the landlady bore an expression of blank dismay. She hesitated for some moments, and then explained to me that there was no room in the house but this, in which a fire was kept, and that to wash and undress in any other room would give me my death of cold. We were interrupted by a violent knocking at the street door, which being opened, admitted the landlord, the pale woman, and half-a-dozen men, who were evidently the worse for liquor, and who would have been the better for some water and soap. Their entrance was the signal for a scene of confusion, which lasted until the appearance of the landlord; who, with a huge dish full of hot potatoes, gave the signal for dinner.

A dozen eager hands were at once in motion to assist him. The table, which still bore the traces of the last meals, was covered with a coarse cloth; Louis, the waiter, emptied a basket of tin spoons, knives, and iron forks, on the table; and while the man in the Flushing jacket, armed with a large knife, prepared to act as carver, by stripping himself of his upper garment and tucking up the sleeves of his shirt, the company arranged themselves round the table, and made an unceremonious attack on the provisions, which consisted of cold beef, boiled mutton, sausages, and the hot potatoes. The appetite with which the company ate was truly edifying, and the pauses of the meal were duly filled with

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laughter, disputing, and swearing. Each guest seemed eager to impress all others with his great proficiency in London life.

Coffee was brought in after dinner, and the men, scarcely any of whom had as yet found employment in their respective trades, produced large pipes, and fell with great vehemence to smoking and disputing; while the landlady and the pale woman, with the embroidered skullcap, sat down in a further corner of the room.

Presently, a man in rusty black entered with a boisterous air, which was evidently assumed for the purpose of conciliating the good-will of the landlord, who at once welcomed the new-comer. "You are just in the nick of time, Mr. Speellman," said he. "There is foreign money in the house."

"Great demand for sovereigns, eh?" said Mr. Speellman. "Well and good. I have brought gold and silver, and give as much for a dollar, or florin, as any man in the trade."

"Gentlemen and ladies!" cried the landlord. "You hear what Mr. Speellman says. He is ready to change whatever coins you may have in your pockets; for you must know your Prussian, or Bavarian, or Badenish money could not buy you a penny roll in a shop." Some of the guests broke out in exclamations of surprise, and hastened to the table. Mr. Speellman produced a large leather bag full of English money, and did, what he called, "a little business," with every one. The man in the Calpac and the wearer of the Flushing coat, alone, had no money to change. The money-changer was just about to go, when he saw the latter, who looked at him with a grave face.

"Ah, Braun!" said he, "I have not yet found anything for you. Bad time for farriers now. Winter—no horses in town.—Schmidt, I say, what are you doing here? Why are you not at your work in Whitechapel?"

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"Because some one has knocked a nail into my cask, and I've run that nail into my foot."

"Some one has knocked a nail into your cask!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said he, turning to me while the money-changer left the room, "I am a carpenter by trade; but finding no work, I engaged myself with a fellow in Whitechapel to 'cure' skins. I have done it now a fortnight, but some one who wished for my place disabled me by knocking a nail into my cask."

I could not make out his meaning.

"I had to get up at three in the morning," he explained; "I undressed, and then went into a cask with hair-skins, which I had to stamp upon all day long. If I continued that work till seven or eight in the evening, I could earn about a shilling a day; just enough to keep me alive."

"And were you tricked out of so miserable an employment?"

"Certainly. There are dozens who wait for one of the workmen to fall ill; and, if they have to wait long, they make him fall ill by secretly disabling him. Every one has his place so long as he can keep it. They are all Germans who work there, and many of them are clever in their trades; but they cannot find other employment."

This afforded me food for reflection. What a market is London to bring one's labour to!

A sudden stillness in the room interrupted the train of my thoughts. I looked up and found that almost all the guests were gone to see something of the town. Mrs. Wernstuk sat on a wooden chair close to me, and coughed violently. "That is a bad cough, which you have," said I; "have you long suffered from it?" "No, not very long," said the poor woman; "it has

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come on gradually, and is very bad just now. I had the typhus fever in the spring; it was my first illness, and it was dreadful. I was out of my mind, Lord knows how long, and when my senses came back, I could not walk from sheer weakness. The doctor sent me to Gravesend, where I remained three weeks. I wish I could go there again, I was very happy at Gravesend." "Are you less happy here?" said I. "I am very miserable. You see the house is dirty. I cannot clean it. The scrubbing and washing it is my death. I find difficulty in mounting the stairs. I have always a mind to lie down and sleep. My husband abuses me; he says it is my laziness. But it is the disease; I feel it. Here," she pressed her hand on her breast, "is a spot which burns like fire. It makes me cough."

I knew the poor woman spoke the truth, and that death was at her heart. She sat there for a long time coughing, and telling me of her father's farm between Duren and Stolberg; of the rich green meadows and the wild forests; of the Corpus Christi processions, when she and her maiden-friends crowned the rustic altar with flowers; and of the merry Kirmesses on the Rhine, where she had danced. She said she had been so fond of dancing, and that she had often danced all through the short starry summer nights, and walked home after sunrise, when the dew was on the deep grass, and the birds were in the air.

But I had to attend to my own affairs. I had no friends in England. There was one man, however, to whom a mutual friend had consigned my fate and fortunes. He was at Brighton. To Brighton I consequently resolved to go, after I had first informed him of my arrival in London. I called for writing materials, indited a letter, and hastened to bed, before the wilder part of the inmates of the house returned from their experiment

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on London life. The bedroom to which I was shown, though at the top of the house, was wet and cold as a cellar. The plaster of the unpapered walls was, in many places, broken; and the floor looked as if it had but just been washed. Fancying this to be the case, I was angry at this unseasonable attempt at cleanliness; but, when I awoke next morning, I found that this was the usual condition of the floor. It was always wet. The beds in the room were arranged ship-fashion—one standing upon the other; so that the room, which was very small, might be made to contain three persons, or, if necessity required it, six.

I chose the topmost bed, for I thought there I was safest if the "fittings" should break; and I kept my clothes on, for I found on examination, that the straw over which the sheets lay, and the sheets themselves, and the blankets were very damp. I thought my bed would give me rheumatism, and with this thought I fell asleep. When I awoke in the morning I was chilled and sick. I found that I had shared the room with an Italian Swiss, who was about to go to Buenos Ayres.

Descending to the common room, I found all busy at breakfast. A Dutchman, with the complexion of a bad tallow candle, treated the company to potted salmon, schiedam, strong cigars, and other delicacies. The wild young men who, the evening before, had gone to see the town, were elated with the night's adventures. They spoke highly of a certain house of public resort in "Dog Street." Mr. Wernstuk, the landlord, was noisier, and his whiskers were, if possible, more shaggy than the day before. His wife still complained of her illness. She said her cough had been very "trying" during the night.

After breakfast, I set off for Brighton, where I had an interview with Mr. Vitriol, the author, to whom I had been recom-

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mended. I had been assured I could confide in Mr. Vitriol, and I gave plain and candid answers to the searching cross-questions about my prospects with which he assailed me. I told him my plans and intentions; nor did I conceal from him that it was of vital importance to me to be at once employed. He drew his eyebrows up, and the corners of his mouth down, and said it would not do. He exclaimed at the crowds of Englishmen who wanted literary engagements, and mentioned the number of applications he had received within the last month. "I believe it," said I. "But those people had not the good fortune to be particularly recommended to Mr. Vitriol." He smiled, but grimly, and plied me with new questions. He made me confess that I was almost penniless, and that my sole resource, at present, was my pen. He condemned me for having come to England, spicing his condemnation with a little blasphemy. I was resolved to suffer all, rather than offend him; for he seemed desirous of taking offence; so I merely replied that I had told him of my misfortunes, and that I had come to England because poverty in a foreign country seemed preferable to poverty at home, where people knew me. I entreated him to look at some of my productions. He had no time. Besides, it was useless. A foreigner could never write English. I asked him to try me but once; but he said again it would not do. I might still have spoken, I might have said many things; but there was something in Mr. Vitriol's manner which crushed me. I felt my spirit broken.

I was obliged to accept the bed which Mr. Vitriol offered me in his house. That night was dreadful. Mr. Vitriol said in the morning he would think about my case, and asked me meanwhile to stay in his house. I had no choice, and accepted. Mrs. Vitriol, his wife, seemed afraid of me; not because I am a very

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formidable person, but because I was poor. To relieve her of my presence, and myself of the awkwardness of continually repeating my name to her, which she could not remember, I walked about Brighton all day, and felt miserable when I saw people meet and shake hands. It made me feel my loneliness. Next morning Mr. Vitriol sent me to London. I was but too happy to go. Indeed I would have gone the day before, had I not feared to give him occasion to be offended. He said my circumstances were such, that I must be at once employed. He would give me a letter of introduction to a friend of his, whose literary career he had fostered. That friend should take cheap lodgings for me, and I should write to give him my address. He would then send me letters of recommendation to publishers and authors; in fact he said all he could say to send me off easy. I understood afterwards that his wife had persuaded him to give me some hope, lest despair should drive me to commit suicide in his house; a circumstance which would have unpleasantly disturbed their domestic arrangements.

It was about seven in the evening when I knocked at the door of the house in Soho, where Mr. Pebble, the man to whom Mr. Vitriol had addressed me, lived. I had promised Mr. Vitriol to deliver the letter that very night; for it contained some information which it was important Mr. Pebble should have at once, and Mr. Pebble should assist me in finding cheap lodgings, because I was "hard up." There is at times something soothing in a cant phrase; it takes the sting off a humiliating position by making it familiar. The woman who answered my knock told me Mr. Pebble was out, but she expected him back every minute. On my inquiry where I might wait for him, she directed me to a coffee-shop in St. Martin's Court; and I sallied out in search of it, carry-

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ing my carpet-bag with me. I had by this time grown heartily tired of my carpet-bag. It was not heavy; but it had become torn during the journey, so that it was awkward to carry, and it exposed me to the attacks of all the boys about the streets, who continually offered to carry it for me. After some trouble, I found St. Martin's Court and the coffee-house, where I dined on a cup of coffee and some dry toast.

When I called on Mr. Pebble next morning, he said that lodgings, such as I wished, might be found in one of the smaller streets between Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, and he accordingly accompanied me to that quarter of the town. There were many bills in the windows, but we had to see a great many rooms before we found one which would suit me. I knew lodgings in London were not cheap; but I had no idea that such exorbitant prices could be asked for rooms like those which I saw. We found at last two rooms on the top of a house in Percy Street, at a comparatively moderate rent; and Mr. Pebble urged me to take them. I did so, with a heavy heart, for all the money in my pocket would scarcely suffice to pay the first week's rent. I said I would come to the house that very afternoon, and was about to go for my carpet-bag, when Mr. Pebble told me that it would look very bad if I carried my luggage myself. He said I must send a porter with it; it would only be a shilling—only a shilling! He looked like a man who would run away from me, or knock me down if he had really known of how much importance a shilling was to me.

An hour after sunset I went to Percy Street, and went up the dark stairs to my rooms. The bedroom, which I first entered, struck me as cold and damp, but in the grate of the sitting-room burned a cheerful fire, which lighted the whole apartment. It

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may appear strange that in my straitened circumstances I should have indulged myself with *two* rooms. I can only say that these two rooms together were smaller and cheaper than any one room which I had seen. The bedroom, which communicated with the landing on the top of the stairs, was just large enough to hold a bed and a small wash hand stand. The sitting-room was of the size of a moderate dining-table. There was a view from the window of a block-tin manufactory, where a bell was rung at the end of every hour. There was an incessant noise of the steam-engine and the hammers. When Londoners advertise rooms of this kind, they put in an assurance that "the situation is cheerful."

I was visited, on my arrival, by a little servant, who looked as if she had been made on purpose to fit the room, she was so small and thin. She brought a candle, and looked at me with almost as much interest as I did at her. She said, "Miss Brown had told her to ask whether I wanted any thing for supper." I was about to say, no; but I recollected Mr. Pebble's advice about appearances, and told her I would go out for my tea.

I went out and took a walk up Oxford Street, partly with the intention of buying writing materials—partly in order to accustom myself to the London streets. London street life has an astonishing influence on the minds of new-comers. The strong glare of light in the principal thoroughfares, and the comparative darkness in the streets where there are no shops, joined to the incessant rattling of wheels, and the crowds of people going and coming give a foreigner a dizziness in the head. I had seen, in Wellclose Square, how violently London operated on the lower classes of my countrymen; they seemed almost as drunk with the town as with the liquor they had taken. On me it acted in a different manner. I saw everything confusedly, and my ears

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were almost stunned with the noise. I walked as in a dream. I was curious to see, and yet I could not mark anything. I must have passed half-a-dozen stationers' shops; yet I had almost reached the end of Oxford Street before I found one. When I entered it, I talked confusedly, and my manner was so trembling, that the shop-people stared at me with surprise. I had great difficulty in finding my way back, and was extremely fatigued when I lay down on the little flock bed. That night I had no dreams.

The first week which I passed in my lodging, in Percy Street, was a sorry one. On the first morning I was embarrassed by Miss Brown, the landlady, coming up and asking whether I wished my room "done" at once, or whether she should wait till I had gone out to my business? I stared at the word *business*, for it reminded me that I had none. It is true there was a hope that I should soon be employed; but there was something in that very hope which sickened me. I had duly informed Mr. Vitriol of my exact address, and written my name in large letters for the information of the little Hackney servant; for I was very nervous about my letter being lost. The postman's knock made my heart beat; and I was once almost choked with emotion, when, immediately after that knock, the girl came up-stairs. I listened with trembling eagerness to the sound of her steps. There was no letter for me. Since there was none, the idea of that letter had become fixed in my mind. I thought of it during the day—I dreamed of it in the night. In the meanwhile I spent my time equally between writing and walking. Economy was my grand object; but ignorance of the town made saving difficult. My proceedings in the first days struck me sometimes as being penny wise and shilling foolish;

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but at last I hit upon a plan of spending sixpence a-day for my eating. Saüsage rolls are very fat, and, consequently, satisfying. I bought one for my breakfast, one for dinner, and a third, which I ate at night, to make me go to sleep. I never bought all three at a time, but went out for each, in order to have something to do. Now and then, being madly fond of smoking, I stinted myself of one roll, and bought a cigar instead. Still following Mr. Pebble's advice about appearances, I usually took my walks between three and six in the afternoon, to impress the people in the house with the idea I had gone out to dinner. Nevertheless, I saw my few shillings fast vanishing; and one anxious day passed after another without a letter from Mr. Vitriol. I had meanwhile written an essay about the state of Prussia, which I took to Mr. Pebble, and asked him to procure its insertion in some journal. He put it by, saying he was very busy just then, but hoped, in a fortnight or three weeks' time he should find leisure to look it over, which he must do before he could recommend it. I ventured to hint that its immediate disposal was of great importance to me, and that the looking over it would scarcely take him half an hour. He contemplated me with great astonishment, and grew very restless and pettish in his manner. In going away, I thought of the German nursery tale of people who sowed the wheat when the child was hungry, and, by the time the harvest came, the child was dead. The next day I received a letter from Mr. Vitriol. I could hardly read it for trembling. There were no letters of recommendation in it. I was merely informed that Mr. Vitriol had put off writing because he had returned to town, and that he wished me to call upon him the next morning. There was some hope in being appointed to meet him. The night passed away in feverish impatience.

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I punctually attended the appointment. Alas! my interview with Mr. Vitriol showed me only that I had nothing to hope from him. His first question was, whether I had found out and obtained pecuniary assistance from any of my countrymen? At first I did not exactly understand the meaning of his words; but when I did, I felt greatly insulted, and told him I wanted no assistance, except literary employment, which none of my countrymen in London could give me. "The only alms I want are the wages of labour." He shrugged his shoulders, and said he would talk to some publishers. I might do translations. But he would not hear of giving me letters to those publishers. A personal interview with him was better; I should hear from him.

To say that I left Mr. Vitriol in despair, would be a wrong description of my state of mind. The sickening hopes which hitherto confined my energies, had proved fallacious. I had done with them. Still I was resolved not to despair of anything, and to hope everything. After returning from Mr. Vitriol's house, I formed my plans. I would offer my services to all London papers and periodicals; I would try to live upon next to nothing, and wait the result. My state of mind was very strange; it was less depressed and anxious than it had been during the previous week. There were even times when I could smile and find an interest in the deep importance which pence and farthings had acquired in my eyes. I could reconcile myself to the present, but dared not think of the future.

Meanwhile, I studied the names of journals in the newsvenders' shops, and wrote to the editors, stating my case and asking for employment. The delivery of the letters at the offices was very instructive to me; it made me acquainted with the principal streets of the town. I delighted in carrying my own

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letters; it gave my excursions some purpose, beyond the mere walking. I wrote and carried some letters each day, but I received no answer whatever. I had, meanwhile, reformed my way of living, by discovering a shop in High Holborn, where little hot things which they called meat-pies, might be had for a penny. They were very indigestible, and, I doubt not, unwholesome; but they did for me, because anything indigestible was just what I wanted. Good digestion was precisely the thing to be avoided. As the days and weeks wore on, I felt time more and more heavy on my hands. I had now nobody to speak to; for, the last time I had called on Mr. Pebble he looked so alarmed, that I could not repeat my visit. I had no books to read; there was absolutely nothing I could do, except writing. But then I had great reason to be careful with my paper. I amused myself now and then by crossing the leaves of an old copy-book with short notes of my feelings and impressions. My little servant had grown sulky. It seemed as if the days would not end, and the nights were very long. I could not go to the expense of having a fire, and remained in bed the greater part of the day, to keep myself warm. Christmas Day passed away almost unheeded. I had no almanack, and would have remained unconscious of the beginning of the new year, but for my little servant, who said she was going to spend New Year's Day with her friends at Hackney.

January set in with severe weather, and I fell ill. I felt glad of it; for a total loss of appetite was one of the first symptoms of my illness. My appetite had, of late, been very troublesome. I was never blessed with so large a capacity for eating as when I least had the means of doing it justice. When the fever left me, in its stead came all the pangs of a morbid hunger.

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The unfortunate gentleman, during the first walk after his recovery, calls on a German bookseller, from whom he obtains leave to sit in the shop sometimes and read gratuitously. The bookseller invites him to tea one evening; he stays late; and, on returning to his lodgings, he finds himself accidentally shut out. "There was no choice left," he says, "but to keep out the cold by walking about the streets; for to go to any hotel or public-house was quite out of the question." So, wandering about the lonely streets upon a rainy January night, he was for a time lost in London.

The bookseller and his connections were eventually useful. The writer's acquirements were made known, and procured him employment. He is now connected with the Foreign department of an eminent journal, and prospers.

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South American Scraps.

THE PAMPAS INDIANS.

THE Pampas Indians, like the more civilized *guachos* or descendants of the old Spanish colonists, live on horseback. Their domestic arrangements are of the simplest kind. A moveable tent, made of horse-hide, is the only mansion they covet; horse-flesh and maize are their food; a *poncho*, or short cloak, and a pair of boots, made of colt-skin, their only clothing. They herd together in separate tribes; each community being governed by a *cacique*, or chief. Their wants are few; but even these are often not well supplied, in spite of the natural fertility of their country. Sir Francis Head, in his "Scamper across the Pampas," divides these regions into three sections. "On leaving Buenos Ayres," he says, "the first is covered, for one hundred and eighty miles, with clover and thistles alternately; the second, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third, which reaches to the base of the Cordilleras, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but drive out their cattle to graze, and without any previous peparation, to plough, whatever ground their wants may require." This is, to a great extent, true; yet so straitened are the natives for food occasionally, that necessity has sharpened their wit to a high degree of cunning. Travellers inexperienced in the subtle tricks of the Pampas Indians, have but poor defences against them,

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while roving in pursuit of their little equestrian diversions either for frolic or plunder. To understand some of the strategies which I am about to disclose, it is necessary to bear in mind that in South America all journeys, whether long or short, are made on horseback, and that a traveller is always accompanied by two or three attendants, likewise mounted, leading and tending additional horses caparisoned for use. These are usually driven a-head, and gallop together at a quick speed, followed by the whole party, the attendants from time to time riding forward to survey and regulate the course of the horses in advance.

This is the basis of one of their most successful stratagems, which is remarkable, as exhibiting their ability in horsemanship, and, moreover, the absence of any other purpose than that of obtaining some petty spoil. It being a common thing to see five or six persons galloping through the country, and driving a large number of horses before them; you, who are probably travelling in the same manner, take no special notice of the party advancing towards you from the distance. They approach nearer; you neither slacken your pace, nor diverge from your proper course. Why should you? There is no perceptible reason; yet you are, or may soon, be in a snare. Look well at the advancing party! Now they are near enough for a more critical survey—what do you make of them? There are in advance about thirty horses, driven forward by a party of six persons, all on horseback—they appear to be Indians; but what if they are? How can they harm us? Well, you continue to ride on unsuspectingly. Now you are within musket shot—look intently and scrutinisingly—do you see nothing more? No, nothing! Look again. Ha! it is now too late. On the backs of the thirty horses spring thirty devils, created seemingly by some sorcerer's blackest art. Each bears in

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his hand a lance, whose cast is certain death. In the first stare of amazement, before you can arrange a thought out of your bewilderment, they are on you and around you; you are dragged from your horses; and what follows depends mainly on your own behaviour. It is probable they will deprive you of your horses—perhaps your clothes too. What of that? You escape with your life, and without personal outrage. Go home as fast as you can, and be satisfied with so gentle a misfortune.

Now whence did these thirty "monsters" spring from so suddenly? How came they there? Their unearthly wildness seemed to subdue even the wild horses. Nothing is plainer than a deception explained. You cannot seriously think those tawny monsters knew anything more of magic or sorcery than its primary and potential element, deception. Their cunning is of nature, not art. They do not pretend to do enormities. Their simple object to obtain effectually and as quietly as possible, seems to be all they wish, and all they really do. The truth is, that they did not spring out of the ground merely to entrap you. They came as gentlemen, wild or tame, should approach, on horseback—all the way on those very horses, which they rode in a fashion of their own—not suitably, by any means, to the tame equestrians of London or Paris. A very quick eye might have discerned, while the advancing horses were galloping along in apparent freedom, something hanging under the belly of each horse; it is the dark body of the crafty Indian, holding, with one hand to the mane of his horse, and to the spine with one of his feet; in the other hand he carries his lance, so low to the ground and carefully poised, as neither to injure nor obstruct the motions of the horse. The drivers vigilantly keep the horses together, with that side of each which is free from the

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leg of the suspended Indian presented to the traveller favoured with their interest.

I am not certain that these special customs of theirs are not practised by them rather as sporting diversions than in malice of hostility, or with the motive of plunder. Perhaps they regard their pursuit in adopting the stratagem as a kind of chase after a human animal quite as cunning as themselves. Two circumstances seem to point to this conclusion:—the one, that they do no personal injury, and only take what, even to them, must be almost valueless: and the other, that, in consequence of the disappearance of all kinds of animals from their usual hunting-grounds, they are obliged to seek their sport within the "inhabited" or settled portions of the Pampas. It is said that they have destroyed all the animals of their own districts, by accumulating and driving in, from far off, all they could see into a corner between the sea-coast and a river that discharges itself at that point. This appears to me to be rather improbable: certainly less probable than the supposition that many of the herds thus perpetually hunted, have, from time to time, escaped from those districts, and come into the safer retreats of the "inhabited" parts.

Even the wildest of the wild among the Pampas Indians appear to be polite. They come into the "inhabited" parts for the purpose of hunting, but they invariably ask permission of the *Estancieros*. But what cares the *Estanciero* for their politeness? He sorely feels himself on the horns of a dilemma. If he consent, he is certain they will destroy some of his herds of tame cattle—he supposes they will steal a few horses. If he refuse, he is equally certain they will chase and hunt as much as they please in the remotest part of his "property," and drive away as many

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horses as possible; and, worse than all, in the case of refusal, it is probable they will set fire to the grass.

Notwithstanding the many circumstances that may be fairly urged in extenuation of the conduct of the worst of them, those called indiscriminately *los Indios ennemigos*, who, however, do not appear to be in reality more hostile, or rather less friendly, than those located within the *capamentos*, it is obvious that they are rather troublesome neighbours and frequently very annoying to those who, by favour of the governmental power, have usurped the territories which were the only birthright of the Pampas Indians. The common complaint is, that they are dangerous to the ever-advancing settlers. Is it not so everywhere? Neither settlers nor governments remember that the danger proceeds from themselves, and is the natural consequence of their ever-advancing settlements claiming the dispossession of the persecuted.

It is commonly reported throughout those regions that the Government have resolved to exterminate them at the first opportunity; and this in violation of their treaties. It seems the Pampas Indians, wretches whose wild existence might exclude them from the pale of politics, are dreaded as an irregular political power by the powerful Government, because revolutions are frequent in South America; and it is alleged that, at such periods, the Pampas Indians aid them, indirectly, by pillaging and murdering where they can. If the declared pretext be founded on ascertained facts, which I think is by no means evident, may not such conduct be the result, in some degree, of the boasted intention of the Government to exterminate them at the first opportunity? It is probable that most of the Pampas Indians are acquainted with the intention thus indiscreetly divulged. And, if so, what

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other conduct can reasonably be expected? After the revolutions that occurred in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres about the end of 1839, during which it was alleged the Indians committed devastations most extensively, the celebrated Governor Rosas gave orders to the Colonel-Commandant of the town of Tandil, then the frontier town, to the effect that, after the country should have resumed a little more of its natural aspect, and all parties should have become lulled into comparative security, he was to wreak a signal "vengeance" as it was called, on the Indians. Let us see how well and faithfully the gallant Colonel executed the noble purposes of the famous Governor Rosas.

The chief *toldeira*, or dwelling-huts of the Indians, at that time, was situate about twenty miles south of Tandil, on the margin of a small river, on the farther side of a chain of mountains. Not less than three thousand native men, women, and children, dwelt there. The colonel vigilantly watched for an opportunity, and the garrison was always in readiness. But the Indians appeared to be equally vigilant. At every evening inspection of the corps of cavalry at Tandil, about nine hundred men, heavily armed, emissaries of the Indians, attended, charged with the duty of watching every movement of the soldiers, until the horses were led away for the night. Never was duty more strictly discharged.

The old colonel could not longer remain inactive, and resolved to attempt a night surprise. He knew of the presence of emissaries at every inspection, and observed the confidence with which they usually departed after the release of the horses. On the 13th of March, 1840, the inspection passed off as usual; the emissaries attended; the horses were released; and the Indians departed. Arrived at the *toldeira*, their report was satisfactory.

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In the full confidence of security, all reposed. Meanwhile the colonel ordered his horses saddled, and mounted. Dividing his corps into three columns, they commenced their fatiguing and dangerous march at night through the Pampas, towards the *toldeira* of the Indians, which the three columns of cavalry reached at day-break. No sentry or outpost was there to alarm the encampment. All within lay in the deepest repose.

The issue, in all its revolting horrors, may be anticipated. The natural cruelty of the old Spanish blood was exhibited in the thousand frightful and revolting barbarities then committed by the Argentine soldiers. Only a few of the Indians succeeded in escaping amidst the universal confusion. These speedily informed their countrymen of the horrible fate of their tribe. They have never forgotten that dreadful day. To perpetuate the memory of that massacre, and to mark its scene of horror indelibly for all time, the very place, as well as the small river there flowing on so peacefully and bloodlessly, is called "*Los Vuesos*," signifying the bones.

In the course of my residence at Azul, I cultivated the acquaintance of one of the Caziques of the Capamento, with the view of gathering information as to the religion and peculiar customs of the Pampas Indians. But I never could obtain any regarding the nature and the conditions or laws of their religion. The first caution I received in Azul, was while walking in the sandy streets which are always crowded with them, that I must avoid passing between two of them while in mutual converse, as such an interruption is, they consider, a flagrant insult, and becomes usually the precursor of the most disagreeable consequences. Of course I did not fail to note the caution; and I had neither the courage, nor the disposition of curiosity or mischief, to try the experiment.

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I cannot say the Pampas Indians are free from the vice of drunkenness. It seems that, like other wild tribes of Indians, these have, in their contact with more civilized settlers, contracted the habit of occasionally indulging to excess in spirituous liquors. In almost all cases it will be found to be an imported vice, the result of an imported temptation, too agreeable to the cravings of that sense from which man in his rude state derives one of his principal gratifications. However, there is a striking peculiarity in their mode of drunkenness which deserves to be noted. Everybody has heard there is a method in madness. I never heard of any method in drunkenness; but I have witnessed it plainly developed among these Pampas Indians. In Azul are numerous *pulperias*, or brandy-shops. Being there, it is not likely the Pampas Indians will pass them without tasting the liquor so much esteemed by the Argentine soldiers. If it were intended to make drunkards of all the Indians in the Capamentos, no surer method could be adopted than opening so great a number of such shops there. Whenever the Indians have either money or valuable property of any description, to these shops they hasten, usually in parties of a considerable number. Of course the intoxicating beverage is supplied to the extent of their means of payment; and to many, credit is given. Amongst every such party of drinkers, there is always one who refuses to drink; he will not taste a drop. Nothing will tempt him. The offer of whatever may be at any other time operative to seduce a Pampas Indian to perform an act of any kind, is now quite unavailing. His mission is to watch over and protect his drinking companions. More vigilant than a sentinel at an outpost, facing an enemy under arms, does he perform his solitary duty. He acts as paymaster or banker for all his party. He appears to have been invested by each of them

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with supreme authority for the time being. But what is the use of authority over a party of drunkards? How can it be exercised beneficially while they remain in drunkenness? Let us see. Observe him closely. He looks around, and sees his companions in a state of apparent helplessness, or some, perhaps, in excessive excitement. At any time, without consulting any of them, he pays the reckoning for all, and with a single word his authority is acknowledged by every individual of the party. All disputes cease without another word. He leads them out of the *pulperia*, and even the most drunken fellow of the party follows alertly. Nor is this all: every man mounts his horse, and all return together to their *toldeira*.

Once, while in the neighbourhood of Patagones, our party was encamped on the border of the Colorado. One morning, very early, myself and the six companions who slept with me in our tent, were disturbed by the suffocating sensation caused by thick gusts of smoke blown down upon us by a hot north wind. The smoke had affected my eyes, and I therefore rose, early as it was, to enjoy the freshness of the air. I was proceeding, slowly strolling towards the river, when an unusual noise proceeding from the other side of the river attracted my attention. The atmosphere being dark and misty, I could not see anything to account for the noise, as our *caravane* lay before my eyes, and I had ascertained that nobody was missing. I remained watchful, until the morning mist began to clear away, when I was astonished in recognising immediately the unmistakeable features of a party of Pampas Indians, who were approaching our *caravane* in their usual silent fashion. In a moment I alarmed my companions. As our party was numerous, and we had an abundance of firearms, although alarmed, we felt satisfied that nothing extremely

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serious was likely to happen to us. But we knew that with such neighbours of the Pampas no precaution can be considered as superfluous. We held a brief council, which resulted in the mission of the young *Estanciero* (who perfectly well understood the language of the Pampas Indians, and personally knew many of their tribes) to the advancing party in order to ascertain their intentions. While he advanced, we prepared everything for an efficient defence; but happily none was necessary. After the interchange of a few words, the young *Estanciero* discovered that instead of any meditated hostility, it was, in fact, a party attending in honour to visit himself—a truly agreeable surprise to all of us.

It turned out that an old Cazique, who was a very old friend of the young *Estanciero*, having heard of his presence in our *caravane*, could not abstain from indulging himself with a visit. On hearing this, of course the least we could do was to turn ourselves up all hands in the endeavour to entertain our guests, who, counting women and children, amounted to nearly a hundred persons. As those Indians eat nothing but horseflesh, all we could do was to provide the wherewithal for their repast. We could give them horses or mares, but they must kill them, and cook them, and eat them without our assistance.

Some mares were brought from the nearest *manada*, or troop of wild horses, after about half an hour's sharp chase. They were presented in due form, and in due form they were received. Some were killed, cooked, and eaten, also in due form, I suppose: but, certainly, with very little of what we call ceremony. When I mention that the blood of the animal is esteemed the chief delicacy, the reader will not require me to describe the repast in detail.

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AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIZARD.

The immense plains of grass and other vegetation, which are interspersed with lakes, and of which La Plata is chiefly composed, give life to innumerable animals of the lizard tribe.

The Lagarto, or lizard, is at home in all parts of the Sierra de St. Catherina, and is of various sizes, from the little animal of scarcely four inches in length, to the magnitude of six feet in length. Its colours are most beautiful and diversified. In the hot summer days they appear to like to congregate and bask upon the mountains, where the reflection of the rays of the sun upon their brilliant-colored and translucent skins impart a striking effect. I have often, upon approaching a mountain where they disported themselves in the sunshine, making it almost vivid with their brilliancy, seen them, in their fright at my approach, suddenly and rapidly rush away from all sides of it, producing the same visual sensation and effect as a flash of lightning unexpectedly passing over the shining surface of large sheets of downward-rolling waters. It is very difficult to catch them, on account of the rapidity of their movements. I remember a circumstance happening to myself, while in the Sierra, which will exemplify one of the few ways to kill a lagarto.

On a very hot summer afternoon, I was returning from a visit I had paid to a neighbour, and passing near a solitary *puesto* (the house for a *capatan*, a steward or overseer of a certain part of the lands belonging to an Estancia), I resolved to dismount from my horse, in order to refresh myself at the *puesto* with a draught of water. Finding that the inhabitants had not returned from their occupations in the fields, I entered the little kitchen, and much fatigued, with my eyes full of dust. At the opposite end was a very small door, through which alone any light penetrated

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the kitchen. At the time I entered, the sun shone vividly through the door, giving a lively appearance to what otherwise would be in fact a little black hole. My entry was not attended with any noise, for I wore *potro*-boots—the entire boot being made of leather manufactured from the soft skin of the hind-legs of a *potro*, or young horse,—a lucky circumstance for myself; for on looking around for the never-missing *jarro*, or water-pot, I perceived—what I may truly say quite amazed me—an enormous lizard, of the largest class, close to my feet! Undisturbed by my entry, there it lay, sleeping quietly before the scarce-extinguished fire, enjoying, doubtless, in its repose, the warmth of the rays of the sun falling upon him, so as to show the beauty and brilliancy of his colours in dazzling reflection. A moment's consideration determined me how to act. I quietly withdrew to the yard, armed myself with a sturdy stick, which is the only weapon fit for attacking a lizard, and re-entered the kitchen, and quietly and carefully took up my position behind the lizard, leaving the door wide open. My reason for taking a position in its rear was, because I had been told by Guachos that the bite of a lizard is really dangerous, and that it will never relinquish whatever it may get hold of with its teeth. I did not forget, however, that there was also considerable danger in the rear, on account of its capability of severe mischief with its tail, which is formidably armed with very hard-pointed thorns. Having taken these precautions, I struck a tremendous blow at the animal's head. It was, indeed, fortunate for me that I stood in its rear; for as soon as the blow was struck, before I could raise the stick to strike again, the lizard made such a leap as seemed impossible, several times while in the air opening and shutting its mouth most frightfully. On descending, it dealt the most furious

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blows on the ground with its formidable tail. It then departed slowly from the kitchen. After repeated blows of equal severity, I at length killed him, without having received any injury. I soon stripped off his skin, which was one of the finest I ever saw.

I should state that the skins of these lizards, especially those of the large class, are very much esteemed, and are used, as a curiosity, in covering sundry ornamental articles of household furniture. The difficulty of catching the lizards doubtless enhances the value of their skins, which are in themselves sufficiently beautiful to be esteemed as curiosities.

THE SIERRA DE ST. CATHERINA.

To the stranger visiting the district of La Plata, known as the Sierra de St. Catherina, for the first time, the whole range of country presents the most surprising aspect. Pursuing the course of the numerous small rivers along the valleys, the landscape appears literally black with the inconceivable multitudes of cattle covering it as far as the eye can reach. No European can form any adequate idea of the appearance in such a scene of such vast bodies of cattle—all in their wild and natural condition. Not a tree to be seen, except the few planted near a solitary *rancho*, or house, the lofty, multiform, black, and weather-beaten cliffs of the Sierra extending far, as the back-ground, and the entire intermediate space of hills and valleys innumerable, covered most densely with the wild cattle, whose multitudinous groups appear to be only divided by the numerous rivers intersecting the district, and throwing a living brightness through it:—this is a picture which powerfully struck my mind with an ineffaceable impression of another phase, differing from the many I had received in the course of my previous travels, of Nature's wildest grandeur.

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Generally there is scarcely any perceptible movement in those multitudes of cattle: densely thronged together, the motions of individual animals are not discernible at any distance. Occasionally, and frequently, this aspect of the scene is changed, and the picture becomes suddenly animated in a manner most striking. A troop of a thousand or two of wild horses rush on to the scene in their wildest speed, with their long tails streaming in the air, and their shaggy manes all dishevelled; snorting and neighing, they pass like a living shade over the top of a hill, and as suddenly disappear in the valley beyond, rising and disappearing again and again, disturbing, in their reckless course, and breaking the groups of cattle, previously so quiet and seemingly motionless.

In the Pampas, where also cattle abound, vast numbers are lost in the very dry summers, it is supposed for want of moister pasturage; but in the valleys of the Sierra that calamity is prevented by the numerous rivers there flowing,—a circumstance which I suppose may, in some measure, account for the multitudinous congregation of cattle there.

Another curiosity of the Sierra is the peculiar kind of wood it produces, which is not to be found in any other district. This is the wood of the curumamuel tree, which grows in extensive forests, and covers the Sierra in many parts, over many miles together. The leaf of these trees ends in a hard spiked thorn, which, combined with their density and close proximity in the forest, form, in fact, a thicket which it is quite impossible for any human being to pass through, or even enter. Nevertheless, it is throughout the summer, and especially at the commencement of winter, the resort and abode of numberless horned cattle, as well as lions, and other beasts. The stature of these trees is never higher than about five feet.

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It is the custom at the commencement of every winter to set fire to these forests, for the twofold purpose of driving out the numerous horned cattle, lions, and other beasts taking refuge there, and of getting wood entirely dry, in anticipation of the rainy season; and, as a provision necessary to protect the wood from the influences of water, it being certain that, after the trunks of these trees have become charred and blackened by fire, water has no longer any influence upon them.

Such conflagrations often continue for several weeks, and form a most magnificent spectacle. Imagine to yourselves one of those transcendently beautiful nights, known only in southern climates, when myriads of intensely shining stars illuminate the bright and clearly blue firmament, covering, with the sanctity of stillness, the repose of earth with all its living terrors, and all its hushed joys and sorrows, its natural glories, and its unnatural ambitions; imagine yourselves at such an hour upon the wild Sierra, thinking only of the beautiful and the sublime in harmony with the scene, or perchance of the quietude of a home far away, with its tranquil household delights—when, suddenly, as though the flame had been caught from a passing flash of lightning, you behold the leaves and the branches of many and far-extending forests gradually consuming, and the surrounding grass throwing upward myriads of sparks above the flaming masses; imagine that you behold the increasing flames, compact as one living principle of the element itself, marching and luridly dilating through the forests, and along the valleys, and over the hills and cliffs, and through the defiles, arousing the wild beasts, whose agonized roaring awakes the startled mountains themselves, with aspects wearing the burning hue of all around; —and you have pictured for yourselves, as well as I who have

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beheld it, the magnificent spectacle of one of those conflagrations.

The cliffs, which form three sides of the basin near the *Loma de Ulallatue*, are overgrown with various kinds of grass and wild flowers of luxuriant growth. It is considered rather a singular fact, that thousands of *loros*, or small parrots, take refuge and abide among those cliffs, and make their nests there in holes. The inaccessibility of the situation alone prevents their entire destruction; for no good-will appears to be entertained to them, on account of the ruin they effect in every plantation. Towards the sea, the Sierra gradually becomes less elevated, and terminates at a distance of between two and three leagues from the sea.

But the mountainous character of the district of the Sierra does not terminate at that point; for on the beach the Downs appear more like mountains than anything else. They, like those of the Sierra, present the most striking and uncommon forms. I visited them in the company of a friend who had been shipwrecked in this very spot in a voyage from the United States to Valparaiso, when he was the only person saved, and who, from his long residence in the provinces of South America, is regarded there rather as a native than as a foreigner. Traversing on horseback through deep sand, we slowly reached the Downs. They are nearly half-an-hour's ride in breadth, and are covered on the land side with various kinds of grass and reeds, which gradually increase in density until the ground disappears. Between the many hills and mountains that form the Downs are very deep holes, filled with a perceptibly thick water, which is perfectly fresh and sweet, notwithstanding its thickness, and, doubtless, the produce of springs sufficiently powerful to throw off all extraneous superincumbent waters.

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My friend there narrated to me the circumstance of his shipwreck on the scene before me, so vividly that I could not throw off its saddening impressions, while galloping with him along the beach, with the Downs, we had now viewed together, on our left, and on our right, the endless ocean. I could not avoid thinking, that even thither the Pampas bore the breath of winds more fatal than a pestilence towards those whose best earthly hope lay in the anchors, which avail nothing on such a coast. The shipwrecks are frequent there; and even at this time are often found the battered waifs and strays that come in as continual mementos of the fate of the large English vessel, the "William the Third," which perished there, with all hands, about the year 1833. There rose blackly and frowningly before me the lurking terrors of those perilous rocks, that run for miles into the sea, and are so large that, at low tide, their form and development are scarcely concealed. No living creature can be seen upon those vast downs, save occasionally, and rarely, some curious traveller; not even a single bird lends to the scene a living breath; not an echo sports in its air of perfect stillness; save when the Pampas winds come there to war with the vexed waters of the overpowering ocean. Lingering on the scene, notwithstanding these impressions, we saw the majestic Atlantic in its happier mood of peacefulness, reposing calmly and serenely on its awful might; and in viewing its dark blue waters (how "darkly, beautifully blue" they are!) commingling in the scarcely perceptible horizon, with all the glories of the skies, the sublimity and wild grandeur of all things above and around imparted to me a moment of feeling, worth a world of travelling to enjoy.

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The Jews in China.

THERE is a quaintness in the notion of a Jewish colony surrounded by Chinese; the fixed among the fixed. The fact that such a colony exists, or has existed when found, ought to be especially remarked, for to ethnologists and others it may prove a valuable opportunity for speculation. Jews in China, what will they be like? will the Jew stand out from the surrounding uniformity of Chinese life, like the one tree of the desert (for which, see Panorama of Overland Mail, and hear lecture upon same)? or will he become non-entity, like among like, adding nothing to the first idea—silence in a calm? In the Jewish synagogue of Kai-foung-fou, concerning which we have presently to speak, there are Chinese inscriptions. The first, placed there in 1444, by a literary Jew, is intended to prove the close analogy between Jewish and Chinese points of doctrine. "The author," it says, "of the law of Yse-lo-ye (Israel) is Ha-von-lo-hon (Abraham.) His law was translated by tradition to Nichè (Moses.) He received his book on Mount Sinai. His book has fifty-four sections. The doctrine which is therein contained, is much like that of the Kings," (which are sacred volumes of the Chinese.) The author of the inscription repeats many passages to prove that in their worship to heaven, their ceremonies, their behaviour to the old and young, their patriarchal character, their prayers, and their mode of honouring dead ancestors, the Jews resemble the Chinese.

The author of a second inscription, a grand mandarin in his

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own time, speaks to the same purpose. "From the time of Han," says this gentleman, whose name is Too-tang, "from the time of Han, the Jews fixed themselves in China: and in the twentieth year of the cycle 65, (which is, by interpretation, 1163,) they offered to the Emperor Hiao-tsong a tribute of cloth from India. He received them well, and permitted them to live in Kai-foung-fou. They formed then sixty-six families. They built a synagogue where they placed their Kings, or Divine Scriptures." This mandarin concludes with an eulogium of Jewish virtue, after the approved manner of epitaphs.

The Jews emphatically cultivated agriculture, commerce, were faithful in the armies, upright as magistrates, and rigid in observance of their ceremonies. One only wants to wind up with the scrap, "Affliction sore, long time they bore;" but affliction on account of the Chinese, at any rate, they certainly did not bear; they were more than tolerated, they were understood; ceremony-men to ceremony-men were ceremoniously polite to one another. The Jews and Chinese even intermarried; on their first introduction by way of Persia to the Chinese Empire, they had settled here and there in sundry Chinese cities; but by marriage with Chinese disciples of Confucius or Mahomet, the Jewish colonies were melted down into the pure Chinese metal; and when this history begins, nothing is known of any synagogue in China, save the synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, which is a city in the heart of the Flowery Land, the capital of the central province of Honan; and for an account of which we are indebted to Father Ricci, one of the Jesuit Missionaries.

Father Ricci died in the year 1610, at Pekin, which was his station. Father Ricci, at Pekin, first heard of the Jewish synagogue at Kai-foung-fou, and the information startled him exceed-

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ingly. The young Jew who enlightened Father Ricci on the subject told him that there were then at Kai-foung-fou barely a dozen Jewish families, and that for five or six hundred years they had preserved in their synagogue a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch. The father produced a Hebrew Bible, and the young man recognised the characters, although he could not read them, for he knew no language but Chinese. Four years after this, Father Ricci (whose business at Pekin would not permit him to go gadding) had an opportunity of sending off to Kai-foung-fou a Chinese Jesuit, with a letter written in Chinese, to the chief of the synagogue. He explained to the rabbi his own reverence for the books of the Old Testament, and informed him of its fulfilled predictions, and the advent of a Messiah. The rabbi shook his head at that, saying, "that so it could not be, because they had yet to expect the Messiah for ten thousand years." The good-natured rabbi nevertheless did homage to Father Ricci's great abilities. He was an old man, and saw none about him fit to guide his people; he therefore besought the learned Jesuit to come to Kai-foung-fou, and undertake the guidance of the synagogue, under one only condition, a true Chinese-Jewish one, that he would pledge himself to abstinence from all forbidden meats. However, that was very much as if Dr. Jones of Bettws-y-Coed should offer his practice to Sir B. Brodie of London. Father Ricci had a large work in hand, and so he stopped at Pekin.

In 1613, Father Aleni (such an uncommonly wise man, that the Chinese called him the Confucius of Europe) was directed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou, and make investigation. Father Aleni, being well up in his Hebrew, was a promising man to send on such an errand, but he found the rabbi dead, and the Jews,

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though they let him see the synagogue, would not produce their books. The particulars of nothing having been done on this occasion are to be found related by Father Trigaut, in choice Latin, and choicer Italian, (*de Expedit. Sinicâ, lib.* 1., *cap.* 2, *p.* 118) and by Father Samedo (*Relatione della China, part* 1., *cap.* 30, *p.* 193.)

A residence was established by the Jesuits in Kai-foung-fou. *Now*, thought those who thought at all upon such matters, we shall have something done. If we can only compare our Old Testament texts with an ancient exemplar, that will be no small gain. A certain Father Gozani went zealously into the whole subject, entered the synagogue, copied the inscriptions, and transmitted them to Rome.

The Jews told Father Gozani that in a temple at Pekin was a large volume, wherein were inscribed the sacred books of foreigners resident in China. That volume was sought afterwards by Europeans at Pekin, but not found. Certainly, such a volume does exist among the Chinese records. The Jews, however, told Father Gozani not only about what existed at Pekin, but all about themselves at Kai-foung-fou. The father wrote a letter, dated 1704, containing what he learned in this manner. It appears that by that application of "soft sawder" which is or ought to be well understood by men of the world and Jesuits, the father gratified the Jews, so that they paid him voluntary visits. He returned their visits by a call upon them at their synagogue, where, he says—"I had a long conversation with them; and they showed me their inscriptions: some of which are in Chinese, and others in their own tongue. I saw also their *Kims*, or religious books, and they suffered me to enter even the most secret place of their synagogue, to which they can have no

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access themselves. That place is reserved for their *Chan-Kiao*; that is to say, chief of the synagogue, who never approaches it but with the most profound respect.

"There were thirteen tabernacles placed upon tables, each of which was surrounded by small curtains. The sacred *Kim* of Moses (the Pentateuch) was shut up in each of these tabernacles, twelve of which represented the Twelve Tribes of Israel; and the thirteenth, Moses. The books were written on long pieces of parchment, and folded up on rollers. I obtained leave from the chief of the synagogue to draw the curtains of one of these tabernacles, and to unroll one of tha books, which appeared to me to be written in a hand exceedingly neat and distinct. One of these books had been luckily saved from the great inundation of the river *Hoang-ho* which overflowed the city Kai-foung-fou, the capital of the province. As the letters of the book have been wetted, and on that account are almost effaced, the Jews have been at great pains to get a dozen copies made, which they carefully preserve in the twelve tabernacles above mentioned.

"There are to be seen also in two other places of the synagogue, coffers in which are shut up with great care several other little books, containing different divisions of the Pentateuch of Moses, which they call *Ta-Kim*, and other parts of their law. They use these books when they pray; they showed me some of them, which appeared to be written in Hebrew. They were partly new, and partly old, and half torn. They, however, bestow as much attention on guarding them as if they were gold or silver.

"In the middle of the synagogue stands a magnificent chair, raised very high, and ornamented with a beautiful embroidered cushion. This is the chair of Moses, in which every Saturday, and days of great solemnity, they place their Pentateuch, and read

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some portions of it. There also may be seen a *Van-sui-pai*, or painting, on which is inscribed the Emperor's name; but they have neither statues nor images. This synagogue fronts the west, and when they address their prayers to the Supreme Being, they turn towards that quarter, and adore him under the name of *Tien*, *Cham-Tien*, *Cham-ti*, and *Kao-van-voe-tche*; that is to say, *Creator of all things*; and lastly, of *Van-voe-tchu-tcai*, *Governor of the Universe*. They told me that they had taken these names from the Chinese books, and that they used them to express the Supreme Being and First Cause.

"In going out from the synagogue, I observed a hall, which I had the curiosity to enter, but I found nothing remarkable in it, except a great number of censers. They told me that in this hall they honoured their *Chim-gins*, or the great men of their law. The largest of these censers, which is intended for the Patriarch Abraham, stands in the middle of the hall, after which come those of Isaac, and of Jacob, and his twelve branches, or the Twelve Tribes of Israel: next are those of Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Esdras, and several other illustrious persons, both male and female.

"After quitting this apartment, they conducted us to the Hall of Strangers, in order to give us an entertainment. As the titles of the books of the Old Testament were printed in Hebrew at the end of my Bible, I showed them to the *Cham-Kiao*, or chief of the synagogue; he immediately read them, though they were badly printed, and he told me that they were the names of their *Chin-Kim*, or Pentateuch. I then took my Bible, and the *Cham-Kiao* took his *Beresith* (thus they name the Book of Genesis); we compared the descendants of Adam, until Noah, with the age of each, and we found the most perfect conformity between both. We afterwards ran over the names and chrono-

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logy in Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, which compose the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. The chief of the synagogue told me that they named these five books *Beresith*, *Veetesemoth*, *Vaiiora*, *Vaiedabber*, and *Haddebarim*, and that they divided them into fifty-three volumes; viz., Genesis into twelve, Exodus into eleven, and the three following books into ten volumes each, which they call *Kuen*. Some of these they opened, and presented to me to read; but it was to no purpose, as I was unacquainted with the Hebrew language.

"Having interrogated them respecting the titles of the other books of the Bible, the chief of the synagogue replied, that they were in possession of some of them, but that they wanted a great many, and of others they had no knowledge. Some of his assistants added, that they had lost several books in the inundation of the Hoang-ho, of which I have spoken."

Father Gozani has spoken of the inundation, but we have not, and so we will do so now. Previously, however, we may call attention to the distinct adoption of the Chinese "Hall of Ancestors" among these Jews, and of a place for showing hospitality to strangers as an appendage to their place of worship. It is in this way that, without violating their own opinions, they became assimilated more completely to their neighbours. Father Gozani also notes that their accounts of sacred history were grossly disfigured with Talmudical legends, or other stories of that class—a fact not to be lost sight of by the speculator. The Jews, in the time of Father Gozani, composed seven families—Phao, Kin, Che, Kao, The-Man, Li, Ngai—including in all about one thousand souls. They intermarried with each other, and had their own fashion of hair-cutting. These seven families of Kai-foung-fou were the remains of seventy who had of old established themselves in that

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capital. Now for the inundation. That event took place in the year 1642, and it occurred as follows:—Li-cong-tse, a rebel, with a big army, besieged the city. The inhabitants, after defending themselves for six months, still refused to succomb, because they expected rescue from the Emperor. The Emperor did come, a vastly clever fellow, who determined to destroy the enemy by a great master-stroke. "I'll drown every man-Jack!" he said, and broke the dikes that confined the Hoang-ho, or Yellow River, a league distant from the city. Out poured the stream and drowned the besiegers, and besieged the city in its turn, knocked down its walls, and destroyed thirty thousand of its inmates. The Emperor, a cockney sportsman on the largest scale, shot at the pigeon and killed the crow. It was in this inundation that the number of the Jews was thinned; diluted by the waters of the river, their Pentateuch was damaged and some other portions of their scripture altogether lost.

Before passing down from Father Gozani, we must extract his rough picture ot the Jewish synagogue, as it existed in his day. He says of the Jews—

"They have no other synagogue but this, in the capital of the province of Ho-Nan. I perceived in it no altar, nor any other furniture, but the chair of Moses, with a censer, a long table, and large chandeliers, in which were placed candles made of tallow. This synagogue has some resemblance to our European churches; it is divided into three aisles; that in the middle was occupied by the table of incense, the chair of Moses, the painting, and the tabernacles already mentioned, in which are preserved the thirteen copies of the Pentateuch. These tabernacles are constructed in the form of an arch, and the middle aisle is like the choir of the synagogue; the two others are set apart as places of prayer, and

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for the adoration of the Supreme Being. Within the building there is a passage which runs quite round.

"As there formerly were, and still are, among them Bachelors and *Kien-sens*, which is a degree different from that of a Bachelor, I took the liberty of asking them if they rendered homage to Confucius: they replied, that they honoured him in the same manner as the rest of the literati, and that they assisted them in solemn ceremonies, which are performed in halls dedicated to their great men. They added, that in spring and autumn they practised certain rites in honour of their ancestors, according to the manner of Chinese, in the hall next to their synagogue: that they did not present them the flesh of hogs, but of other animals; that in other ceremonies they were contented with offering them porcelain dishes filled with dainties and sweetmeats, which they accompanied with perfumes and profound reverences or prostrations. I asked them, likewise, if in their houses or Hall of Ancestors, they had tablets in honour of their departed relations: they replied, that they used neither tablets, images, nor anything else, but only a few censers. We must, however, except their mandarins, for whom alone they place in the Hall of Ancestors a tablet inscribed with their name and rank."

Father Gozani adds, that "these Jews, in their inscriptions, call their law the Law of Israel, *Yselals-Kiao*, which they name also *Kon-Kiao*, Ancient Law; *Tien-Kiao*, Law of God, and *Tien-Kin-Kiao*, to signify that they abstain from blood, and cut the nerves and veins of the animals they kill, in order that the blood may flow more easily from them."

This custom gives to the Jews in China, at the present day, the name of Cut-Nerves. To the present day our story now descends; for, after the time of Father Gozani, blank follows in

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the way of action. Father Etienne, who meditated a work upon the Sacred Scriptures in reply to the *Critici Sacri*, was eager to push on investigations. From the letter of Father Gozani, and from those which Father Domingo and Gambil wrote upon it, material was obtained for the memoir published under the direction of M. L. Aimé Martin, in which he remarks that the detail would be regarded with the more curiosity, as it had been often demanded, and as Father du Halde had contented himself with merely promising it in his great work, "Description de la Chine." So we have fairly got out of the past into the present, where our story thus runs on.

In the year 1815, the Chinese Jews endeavoured unsuccessfully to communicate with Europe by means of a Hebrew letter addressed to London, which seems not to have been delivered. Last year the Jewish Society of London determined, however, to communicate with them. Miss Cooks, an energetic and devoted Jewess, placed her purse in the hands of the Society; nothing impeded fresh research; the English Bishop at Hong Kong co-operated, Dr. Medhurst was consulted, and two Chinese Christians were at length appointed to proceed to Kai-foung-fou. The elder of these two was a bachelor; the younger was a student from the Missionaries' College at Batavia; but the junior was named to head the enterprise, because he had previously displayed zeal and ability, and also because he could write English fluently, and would journalise in that language. His journals, therefore, could be laid before Miss Cooks, uninjured by translation.

Our heroes, for so we will call the two adventurers—set out from Shanghae, on the 15th of last November, by boat to Toing-kiang-tou. In a car, drawn by mules, they were then jolted along, following the track of the Hoang-ho, rising at three

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o'clock on winter mornings, to save time—a proceeding which involves almost supererogatory self-denial. Population near the Yellow River they found rare and unhealthy. Localities which figure in the geographical charts of the empire as principal places, or as towns of the second class, are but huge piles of rubbish, surrounded by crumbling walls. Here and there a gate, with its inscription half effaced, informs the traveller that he is entering a mighty town.

Perseverance, and a mule car, brought the travellers at last to Kai-foung-fou. They found there many Mahometans, openly exercising right of conscience, and flying their religion on a flag displayed over their gate. These Mahometans are, for the most part, hotel-keepers, and with one of them our heroes lodged. Of him they began asking about Cut-Nerves. Mine host of the Crescent said there were still some Jews in Kai-foung-fou, and offered himself as cicerone to their synagogue. Thither they went; they found its outer walls in ruins; briars and dirt filled the grand entrance; "the pillars of the building, the inscribed marbles, the stone balustrade before the peristyle of the temple, the ornamental sculpture—all were cracked, broken and overturned." Under the wings of the synagogue, the chapels built in honour of the patriarchs—nestled together, cold and naked, sleeping on the bare stones, those objects of our European interest, "the Jews in China." Poor and miserable as they are, they had begun to sell the stones of their temple for bread, and a portion of land within their sacred enclosure had been already sold to an adjacent temple of the Buddhists.

Still there were the cylinders enclosing the sacred rolls of the Old Testament, which, luckily, had not proved eatable. In number these rolls were about a dozen, each thirty feet long by three

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feet wide. They are of white sheep-skin, inscribed with very small Hebrew characters.

For fifty years these poor Jews have been without the guidance of a rabbi, and there is not one left who can read a word of Hebrew. In a dozen years, probably, the last trace of the Jews in China will expire. The travellers gave money to the mournful congregation in the synagogue, and received leave to copy the inscriptions, about which the Jesuits had previously informed us. Moreover, they obtained, and have brought home, eight Hebrew manuscripts; six contain portions of the Old Testament; namely, of Exodus, chapters 1—6, and 38—40; of Leviticus, chapters 19, 20; of Numbers, chapters 13, 14, 15; of Deuteronomy, chapters 11—16, and chapter 32; with portions of the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and Prophets. The other two manuscripts are of the Jewish Liturgy. The leaves of these manuscripts "are of a species of card-board, on which the words, as it were, are engraved with a point; the binding is in silk, and bears evident marks of being of foreign origin. Two Israelitish merchants, to whom these books were shown at Shanghae, spoke to having seen similar ones at Aden, and the presence here and there upon the margins of Persian words, interspersed with Hebrew annotations, seemed to indicate that the books came originally from some western country of Asia, perhaps Persia, or some of the high provinces of India, where Persic has from time immemorial been the language used among the people of education. Although the annotations mentioned are numerous, and apparently referring to different epochs, no trace of any Chinese character is to be discovered, nor any of those marks or signs which immediately betray Chinese origin. No date exists by which the age can be determined."

We hope the statement is correct which tells us that these

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manuscripts are to be deposited in the British Museum. Facsimiles are at the same time promised, printed in Hebrew, accompanied with a plan of the synagogue, made on the spot by the Chinese travellers, and the journal of our junior hero, written in English and Chinese. The journal in English would not be a very ponderous affair, the entire expedition having occupied only two months; the residence at Kai-foung-fou, five days. We may usefully remember how the good Chinese, rising so fearfully betimes, did justice to the generosity and zeal of their patroness. Are there not men of might at work upon investigations for the public, who, at their ordinary rate, might have come to abandon this business in forty years, after eliminating fifty pounds of blue book!

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The Art of Catching Elephants.

THE elephant is associated with our earliest recollections of school-boyhood. Well do I remember the huge black picture of the unwieldy animal in Mavor's Spelling Book, the letter-press describing the creature as "not only the largest but the strongest of all quadrupeds," which is beyond all question; and furthermore, that "in a state of nature, it is neither fierce nor mischievous;" which is the very reverse of fact, as hundreds of sugar and coffee planters, as well as many a traveller, could testify. In later years, I enjoyed a peep at the sleepy-looking creature, cooped up in a sort of magnified horse-stall, at the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, and well I remember wondering how so much sagacity and thoughtfulness could be attributed to so apathetic and cumbrous an animal.

The reader of Roman and Grecian history may gather how Pyrrhus for a time mastered the hardy veterans of Rome, by means of these then little-known and terrible creatures; and how Alexander found hundreds of them opposed to him in the army of the Indian monarch. Readers of more recent history may learn how these animals formed a portion of the vast armies of most of the Indian Nabobs, with which the British forces came in contact. But twelve short months ago, the elephant graced the civic triumph of the newly-elected Lord Mayor of London, to the unmitigated astonishment and delight of thousands of little boys and elderly females.

Much, however, as I had heard and read of the elephant, I

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never properly appreciated this animal, until I had been a dweller in Eastern climes. During a long residence in Ceylon, I was witness of such performances by these huge creatures, that my feeling towards them was raised from that of mere wonder, to something more akin to respect and admiration.

In the course of my early morning rides about the vicinity of Colombo, I frequently reined in my steed to watch the quiet labours of a couple of elephants in the service of the Government. These huge animals were generally employed in the Commissariat timber-yard, or the Civil Engineer's department, either in removing and stowing logs and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided, save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony; the lower row of the pile had been already laid down, with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and, when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe those uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end; and, by means of their trunks, lift it up on the logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row; feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred-weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched; but the difficulty was no sooner perceived than it was overcome. The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on

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the ground with the other resting on the top of the pile so as to form a sliding way for the next logs; and, having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four-legged labourers rolled up the slope they had thus formed, the six pieces of ebony, for the fourth layer on the pile. Not the least amusing part of the performance was, the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it were laid perfectly square with the rest.

The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weakness in the jungle-bridges thrown across some of the streams in Ceylon, is not less remarkable. I have been assured that when carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore-feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge to try its strength; and, that if it feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal; and, as was expected by his comrades, the rotten structure gave way, elephant and rider were precipitated into the river, and the latter was drowned.

Having thus been much prepossessed in favour of these docile creatures, I learnt with considerable interest in the latter part of the year 1849, that an Elephant Kraal was in preparation, in the western Province of Ceylon, not many miles from Colombo.

The word Kraal signifies simply a trap; inasmuch as the wild elephants are caught by partly driving, and partly enticing them within a large enclosed space, or trap. It is assuredly much safer sport than elephant shooting, and generally attracts a large number of spectators. I may here mention that in spite of the scholastic authority of Mavor's Spelling Book, the wild elephants of Ceylon are far from being "neither fierce nor min-

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chievous." At times they descend upon the low country from their mountain fastnesses in such numbers and with such ferocity, as to carry with them destruction, and often death. Elephant kraals are, therefore, resorted to for the double purpose of ridding the neighbourhood of these dangerous visitors, and supplying the Government with fresh beasts of labour for their timber-yards and building establishments. On these occasions the natives of the district turn out *en masse*—from the rich Modelier to the poorest cooly—to assist without remuneration; all being interested in the success of the affair.

The whole province was alive with excitement; nothing was talked of at mess-table, or at Government House, but the approaching Kraal. Half Colombo, it was said, would be there; and, as the weather promised to be so fair, I could not resist the temptation to witness the trapping of a score or two of those unruly monsters of the forest.

Such excursions are always undertaken by parties of three or more, for the sake of comfort. I joined four friends for the occasion; two gentlemen and two ladies, mother and daughter. They were well acquainted with the Government agent of the locality; who had promised them shelter, and good accommodation for witnessing the Kraal. All arrangements having been completed, our servants, gaily turbaned, accompanied by a swarm of coolies, bearing provisions, bedding, and other comforts, started off one fine moonlight night; and at a little before day-break on the following morning, we followed them on the road; the ladies in a small pony-chaise, and myself and friend on our nags. Long before nightfall we reached the village adjoining the scene of sport. We needed no guide to the locality, for the narrow road was crowded with travellers hastening in one direction. Every

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description of vehicle lined the way; from the Colonel's light tandem, to the native bullock hackery, with its ungreased squeaking wheels.

The scene at the village was singularly strange and exciting. It was close to the banks of the *Calany*, a river of some size and rapidity. Along the palm-shaded shore were moored numberless boats; many of them large flat country barges, or Padé boats, containing parties of visitors from Colombo; who had prudently determined to take up their abode in those floating residences for the night. The village huts had been thrown open to the English visitors after having been well cleaned and whitewashed. Their doors were gaily ornamented with strips of red and white cloth, flowers, and the fresh pale-green leaves of the cocoa-palm. When the little cottages were lit up for the evening, they looked extremely pretty.

It at was at once evident that there was not nearly sufficient accommodation for all the guests. One of our party started in search of his friend, the Government Agent, but in vain; he had gone off in quest of the elephants, reported to be coming up fast from the neighbouring *Korles* or counties. Consequently we were left to our own resources. After some delay, we succeeded in obtaining the use of one small room for the ladies; whilst, for ourselves, we sought shelter for the night beneath the friendly and capacious roof of one of the Padé boats, where we found a hearty welcome from a party of young rollicking coffee-planters.

Day had not appeared next morning when we were afoot, and, having sipped a cup of vile half-boiled coffee, we started to explore the wonders of the Kraal; followed, of course, by our servants, with sundry tin boxes and a hamper.

The neighbourhood in which the Kraal was formed, consisted

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of rugged undulating ground, pretty thickly covered with stout jungle. Heavy, low forest trees studded the stony land, interwoven with thorny brambles, cacti, bamboos, and a species of gigantic creeping plant, called appropriately jungle-rope; for it is strong enough to bind the stoutest buffalo that ever roared. A number of narrow paths had been cut through the jungle leading to the Kraal from the village. Through one of these winding, prickly tracks, we bent our slow way, seeing little around us save hugely-branched trees and thickly-matted underwood. Half an-hour's walk brought us to a halt. We were at the Kraal. I looked around; but, the only indications of the industry of man in that wild spot, were sundry covered platforms, raised amongst the leafy branches of trees, some twelve feet from the ground. These places contained seats, and were already filling with visitors; we followed the example and mounting the rude staircase, obtained a good view of what was going on. Before us lay a large open space, in extent about an acre, irregular in shape and of very uneven surface. A few stout trees were standing at intervals within it; beside which were to be seen groups of natives carrying long white wands, for all the world like so many black stewards of some public dinner or ball. Around this plot of ground grew a wall of dense jungle; and, on looking into this, I perceived that it had been made artificially strong by intertwining amongst it the supple branches of trees, long bamboos, and jungle-rope of enormous thickness. At first sight, this natural wall did not appear to be anything more than ordinary jungle; such as might easily be forced by any ordinary village buffalo. We were, however, assured by the native master of the ceremonies, the head *Corale*, that this jungle wall would resist the fiercest attacks of the strongest Kandian elephant. At one end

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of the enclosure I perceived a narrow opening, partly covered with light brambles and branches of trees. This was the entrance to the Kraal; so arranged as to wear a natural appearance. Beside this carefully concealed gateway were hidden a number of active villagers, ready prepared with huge trunks of trees and jungle-rope; with which they were to secure the passage against any attempts at return, so soon as the elephants were trapped.

The novelty of our situation; the wild solitude of jungle around us; the picturesque appearance of the many groups of natives within and about the Kraal; the stories of elephant shooting and trapping, the narrow escapes, with sundry references to portly baskets and boxes of provisions; all helped to make the day pass away rapidly and comfortably enough. Evening, however, brought with it a general debate as to what should be done; for there were still no signs of game being near; and few of us desired to spend the night in that open spot, unless under a strong inducement. The discussion ended by an adjournment to the village and the Padé boat, where we slept soundly.

The following day was spent pretty much as had been the first. Some of the visitors gave strong signs of impatience; and towards evening, a few, of worse temper than the rest, declared the whole affair a complete take in, and took their departure for Colombo. Just then, intelligence was received, by means of scouts, that the elephants, to the number of forty, were in full march towards the Kraal. This set us all on the tip-toe of expectation. Every one betook himself to his appointed place. Ladies shrank away from the front seats, and I detected one or two of my own sex casting anxious glances towards the stairs. An equal bustle was visible within the Kraal. The head *Corale* rushed about full of importance; the black stewards, with their white wands, grouped them-

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selves into parties of three or four, at irregular intervals amongst the jungle surrounding the open space, and especially about the entrance; but what duty was to be performed by these gentry, was more than I could divine. It is true (I was told by a native chief) that it would devolve on them to drive back any of the elephants, when caught in the Kraal, in the event of their attempting to force the surrounding defences. But the idea of these poor creatures—some of them mere boys—being of any service, with their little white sticks, appeared so insane and altogether ridiculous, that I felt I was being hoaxed by the *Corale*.

The shades of evening descended, and scouts continued to arrive from the "driving party," with injunctions to hold everything in readiness, for the herd were coming on. The few torches that had been left to dispel the gloom were put out, or removed from sight. The moon had not risen. Every tongue was silent, save a few low whispers at intervals. Eyes were eagerly strained towards the opening through which the herd were expected to rush. Every ear was on the stretch to catch the most remote sounds in that direction. One might have fancied, from the death-like stillness of the place, that we were there awaiting our own fate, instead of the fate of elephants.

We did not wait long in this suspense. A distant shouting burst suddenly upon our startled ears. It drew rapidly nearer, and soon we could distinguish the violent cracking and snapping of branches of trees and low jungle. Then we heard the quick tramp of many ponderous and huge feet. There was no doubt but that the animals were close upon us; for torches were visible in the direction from which they were coming: indeed the distant jungle appeared to be alive with lights. Every native stood to

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his arms, such as they were. I could see the white wands glimmering about in the black forest at our feet: some score or two of rifle-barrels, long and ugly-looking instruments, of native make, were protruded from various points. Several of the ladies of our party fainted; and I verily believe that some of the males wished inwardly that they were of the other sex, to have the privilege of fainting and being carried out of reach of danger. But there was small time for attention, even to fainting ladies. Our eyes were fixed upon the moving and rapidly approaching lights. They appeared to burn less brightly as they came nearer: then some disappeared, and soon the whole were extinguished, and all was plunged in darkness. Still, on came the furious monsters; bamboos crashed; the thick jungle flew about in splinters. A heavy tramping, and tearing, and snapping asunder of branches,—and there they were safely within the Kraal. Then arose a shout, as though the clouds and earth were about to meet, or to do something out of the common way. I bent forward to catch a peep at the enemy. The native body-guard waved their white wands. The entrance was barred up in a twinkling, and the torches brought forward to enable us to witness the proceedings, when a volley of loud uproarious laughter fell upon our ears, blended with exclamations of angry disappointment. All eyes were strained towards the clump of trees in the centre of the enclosure, where we beheld a dozen or two of flaming *Chules* or torches, waved to and fro by some score of half-frantic villagers; and there, as the glare of torchlight burst through the dense gloom, we beheld, crouching together, in place of forty huge elephants, a herd of village buffaloes, panting, and trembling, and tossing their heads. A survey of those creatures told us how the matter stood. There had been torches fastened to their horns, and

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one or two of them had the remains of *Chules* hanging to their tails. There could not be a shadow of doubt that the affair had been a cruel hoax, and we were not long in ascribing the origin of it to the real perpetrators—the party of young coffee-planters with whom I had slept in the Padé boat.

The laughter of the evening, however, was not yet at an end. The light of innumerable *Chules*, now moving about, discovered to us three nervous gentlemen snugly perched high among the branches of a tree close by our stand. They had made a rush up, in the first alarm of the onset; but, however easy fear had made the ascent, they evidently found it a somewhat difficult task to descend. All eyes were at once fixed upon the unlucky climbers, whose struggles to reach the lower branches were hailed with roars of furious laughter. Elephants, and buffaloes, and hoaxers were for the moment forgotten. One of them was the District Judge, a somewhat cumbrous personage; another, was a Collector of Customs, and the third, a Commissioner of the Court of Requests, a thin wiry fellow with a remarkably red face. There they were, kicking, and straining, and struggling, in as pretty a fix as any of the Civil Service had ever found themselves; and it was not until some bamboos and ropes had been handed up to them, that they were able to reach the stand, and thence wend their way off the scene.

By the time the Kraal was cleared, the night was far advanced, and the moon high in the horizon. Advice then reached us that the elephants had made a détour from the line, and had taken it into their unruly heads to treat themselves to a gambol across some score or two of acres of prairie land; where they were amusing themselves with a good round game, despite the coaxing of a decoy consisting of two tame elephants. It was clear that

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nothing would be done on that night, and our merry parties betook themselves back to the village.

Our numbers were evidently on the decline next day. The patience of many had been exhausted. Towards evening intelligence was brought in, that thirty-five elephants, of all sizes, were in full march towards us; and, shortly afterwards, the Government Agent of the district, and the native chief of the *Korle*, came in "from the driving," to see that all was made ready for the proper reception of the jungle visitors. Again all was hurry and bustle. Provision-baskets and nervous ladies were sent to the rear; wine-bottles were placed in reserve, and sundry parting salutes were made with packets of sandwiches. Once more silence reigned over the Kraal: torches were removed: the guards and watchers were doubled, and an extra supply of the little white wands brought to the front.

It was about two hours after dark when we heard the first distinct shouts of the drivers, who were slowly forcing the elephants towards the Kraal; the two tame ones leading the way, and pointing out the advantages of that particular path to their jungle friends. Those sounds seemed to approach us at irregular intervals. Sometimes it appeared as though the animals were not to be moved on any account, and the shouting died away; again they drew rapidly near; then paused; then forward, until we fancied we could distinguish the fall of the elephant's huge feet amongst the thick underwood. At last there was no mistake about it; they were close upon us. Our anxiety and curiosity became intense. The tearing and trampling amongst the jungle was deafening. Giant bamboos and branches of trees appeared to be snapped asunder by the on-coming herd, like so many walking-sticks—in a way, in short, which made me tremble

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for the strength of the Kraal, and of our own elevated platform.

But there was little time for reflection of any kind. A shot or two was fired in the rear of the advancing herd, followed by a trampling of the leading elephant. The moon at that moment began to peep over the distant range of low hills; and, by its faint light, I could distinguish the low jungle bending, and giving way on every side, and amongst it sundry huge black forms rushing about in savage disorder, like mountain masses upheaved by some convulsion of nature. The two decoys entered the enclosure at a brisk but steady trot, and stationed themselves under the clump of trees, without any notice being taken of them; indeed, one of them nodded knowingly to the *Corale* near him, as much as to say, "It's all right, old fellow!" On came the wild elephants at a thundering pace, tearing and bending, and smashing everything before them; trumpeting and roaring at full pitch. In another moment they were within the boundaries of our fortress.

Never shall I forget the wild, strange beauty of that uproarious moment. The moon was now shining sufficiently on the Kraal to light up the more open parts of it; away under the deep shade on one side, could be seen a dense moving mass of living creatures; huge, misshapen, and infuriated, trembling with rage, and fatigue. Lighted *chutlas* were gleaming thickly, like fire-flies, amidst the neighbouring jungle. Felled trees and rope barred up the narrow way, forming one monster gate; whilst busy groups of villagers, white wands in hand, moved to and fro and watched the furious herd. More lights were brought to the front, and a blazing fire was kindled outside the entrance, which, whilst it served to light up the whole of the Kraal, deterred the savage strangers from attempting anything in that direction.

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It was soon evident that the prisoners were not going to take matters very quietly. Two of the stoutest of their number slowly advanced and examined the walls, to see where an opening might most easily be forced. And now we were not less astonished than delighted at the use made of those tiny white wands, which had before served only to raise our contempt. Wherever the two elephant spies approached the jungle-walls of their prison, they were met by one or two villagers, who gently waved before them little snow-white switches; and, lo! as if by some spell of potent forest magic, the beasts turned back, shrinking from contact with the little wands. Point after point was thus tried, but all in vain; the snowy magic sticks were thick within the jungle, and silently beat back the advancing foe.

While the two scouts were thus engaged on their exploring expedition, the tame elephants approached the remainder of the herd, and walked slowly round them, shaking their shaggy ears, and waving high in air their curling trunks, as though they would say, "Move at your peril." One of the captives, a somewhat juvenile and unsophisticated elephant, ventured to move from the side of its maternal parent, to take a survey of our stand, when tame elephant Number One went up to the offender, and sent him back with an enormous flea in his ear; tame elephant Number Two bestowing at the same moment a smart tap on the skull. Busier work was at hand. The scouts, evidently disgusted with the result of their operations upon the outworks, appeared to be preparing for a *sortie*, and treated with the most reckless levity the admonitory taps of the elephant policemen; which, however, seemed to be far less unpleasant to them than a tickle on the snout from one of the pigmy white wands. It was plain that they intended to carry their object by a *coup de trunk*; but a

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score of rifles peered forth. The ladies shut their eyes, and stopped their ears; an elderly gentleman, at my elbow, asked, in a tremulous whisper, "what the guns were for?" The inquiry was replied to by a loud trumpeting from one of the pair of rebels,—a harsh screaming roar, like the hollow sound of a strained railway whistle, very much out of repair. We had scarcely time to look at the poor brute creating this disturbance, when we heard the sharp crack of a dozen rifles around us—so sharp, indeed, that our eyes blinked again. Down tumbled one of the monsters, with thick torrents of hot, savage blood, pouring from many a wound about his head and neck. His companion was not so easily disposed of, though badly wounded. Lifting his enormous trunk in the air, and bellowing forth a scream of defiance, he made a rush at the jungle-wall. The two elephantine policemen, who had been narrowly observing his proceedings, then cut in between him and the ramparts, and succeeded in turning him from his purpose; but only to cause him to renew his fierce attack upon another part of the defences. He rushed, at full speed, upon the part where our stand was erected, screaming and tearing up the earth, and lashing his great trunk about him, as a schoolboy would a piece of whipcord. I felt alarmed. It seemed as though our frail tenement must yield at the first touch from the mighty on-coming mass of flesh, bone and muscle. Ladies shrieked and fainted by the dozen: gentlemen scrambled over each other towards the stairs, where a decidedly downward tendency was exhibited. I would have given a trifle, just then, to have taken the seat occupied the day before by the Judge or the Collector, high amongst the branches. But in much less time than I take to relate it, the furious animal, smarting under many bullet wounds, had reached the verge of our stand, heedless

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of the cracking of rifles, whose leaden messengers flew round his head and poured down his shoulders, harmless as peas. One last crack, and down the monster fell, close at our feet. That shot was the work of a mere lad, the little son of a Kandian *Corale*; who, coolly biding his time, had fired his piece close at the creature's ear. Leaping from his place, the urchin flung aside his long tapering rifle, and drawing forth his girdle-knife, severed the elephant's tail from the carcase, as his just trophy.

These two having been disposed of, and a degree of calm restored, the general attention was directed towards the herd, which still remained in their original position. For a time fear seemed to hold them motionless; but when the extremity of their danger rose before them, a number of the boldest made a desperate rush at the entrance, but were easily turned back, when the watchers stirred up the great guard-fire, whilst, from other parts of the Kraal, they were soon repelled by an application of white wands. In this way a good hour was spent, at the end of which time the creatures appeared to give up the idea of any further aggressive proceedings, and remained subdued and calm.

A dangerous task had still to be performed—that of securing the best of the herd for taming. Half-a-dozen of the most active and skilful of the villagers crept slowly and carefully towards the frightened group; each having a long stout cord of jungle rope in his hand, with a running noose at one end of it. With stealthy, cat-like steps, these daring fellows went amongst the herd, making some of us tremble for their safety. Each of them selected one of the largest and strongest of the group, behind which they crept; and, having arranged the "lasso" for action, they applied a finger gently to the right heel of their beast, who feeling the touch as though that of some insect, slowly raised the leg, shook

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it, and replaced it on the ground. The men, as the legs were lifted, placed the running nooses beneath them, so that the elephants were quietly trapped, unknown to themselves, and with the utmost ease. The men now stole rapidly away with the ends of the ropes, and immediately made them fast to the ends of the nearest trees. These ropes, however, were far from being sufficiently strong to hold an elephant who might put out his strength. It was therefore necessary to secure them still further, but by gentle means. The two tame elephants were then placed on active service; they were evidently perfectly at home, and required no directions for their work. Walking slowly up to the nearest of the six captured animals, they began to urge him towards the tree to which he was fastened. At first the creature was stubborn; but a few taps on his great skull, and a mighty push on his carcase, sent him a yard or two nearer his destination. As he proceeded, the man in charge of the rope gathered in the slack of it; and so matters went on between this party—a tap, a push, and a pull—until at length three of the elephants were close to the tree. Two other villagers then came forward with a stout iron chain. The tame animals placed themselves one on each side of their prisoner, pressing him between them so tightly as to prevent the possibility of his moving. In a minute or two the great chain was passed several times round the hind legs and the tree; and, in this way the captive was left; helpless and faint with struggling. The other five were similarly treated. After which our party dispersed, pretty well tired, and quite prepared for bed.

Early next morning I paid a last visit to the Kraal, alone; my friends were fairly worn out. The remainder of the elephants had been either shot or had forced their way out in one or two

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places. The six captured animals were quiet—as well they might be, after their long fast and incessant struggling. Towards the end of that day, a very small portion of food was supplied to them, just sufficient to keep them alive. In this way they were to remain for a week or two, when, if found sufficiently reduced in strength and temper, they were to be walked about, fastened between two tame companions, who assisted very effectually in their daily education—not, perhaps, in the most gentle and polite manner, but still much to the purpose.

At the end of two or three months, the wild and unruly destroying monster of the jungle might be seen quietly and submissively piling logs of ebony in the Government timber-yards, with a purpose-like intelligence little short of that of man.

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